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© *La Belle Assemblée :*

BEING A CURIOUS

COLLECTION

OF SOME VERY

Remarkable Incidents

Which happen'd to Persons of the
FIRST QUALITY in *France*.

INTERSPERS'D

With Entertaining and Improving OB-
SERVATIONS made by them on several
Passages in History, both Ancient and
Modern.

Written in *French* for the Entertainment of the
KING, and dedicated to him

Madame de Noailles
By Madam DE GOMEZ.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Adorn'd with COPPER-PLATES.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. BROWNE, J. BROTHERTON,
W. MEADOWS, R. WARE, H. LINTOT,
T. COX, T. ASTLEY, S. AUSTEN, J. HODGES,
and E. COMINS. 1749.

405 7, 25

2 vols

1855 July 14

Gift of

Miss Elizabeth P. Seaver

J. Kingston, Mass

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48119
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La Belle Assemblée:

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OF

Remarkable INCIDENTS which happen'd to
Persons of the first Quality in *France*.

V O L. I.

IN that delightful Season of the Year, when Nature throws forth all her Hoard of Charms, and puts to shame the weak Efforts of Art, six Persons, united by their Understandings and Inclinations, and possessing every thing requisite to set them above the Vulgar World, tir'd with the Tumult of a noisy Town, made a Party to go and shut themselves up for some time in a Country House. The innocent Delicacies of a rural Scene seem'd indeed most proper for the Purity of their Pleasures, and promised an addi-

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A

tional

tional Inspiration to the Productions of their Wit. The same Desire reigning throughout this amiable Society, no Difficulty retarded the Effect; the Design was executed almost as soon as form'd.

THE Company was compos'd of two Men and four Ladies; but good God! how impossible is it to do Justice to their Characters! *Thelamont* and his admir'd *Urania*, *Orophanes* and his charming *Felicia*, could be equall'd only by each other: And indeed the Parity of their Dispositions, and Sympathy of Soul, seem'd to prognosticate that Heaven had ordain'd these two incomparable Pairs to be united by Bands sacred and indissoluble. The Expectations of a Happiness to which they all aspired, was not attended with any of those tumultuous Impatiencies which we behold in ordinary Passions; and which deform the Deity of tender Wishes, and render his Influence contemptible. They lov'd, 'tis true, but without Extravagance: Modesty and Virtue governing their Minds, govern'd also their Actions. *Thelamont*, with the most humble Respect, waited the blissful Hour which was to join his Destiny with that of the adorable *Urania*; and *Orophanes*, too full of Honour to seek any other Method, endeavour'd to employ the Time due to complete his Marriage with *Felicia*, in every thing which a pure and noble Passion could inspire to please her.

THE Objects of such sublime Affections ought not to lose their Merit, and 'tis Praise enough to say, that they gave Birth to Loves, which are the Wonder of the present Age, and may serve as Examples to succeeding ones.

THELAMONT, to a Mind prudent and delicate, had a Greatness of Soul, and a superior Loftiness of Thought, which gave an inimitable Elegance to all his Words and Actions. *Orophanes* had Wit and Learning, and tho' it differ'd from that of *Thelamont*, yet as their Principles were the same, the Diversity of their Sentiments only occasion'd little Disputes, which serv'd to make conspicuous their several Excellencies, and gave a new Life to Conversation. *Urania* and *Felicia* had

all the Reason in the World to expect Happiness with Men who had such exalted Spirits, temper'd with the sweetest and most affable Dispositions; nor was their Discernment in the Choice they made of female Friends, less to be admir'd than in those design'd for Husbands: *Camilla* and *Florinda*, who from the Number of their Acquaintance were selected to be of this Party, yielded in Merit to no body but *Urania* and *Felicia*.

THESE six Persons, such as I have attempted to speak them, set out together on their little Journey, and in a short Time arrived at the Retirement design'd to afford a perfect Tranquility: The House belong'd to *Urania*, who thinking true Happiness consisted in having what was most useful adorn'd with native Simplicity, had not beautified her Country Seat with any Subtilties of *Art*, but only as it were assisting *Nature*; had made it the most delicious Retreat that ever was. A great and famous River form'd the Canal of her Garden, beyond which lay a rich Champaign Country, water'd by several little Streams. A Wood shady, thick, and kept in good Order, fill'd with Walks cool and solitary, shelter'd one Part of this agreeable Mansion, both from the rough Assaults of wintry *Boreas*, or Summer's scorching Heats. Thro' those high-arch'd Meanders and refreshing Groves you might for ever wander unprejudiced, uninterrupted, either by Sun, or Wind, or Rain: Here, safe from Injuries, of almost every kind, you might move stately on or lie retlined, indulging Contemplation, while all beside was Hurry and Confusion. A Parterre, graced with the sweetest and most beautiful Flowers, charmed the Beginning and the End of Day. An Orchard and Kitchen-Garden, furnish'd with all that might delight the Taste, composed part of the *Useful*; and a Court-Yard, stored with those Things most requisite for Life, compleated it. The Prospect on every Side different, and always happily bounded, presented to the greedy Eye a vast Variety of untasted Pleasures, which were for ever growing, for ever new. The House of itself was neither wildly great, nor diminutively small, but commo-

dious beyond Expression : It offer'd not to View a Piece of pompous Architecture, nor was it furnish'd with more Sumptuousness than it was built, the Magnificence consisting only in the Neatness, Pleasure, and Convenience of it. A noble Hall open'd to four Apartments, each of which being double, made eight ; the Doors being so contriv'd, that they might be separate or together, afforded vacant Rooms for any whose Visits should be approv'd by this illustrious Company. In fine, if there was nothing *superfluous* in this beautiful Recess, the most difficultly pleas'd must acknowledge there was nothing *wanting*.

URANIA paid the Civilities of her House in such a manner, as convinc'd her Friends of the Pleasure she took in receiving them : And tho' *Thelamont* had been there several times before, yet the Pleasure of seeing it free, and without Constraint, made him with more Attention remark the Beauties ; and as nothing was capable of affording him so much Satisfaction as that which might be an Improvement of the Mind, he took notice with an Infinity of Joy, that what *Urania* had taken the greatest Care in setting out, was a handsome large Closet, fill'd from the Bottom to the Top with Shelves, richly lin'd and supported, and yet more graced with Books, the scarcest, most necessary, and best chosen : He express'd his Contentment by a Look lively and penetrating, which meeting with a Return from *Urania*, fill'd her whole Soul with that undefcribable Rapture which we feel in an Opportunity of pleasing what we love. You see, said she, with a becoming Smile, the Advantage which accrues from the having illustrious Friends ! the Desire we have of making ourselves worthy of them, inspires us with a generous Emulation, which leads us to praise-worthy Actions. — I should have thought my House entirely unfurnish'd, if I had not fill'd Part of it with what might agreeably employ the Persons I esteem. You honour your own Choice in what you say, reply'd *Felicia* ; but notwithstanding that it's the Excess of your good Breeding, which has made you address so obliging a Discourse to the Company

pany in general, yet I dare venture to assure you, in the Name of us all, that we without Pain will yield the Honour of it to him who is the real Inspirer of it. We have too great a Value for his Wit, and the other shining Ornaments of his Character, continued she, looking on *Thelamont*, to be ignorant that the Sentiments and Condition of his Heart merit all the Attention of yours. I did not expect, answer'd *Thelamont*, bowing, to have receiv'd a Compliment for that which is only due to the Excellence of *Urania's* Genius; the Esteem I have for it made me express the Pleasure I take in seeing it always tend to that which is *solid*: And as Reading is, according to my Opinion, a necessary Nourishment to the Soul, I could not help looking on this Closet as the most beautiful and useful Part of the House, and the most worthy of her who inhabits it. However that be, said *Urania*, 'twill help us to pass away the Time we have agreed to tarry here.—When our Conversation begins to languish, hither we'll repair for Assistance. I am persuaded, cry'd *Orophanes*, that it will be a long Time before our Curiosity will be gratified with what this Repository of Wit and Learning contains, if we stay till we cease giving Attention to what you say.—Therefore my Advice is, that we lay ourselves under a Law to come and spend two Hours here every Day, and that all in a mutual Silence take up what Book shall please us best, and then communicating the Subjects we have been reading, make either a Dissertation or a Criticism—to dedicate this Place to the Actions, great or gallant, which these Books or our Memories shall furnish us with. I approve of the Design, said *Camilla*, with an amiable Sprightliness, all but what relates to the Silence.—As I shall be the first to break it, I shall be glad to prevent a Law being made, which I am well assur'd is not in my Power to observe: When I am in a Rapture with some beautiful Passage, I must immediately speak.—I must repeat it aloud—and point out the Beauties of it with an Earnestness (with which I am sometimes reproach'd); if I were to be debarr'd of this so great a Pleasure, I should grow stupid.

THE Company laugh'd heartily at this little Sally of *Camilla's* Wit, and to satisfy her, as well as not to deprive themselves of the Pleasure of hearing her speak, forbore the Institution of the Law they had intended to impose on themselves. After which they agreed to divide the Day into three Parts: The Morning was appointed for the Ladies to pass as they thought proper; from Dinner they were to repair to the Learned Closet, as being too warm for walking; and the rest of the Day till Supper was to be employ'd either in telling some Story, or making their several Remarks on such new Pieces as were publish'd either in Verse or Prose. Supper ended, they were to refresh their Minds with an entire Liberty of following their own Inclinations. *Urania* approv'd of this Regulation, only desired her Friends would agree not to oblige those who might happen to visit her, to be subject to their Laws; all the World, added she, not being of a Humour to spend their Time as we do.

THIS being complied with, they left the Closet, to view those Parts of the House which yet they had not seen, which, notwithstanding its Smallness, for a Woman of *Urania's* Estate and Birth, was so well managed, so compact and regular, that one could not be tired with admiring it. *Camilla* and *Florinda* being unwilling to separate, desired they might be lodg'd in one Apartment: *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* did the same; and *Urania* never parting from her dear *Felicia*, would needs have her take share of hers: So that by this Means there still remain'd more Rooms than *Urania* could possibly expect Company to fill.

THESE little Employments having taken them up till Dinner-time, they sat down to Table, which was serv'd according to the System *Urania* had form'd for her Oeconomy; that is to say, without Profusion, but with a Neatness and Delicacy preferable to Magnificence. This, the necessary, but least pleasing Requisite of Life, over, they resolv'd to begin what they had design'd by retiring into the Closet; and each of them having taken a Book most suitable to their Taste, or the Situation of their Mind, a Silence unenjoin'd reign'd for some Time

in this agreeable Society : But *Camilla*, not able to restrain the Fire of her Temper, was the first that broke it, by crying out, Here's a Passage in the History of *Cyrus* that charms me above all things I have ever read. I place that great Prince above *Alexander*, who, notwithstanding his excellent Qualities, has always given way to his Passions, without regard to his Glory, or the Immortality that he aspir'd to ; but *Xenophon* paints *Cyrus* such as all great Men ought to be : This Hero, always a Warrior, always a Conqueror, has never ceas'd being wise, his Conquests have not authoriz'd his Weaknesses : Absolute Master of innumerable Nations, he has not thought himself permitted to do a cruel or an unjust Thing, more than the meanest of his Subjects. This Prince, whose Virtue equall'd his Valour, after having subdued the most warlike Nations, having done enough to assure his Glory, is inform'd that the most beautiful Princess in the World, the virtuous *Panthea*, is his Prisoner ; he refuses to see her, orders her to be served with all the Honours due to her Rank and Merit, without once venturing to expose his Heart to her Looks, for fear of being conquer'd by a Passion which might influence him to something unworthy of that Character he had ran thro' so many Dangers to obtain. I'm convinc'd that if *Panthea* had borne the same Reputation as *Thalestris* or *Cleopatra* did, this great Prince would not have dreaded an Interview ; his Virtue would have been a sufficient Guard against the Power of Beauty alone : But the Prudence of *Panthea* being more to be fear'd by him than her exterior Charms, he ought to imagine, as he did, that the Knowledge of that would be the Loadstone to attract his Soul ; it being almost unavoidable, but that the most virtuous of Men should be charm'd with the most virtuous of Women.

THE Remark of *Camilla* is very just, said *Thelamont* ; and I believe to know Men well, one ought rather to judge of 'em by the Inadvertencies they avoid falling into, than by the great Actions they have done. — Love, Hatred, Avarice, or Ambition, may sometimes hurry us on to wonderful Undertakings for the

Accomplishment of our Desires ; yet are those Persons, thus inspir'd, more ignoble in their Sentiments than the poor Cottage Hind, that has no farther Prospect than his Sheep-hook. — The most cruel Tyrants have not been without some Virtues ; but when, from what would incline us to be vicious, we extract an exalted Wisdom, 'tis then, with Justice, we acquire the Name of *Great*. The Monarch you have been speaking of, would have been far less blameable in loving *Panthea*, than *Alexander* was in giving way to the Violence of his Temper, when in his Wine he murder'd *Clytus*. But I think we need not trace History for an Example of this Grandeur of the Mind.—A Prince of our own Time may be said to excel, in Moderation, all who have gone before him, and eclipses the Memory either of *Cyrus* or *Alexander*, by one single Action.—This Prince having feasted his whole Court, and drank enough to make him do something beneath the Royal Dignity, in the Morning remembering it, was so angry with himself, that assembling the same Persons, he made an Oath in their Presence, never more to taste a Liquor which might, tho' but for a Moment, place him in the same Rank with common Men. This, added *Telamant*, is alone to be term'd real Virtue, to know our Failings, and to mend them, when we have the Power to persist in them with Impunity ; this is to be truly wise, and we may hope for every thing from a Prince who thinks and acts in this Manner.

'Tis true, reply'd *Florinda* ; but I won't allow that Love, when justly plac'd, is a Defect in a great Man ; it don't seem to me, that to be a Hero, and at the same time conscious of that tender Passion, are incompatible. No, doubtless, said *Felicia* ; but then to make these two Titles of *Hero* and *Lover* agree, the Person must love in the Manner *Urania* directs.—If she will oblige us so far as to read the Copy of that Letter she writ to *Belisa* on that Subject, you will be convinc'd that *Love* may be a Companion for the most exalted *Virtue*. Indeed, answer'd that Lady, you are going to expose me to a severe Criticism ; and I have good Reason to
fear

fear that what your Friendship alledges in my Favour, will rather turn to my Confusion than the contrary. I have heard much Talk of that Letter, said *Camilla*, and, according to all Appearances, it is well worthy our Attention. For my part, added *Orophanes*, I was present at the Conversation which occasion'd it, and shall hear it read with a vast deal of Satisfaction. I am entirely ignorant of it, said *Thelamont*, and am very much touch'd at the Unconcern of *Urania*, which has hitherto prevented her from letting me know her Thoughts on a Passion which she so well knows how to inspire. You were absent, replied she, smiling, and I had so many things to say to you at your Return, that I could not find in my Heart to interrupt them for a Matter of so little Consequence. You have obligingly excus'd yourself, said *Florinda*, but you shall submit to the Law; and since the Sun gives us leave to enjoy the Pleasure of your Gardens, my Opinion is, that we go to the Banks of that beautiful River, the Prospect of which is so enchanting to my Eyes, that its refreshing Coolness, join'd to *Urania's* Discourse, may make our Pleasure compleat.

ALL the Company approv'd of *Florinda's* Advice; they repair'd to the Water-side, where *Urania* having caused Seats to be brought, every body placed themselves, and by the Silence they kept, shew'd the Desire they had to hear her; when she began thus: Before I read the Letter, said she, which we have been talking about, I ought to let you know that *Felicia* and myself were invited to spend a Fortnight at *Belisa's*. As she is a Person extremely worthy our Esteem, the Party was very agreeable to us. We went, but at our Arrival were inform'd, an Affair of the highest Importance had call'd her suddenly into the Country; but that she had desir'd we would not deprive *Julia*, her Niece, of our Company, since she had left her on purpose to receive us. *Julia* is one of the most engaging young Ladies on Earth, and has a very fine Understanding; so that we made no Difficulty of complying with *Belisa's* Request, having Friendship enough for *Julia* to

have taken that Journey on her Account only. She failed not to welcome us with all her Charms, and as she is not only generally admir'd, but has also an excellent Taste in her Conversation, we found good Company of both Sexes with her: The next Day it was increas'd by the coming of *Damon* and *Orophanes*: (I believe you know *Damon*, and that his Character has not escap'd you.) No, doubtless, answer'd *Camilla*, he is one of those who deceive us: He talks as if he had Wit, and really has it on some particular Subjects; but when we enter into him, we immediately find we have been in an Error, and that it is to his Opinion being always contrary to that of other People, and to the violent Manner in which he enforces his Arguments, that he owes the Attention which is sometimes given him. This *Damon*, resum'd *Urania*, as you describe him, was the Occasion of a very warm Debate among us; of which some of the Company having inform'd *Belisa*, she sent me Word, that to make her some Amends for her not being able to partake in our Amusements, I must write her Word for Word the Dispute I had with *Damon*: On the other hand, being solicited by *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, who were afraid, as they said, of forgetting the greatest Part of what I had urg'd, I found myself oblig'd to make a sort of a Work of a Discourse that I had thought little worthy of their Remembrance. This is it, added she, and I wish the Tedioufness of it may not make you repent of your Curiosity.

Letter by way of Dissertation on Love.

TO BELISA.

YOU will oblige me, engaging *Belisa*, to put down in writing what I said the other Day at your House in the Behalf of Love: Your extraordinary Virtue gives great Weight to the Argument I have presumed to maintain, since I am sure you'll own you should have lov'd with greater Tenderness than any one, could you have found an Object worthy of an Affection such as yours wou'd have been; this is enough for me to gain the Vic-

tory over my Adversary. I maintain then, with more Authority than ever, that the Poets have described Love as a God, on purpose to give us an Idea of his Purity: I allow indeed, that it betokens an absolute Power, but I cannot agree that the Dominion of that God is capable of perverting Virtue into Vice, since I place the Merit of Love in the very contrary to such a Metamorphosis.

According to my Notions of that Passion, it is more apt to refine our Morals than corrupt them; this is what I shall demonstrate to you, in the Sequel of that Controversy you command me to relate. Orophanes having begun a Discourse on the Corruption of the Age, and the little Care those Persons, whose Business it is, take to reform it; Damon, as much a Brute in his Inclinations as Understanding, presently accused Love as the sole Cause of the various Irregularities common among Mankind: That Passion, said he, destroys Conversation, is the Bane of all Society, poisons the Soul, and quite debilitates the nobler Faculties; when once a Heart is possess'd of it, one does nothing but with Design, one makes no scruple of violating all the Ties of Affinity and Nature, despises all Laws both Human and Divine, and I compare a Man in Love to a Beast, both stupid and voracious. O horrid! cried I, unable to contain myself, what a Monster do you make of the tenderest and noblest of all the Passions! Are we to impute the Disorders of a vicious Appetite to Love? All Men are born to be what they are; we every Day see that the severest Education, and most virtuous Examples, cannot reform a Mind propense to Ill; we perceive the little Progress it makes in Wisdom, from its tenderest Infancy; and when it comes to be its own Master, by its Actions discovers what only the Fear of Reproof had made it hide. This is the Ground of Vice, and if such a Mind be inflamed with Love, that Passion will indeed become the Monster which Damon has just now described. It is not therefore Love which leads to Vice, but the Soul's first Tendency to Vice corrupts the Guest it entertains. On the contrary, a Person born with a natural Disposition to Virtue, will improve his Education and Examples; and when subdued by Love,

it but strengthens the Principles he before adhered to.—He seeks to please the darling Object only by Methods which Justice teaches him. Love trusts him with his Torch only to enlighten and make more conspicuous the Nobleness of his Genius: Diffimulation, Self-Interest, and Envy, are unknown to him.—A noble Love, continued I, is so far from destroying Society, that it renders Conversation more agreeable, it sweetens the roughest Temper, enlightens the dullest Mind, and finds Ways to soften the most savage Soul: Without Love the World had still remain'd in Chaos; 'twas Love alone rais'd it from thence, and it is Love alone preserves it from returning to it again.—How then can a Passion so necessary to the Consistency of the whole Universe, be accused of the Disorders of the Manners.—Damon without doubt confounds Lust with Love; the first leads Men into the most enormous Crimes, the other frequently brings 'em out. How often have we seen Men, whom Time, Opportunity, and ill Company have drawn into the most pernicious Pleasures, and who, abandoning themselves to the Fury they are possessed with, fly from Objects to Objects without Choice or Reflection, on a sudden quit all this for Love!—Had they more Vices, all would vanish at Sight of that Charmer, which Wisdom throws in their Way as a Bank necessary to oppose the Impetuosity of their Libertine Tempers.—They look back on their past Conduct with Shame, and the noble Ambition of rendering themselves worthy of what they love, gives them at the same time that of burying in Oblivion the Debaucheries in which they have been plung'd; this is the Power of true Love: All that is subservient to the Government of the Senses is not Love, but Lust—the Immortal Being has done nothing for us but thro' Love! Friendship, which unites Mankind, is Love: It changes its Name only by the Difference of Sexes; but then, as I have said before, it must not be the Senses which direct Love, but Love the Senses.—When I speak of Men, I mean Mankind in general; so that the weak and timorous Sex is comprehended in my Discourse, and will add another Argument to those I have already ventured to urge, by their being oblig'd

oblig'd constantly to study the Laws of Virtue. Let a young Virgin, brought up in Innocence, be ever so much charm'd with the Merit of the Man Heaven has design'd her, you'll see her resist her Passion as strenuously as possible; but Fear and Bashfulness are the only Motives of such a Combat.—She is ignorant of what Sin is, therefore her Heart cannot revolt against that which she knows nothing of; she withstands the Progress of her Passion only thro' a Prejudice of Education, which is called Modesty—but let her be once united to him in a lawful Manner, her Passion throws off all Disguise, she owns she loves, owns it without blushing, avows her Flame, nay, glories in the Confession. Can such an Alteration happen in Vice? does any one boast of a Crime they have been guilty of? no sure: Yet this Woman, bred up in the strictest Virtue, can say, I love the Man who is become my Husband. Therefore Love in itself is virtuous; for if it were a Crime, 'twould be so always, nor cou'd a Ceremony only instituted to restrain Mankind take off of its Deformity.—If our Intemperance disfigures the native Innocence of the God, 'tis our Fault, not his; the Doctrine corrupts not the Disciple, but the Manners of the Disciple often shames the Doctrine: Heaven is not to be blamed for our Sins, neither is Love for our Extravagancies—it has made Heroes of those who before were Tyrants; and of all the Passions 'tis the only one which is compatible with Wisdom; the Heart is made to be engag'd, but then it ought to be with the Love I have been describing; that which Damon has been speaking of, being only the Irregularity of Nature, which by the Assistance of Reason may be overcome. Thus, wise Belisa, I finish'd my Discourse, the Length of which I was afraid had tir'd the Company; but Orophanes, whose Morals render him well worthy the Esteem you have for him, flatter'd me agreeably, by assuring me in the Name of the Company, that they were all, except Damon, of my Opinion: Charming Julia, by a Prejudice of Education, did not dare to applaud me openly for having said so much in the Praise of Love; but one of her intelligible Looks, which she so well knows how to dart, convinc'd

wine'd me of her Approbation. Damon alone continued in his Error, and let me know, that he look'd on me as a Person whose Commrce was dangerous: He went away with a Dissatisfaction which for some time diverted us; after which we made some farther Reflections on what I had been talking about, and then parted very much regretting your Absence. Julia undertook to write you our Conversation, and as I did not expect you would have desired to have known it from me, took no further Care than to assure you, that no body has more Impatience to see you, than

Your most faithful

U R A N I A.

URANIA had scarce done reading, before the whole Company seem'd to endeavour to outvie each other which should give her the greatest Applause.—But *The-lamont* looking on her with Eyes in which was writ his Passion, Indeed, said he to her, you must own you have been to blame in having so long depriv'd me of the Pleasure which I have now shar'd with the Company; but however disobliging your Discretion has been to me, I can't help saying, that I think *Damon* very happy in being the Occasion of so polite a Work. That's true, said *Florinda*, and it must have been only a Man so tenacious of his own Opinion as he is, who could have denied assenting to Arguments so convincing. As for me, added *Camilla*, they have had such an Effect on my Heart, that I know not by what Measures to defend it, if I were address'd to in the Manner *Urania* has express'd. You very well deserve it, reply'd *Felicia*, but it must be own'd there are but few Passions such as those she has described, and that *Urania* has shew'd her Wit at the Expence of Probability. I won't allow that, beautiful *Felicia*, said *Orophanes*, but will maintain, even against you, that there are still Men capable of a virtuous Passion. Doubtless, cry'd *The-lamont*, a little warmly, and I can't think *Urania* began this Dispute without believing that there are Men such as she

she would wish 'em to be. I do not deny it, answer'd
 she, and at the same time a rosy Blush spread itself all
 o'er her lovely Face, and I confess that my own Passion
 made me imagine I had really found one capable of re-
 turning it in the same Manner. *Thelamont* had all the
 Sense he ought to have of so obliging a Discourse; and
 had it not been for the Presence of their Friends, would
 have thrown himself at her Feet to have thanked her for
 the Justice she had done him. *Felicia*, perceiving he
 had a Desire to speak to her without being heard, pro-
 pos'd walking, to give him an Opportunity of pouring
 forth some part of those tender Transports which it
 is not possible always for a Lover to restrain without
 Pain.—Come, said she, we must not hinder *Thela-*
mont from giving his Opinion of *Urania's* Work.—At
 these Words they all rose, and the o'erjoy'd *Thelamont*
 took his adorable *Urania* by the Hand, which gave the
 equally enamour'd *Orophanes* an Opportunity of doing
 the same to *Felicia*, while *Camilla* and *Florinda* fol-
 low'd Arm in Arm. Thus, without separating, every
 body found themselves according to their Inclinations.
 I am the happiest of Men, said *Thelamont* to *Urania*,
 as he led her, if what you have been saying has any
 relation to me.—My Destiny is most glorious if I may
 flatter myself that you know me well enough to believe
 that you have inspired me with all the Sentiments which
 you wou'd wish the Man to have, who declares himself
 your Lover. I assure you, reply'd *Urania*, that in
 drawing the Picture of a pure and perfect Passion, I
 had you alone in view—the Footing we're upon, leaves
 no room to dissemble my Inclinations, my whole Hap-
 piness consists in the Delicacy of yours, and I thought
 I ow'd them this Acknowledgment of telling you, I
 know the Value of a Heart, of which I flatter myself I
 am the Mistress.—You see, *Thelamont*, continued she,
 more gravely than before, I speak to you with the Con-
 fidence of a Woman who has given her Promise; but I
 conjure you to remember that the Ceremony is still
 wanting, which must authorize my Vows; therefore
 desire you will defer till then the Answer which I per-
 ceive

ceive you are about to make me. No, Madam! cry'd *Thelamont*, to how immense a Height soever you carry my Happiness, the Raptures you inspire shall never exceed the Bounds of that respectful Awe, which the Purity of my own Passion, and your Virtue, imposes on me.—But, divine *Urania*, added he, after a little Pause, do not, till the solemnizing of that Ceremony you make me hope, deprive me of entertaining you with the Sentiments of that Heart which you are so good to own you have subdued. I give you leave, said she, when any Occasion offers, without Offence to what we owe the Company; and 'tis even now time to make the Conversation general.—I hear a Dispute between *Felicia* and *Orophanes*, which makes me believe they want us. — *Thelamont* sigh'd at the Sentence, which put an End to his Happiness for that time, but always resign'd to her Commands, they join'd *Florinda* and *Camilla*, who were already with *Felicia*. As soon as that beautiful Person saw *Urania* approach, Come, I beg you, said she to her, and be Judge of a Dispute I have had with *Orophanes*; he complains of my Indifference, and threatens to try if Absence won't make me more sensible! I maintain that that is the most improper Method he can take, and that if his Presence can gain nothing on me, Absence will make me forget him entirely. On the contrary, cry'd *Orophanes*, you'll then think of the Faithfulness with which I have serv'd you, that Remembrance will bring Regret, Regret must infallibly occasion Sensibility—you'll recall me, and then I shall be the happiest of Mankind. You suppose then, said *Urania*, smiling, that you should be regretted? My very great Passion, answer'd he, and infinite Respect, assure me that *Felicia*, finding none of her Slaves more tender, or more submissive, will be oblig'd to do me Justice. Truly, said *Thelamont*, were I not persuaded that you seek rather to shew your Wit than make known your real Sentiments, I should prodigiously condemn you for having such. Can a Man, possess'd with a sincere Affection, think of leaving the Person he loves? Will he hazard a real Blessing for an imaginary one? In short, 'tis an Experiment.

periment a faithful Lover *can* never make, nor indeed *ought* to attempt, since it argues either but a small Share of Passion, or a very great one of Presumption.

As he ended these Words, they found themselves over against the House: As they were a going in, a Chaise and six, attended by two Men on Horseback, came galloping after them into the Court-Yard——*Urania* turning back to receive 'em, was agreeably surpriz'd to see that *Belisa* and *Julia*, of whom they had been talking, alight from the Chaise; but two Cavaliers, who immediately dismounted to lend the Ladies their Hands, rais'd the Wonder of not only *Urania*, but of all the Company, no body there knowing 'em; but in particular the youngest of the two attracted all their Admiration: he was tall, his Shape fine, graceful and easy, tho' rather inclining to fat than lean; his Eyes the loveliest blue that ever was seen, bright, sparkling, but softned with a Languishment not to be describ'd, not to be resisted; his Nose proportion'd to his other Features; a Mouth on which a thousand little Loves sat sportive, and seem'd to wanton in his Smiles; besides all this, he had a certain Air of Grandeur, which spoke him of superior Extraction, and of a Mind yet more exalted.——He led *Belisa*; *Urania* ran to embrace her, who after she had return'd those Marks of Kindness from her, and saluted the rest of the Company, You are without doubt surpriz'd, dear *Urania*, said she, to see me take the Liberty of bringing to your House Persons utterly unknown to you; but my Friendship will suffer me to conceal nothing from you.——I come to communicate to you both my Grievs and Joys.—— As these Gentlemen are the principal Occasions of both the Passions I have mention'd, I thought their Presence necessary to what I had to say to you. 'Tis adding very obligingly to my Satisfaction, said *Urania*, to give me this Mark of your Confidence, and were I less inclinable than I am to receive any thing that you have a Concern in, the Air and Appearance of the Persons who accompany you, are sufficient to gain the Esteem of every body.

BELISA

BELISA then turning to the Cavalier who led her, Behold, said she, that *Thelamont* and *Urania* you have had so great an Inclination to be acquainted with, and the Character of whose Merits has made so great an Impression on you ! I have not mistook them, Madam, answer'd the charming Stranger, advancing towards *Urania*, the Impression you speak of, pointed them out to me. Then addressing himself in the most graceful manner to *Thelamont*, whose Arms were already open to receive him, said things to both, which were their Due from every body, but which they seldom receiv'd in that agreeable Fashion as he knew how to pay.——The noble Pair return'd his Compliments with their usual Wit and Vivacity, and the Company being join'd, *Belisa* and *Julia* receiv'd the Cares of *Felicia*, *Camilla*, and *Florinda*. *Orophanes*, who had been long acquainted with *Belisa*, was presented by her to the two Strangers, who neither of 'em forfeited that good Opinion of their Understandings which their Physiognomies at first Sight had gain'd 'em. He which seem'd the eldest of the two, notwithstanding an Air of deep Melancholy, shew'd so much Gracefulness in all his Words and Actions, which, join'd to a Form perfectly compleat and lovely, render'd it impossible for him to be seen without being admir'd. As for the Younger, whom *Belisa* call'd by the Name of *Orfames*, there was a certain Conformity in his Mind to that of *Thelamont*, a Greatness of Soul and Sentiment, their Hearts united themselves as tho' they had a long time been acquainted, and it may be said, that Sympathy cut off the Time necessary to know each other perfectly.

It not being near Supper-time, *Urania* led the Company to a Terrace which commanded the River, and from which there was a most delicious Prospect; it was surrounded with a great Number of grassy Seats, placed near enough each other to afford those who sat on 'em an Opportunity of Conversation. After the Compliments usual on these Occasions; I don't see any body here, said *Belisa*, that will be an Interruption

to

to my informing *Urania* of some Adventures, in which I am sure she'll take a Part; therefore, since we have Time, I think I had best employ it in acquainting her with what brought me here, independently from the Desire of seeing her. You will prodigiously oblige me, answered *Urania*, and I fancy that I see a certain Air of Languishment in the Eyes of the agreeable *Julia*, that redoubles my Curiosity, and makes me believe she has great Interest in what you are about to tell us.

YOUR Penetration, dear *Urania*, said *Julia* blushing, is seldom at a Loss, and you have now guess'd so true, that I must intreat you will engage *Belisa* to permit me to visit the Beauties of this Place during her Discourse. With all my Heart, cry'd *Belisa* laughing, and tho' we shall be sorry for your Absence, yet we must dispense with your hearing your own History. At these Words *Julia* got up, and leaning on the Arm of the eldest of the Gentlemen, she retir'd, saluting the Company with a most becoming Gracefulness—The other Stranger followed her a few Steps, and whisper'd her; she seem'd to answer him with Tenderness, after which he return'd to his Seat, his Presence being necessary to make himself known to the Company; and *Belisa* perceiving they attended for what she was to say, addressing herself to *Urania*, began thus.



The History of BELISA, ORSAMES, and JULIA.

YOU know, dear *Urania*, said she, that my Family has been of a distinguish'd Rank, and that a great many considerable Places, as it were hereditary in our House, have render'd it illustrious; Tho' you are perfectly well acquainted with me, yet I am oblig'd

to

to remind you of these things, that you may the better enter into what I am about telling you. My Father, who had heap'd up great Riches, as well by his Employments, as by several successful Voyages, which Ships of his had made to the *Indies*, by a Wife, who was a very advantageous Match, left only one Son and myself. My Mother dying before him, he brought me up in a Nunnery, and took a particular Care in the Education of my Brother *Dorantes*, who, when he became a Man, was in general Esteem.—My Father dying, he was left Master of himself and an immense Fortune, and had so great a Tenderness for me, that he thought of nothing but making me a Partaker in the Enjoyment of it. He took me home, and using me with a paternal Care, mix'd with a brotherly Affection, I liv'd in all the Happiness of Tranquillity; but *Love* soon interven'd to ruffle this Calm of Life, and by its momentary Sweets beguil'd me into the fatal Labyrinth of bitter and lasting Perplexities. My Brother had a Friend call'd *Philintus*, who had one of the most considerable Employments in the Naval Forces; he was advanc'd by his Courage at an Age when others only begin to shew it. This *Philintus* had a Sister as dear to him as I was to *Dorantes*. She was a Widow of about twenty Years of Age, and had a Son two Years old, which she was so passionately fond of, that her whole Care was in the bringing him up; living altogether retir'd, receiving no Visits, and scarce seen by any body but her Brother and her own Domestics. So melancholy a Life, (to dissuade her from which, several Attempts had been made, tho' in vain) was a sensible Affliction to *Philintus*: He was gay, gallant and a great Courtier himself, and could not bear his darling Sister should deny herself those Pleasures he had so great a Relish of himself.—Resolving, therefore, to make one last Effort to draw her from a Solitude, which to him would have been so irksome, and prompted, perhaps, by Sentiments which he did not think proper at that time to declare; he requested, that *Dorantes* and I would make her a Visit in this Retirement she had chosen.

chosen. As much a Lover of it as she was, he said, he was very sure she would receive us with that Civility the Rank we held in the World, and in his Esteem, deserv'd; and it may be, added he, the Conversation of the charming *Belisa* may induce her to come into the World again, if it were only to reap the Advantages an Intimacy with her cannot but afford.

My Brother consented with Pleasure, and my Complaisance for him made me find no Difficulty in it. Hitherto I had not perceiv'd that *Philintus* had any other Sentiments for me than those of Friendship, the very great one he had for my Brother authorizing the Respects he paid me; and as nothing in the World could be more amiable than *Philintus*, I had a most tender Esteem for him, without believing that my Heart would go further. We were in this Situation of Mind, when we set out to visit *Arfesne*, which was the Name of *Philintus*'s Sister. During the Journey, my Brother desir'd him to give us a Description of her, but could get nothing out of him but these Words: *You shall see, and you shall judge.* The Silence he observ'd whenever (on Purpose to draw something from him) we told him we doubted not but she was handsome, and the voluntary Retirement she had made from the World, gave us an Opinion she was deform'd; and that, conscious of her Imperfections, it was her Prudence which made her avoid appearing in a Town stor'd with Beauties. Prejudic'd with this Idea, we desisted asking any farther Questions.

As he had given notice that he would bring Company with him, we found, at our Arrival, every thing in Order for our Reception.—The Pleasantness and Magnificence of the Place merits the most elegant Description; but I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis one of the most delightful and noble Seats in the whole Kingdom, and that so many Beauties struck our Eyes, that *Dorantes* and I, in secret, sigh'd that it was not inhabited by an agreeable Person: But how great was our Surprize, when we saw *Arfesne*, who waited for us in the midst of her Women, on a stately Terrace which

which must be pass'd before you go to her Apartment! — To form any Idea of what she was, one must imagine all that can be conceived of Perfection — the most blooming Youth, the most delicate Complexion, Eyes that had in them all the Fire of *Wit*, and Tenderness of *Love*, a Shape easy, and fine proportion'd Limbs; and to all this, a thousand unutterable Graces accompanying every Air and little Motion. — Whether it was the Idea which we had form'd to ourselves of her, which contributed to our Admiration, or whether it was only the natural Effect of the Charms of this beautiful Widow, but both of us were seiz'd with an Astonishment which render'd it impossible for some Moments, for us to pay those Civilities which were her Due. *Philintus*, who heedfully observ'd our Looks, saw the Confusion we were in with a secret Satisfaction; but dissembling his Thoughts at that Time, he took me by the Hand, and presented me to his Sister, who, by the Reception she gave us, discovered she had as great a Share of Wit as Beauty. — *Dorantes* was so charm'd and transported with every thing he saw, that he had not Words to express himself; and never did I see him at so great a Loss before. — In fine, he fell passionately in Love, and, wholly unable to conceal it, he spoke to me of it the third Day after our Arrival in that agreeable Place, and desir'd me to hint it to *Philintus*; his Passion having also inspir'd him with a Timorousness which render'd him incapable of being his own Advocate. *Dorantes* was too dear to me, and *Arsene* too charming, for me to refuse such a Commission. I undertook the Business, and accordingly entertained *Philintus* with the Discovery of his Sentiments the first Opportunity, which was not hard for me to find, he always seeming pleas'd when any offer'd to talk with me alone. — He received what I had to say to him with an Extacy which gave me some Surprise, knowing the Disinterestedness of his Soul, and that it could not be for any Advantages he could expect in that Alliance, *Arsene* having a Fortune separate from her Son, which might entitle her to

as great a Match.—He assur'd me, that if my Brother really desir'd it, *Artesne* should consent to be his Wife—that he would answer all the Scruples her Reserve should make, and that there was but one Obstacle, and that depended wholly on *Dorantes* himself to remove. I press'd him with all imaginable Earnestness to let me know what it was; but he excus'd himself, saying it was not a thing proper to be reveal'd to any but himself. This Answer prodigiously surpriz'd me, but I forbore to ask him farther, and left him at Liberty to go in search of *Dorantes*; a few Moments after, I saw 'em walking together in the Garden, but would not interrupt them, and retir'd to my Apartment, waiting the Issue of their Conversation, which I doubted not but I should be inform'd of by my Brother. According to my Belief, as soon as he had parted from *Philintus*, he came directly to me, and seating himself by me; I owe every thing to you, my dear *Belisa*, said he, finish what you have begun, and make me the happiest of Men, by giving your Hand to *Philintus*, who adores you. I own to you, dear *Urania*, that these Words open'd my Eyes; at once I found the Cause of *Philintus*'s Assiduity, and of my Esteem for him: But hiding from *Dorantes* this Secret of my Soul, I made my consenting to receive *Philintus* as a Lover appear as an Act of Friendship and Obedience to him. As I had done speaking, *Philintus* came into the Chamber with *Artesne*, whom he presented to me as a Sister, who would not be repugnant to his Desires. I revoke the Promise which I have just now given, said she, embracing me, if the charming *Belisa* is averse to make my Brother happy. That of *Dorantes*, answer'd I, is too dear to me to retard it; therefore, lovely *Artesne*, I assure *Philintus* before you, that I accept the Heart he offers me. *Philintus* reply'd to what I said in Terms to make me believe the Silence he had hitherto kept had only made his Love more violent. *Dorantes* gave a thousand Thanks to his dear *Artesne*, for so early Acknowledgment of her Esteem of him; and this double Union being thus concluded

cluded on; our Brothers thought of nothing but accomplishing it, and thought it proper to return to Town, both of them desiring it might be solemniz'd in public.

ARSESNE gave Orders about her little Son with all imaginable Tendernefs, whom she lov'd with a Fondnefs exceeding that which is ordinarily to be found in Mothers; and I believe would never have consented to a second Engagement, if she had not been prevail'd upon by some considerable Advantages, which *Dorantes* offer'd to yield to him.

ALL things being ready for our Departure, we were sensibly affected at the extreme Sorrow of *Arfesne*, in parting from the young *Orfames*, for so the lovely Babe was call'd; a thousand Times we snatch'd him from her Arms, and she as often clung to him again: A Torrent of Tears accompanied the tender Things she said to him, and her Grief seem'd to rise to such a Height, that *Dorantes* and all of us begg'd her to take him with her. But her Reason getting at length the better of her Fondnefs, she would not consent, judging the Change of Air might do him a Prejudice, which her Kisses and Embraces could not repair. The Women, who had the Care of him, strenuously oppos'd his being remov'd on this Score; so that summoning all her Resolution, she threw herself into the Coach, and made a Sign he should be taken from her Sight. We followed her immediately, and set out melancholy enough for Persons who thought they had such Reason to be contented. But it seem'd as if that Sadness which possess'd us all, and which at first was only occasion'd by the Sight of *Arfesne*, was a Prediction of those Misfortunes which we were too soon to fall into.

ARSESNE appear'd more chearful as she approach'd the Town; she said a thousand obliging Things to *Dorantes* and me; and I was so extremely charm'd with her, that I thought myself no less happy in being ally'd to her, than my Brother did in becoming her Husband. *Philintus* having no House in Town, his Sister was prevail'd on to make ours her Home, before the

Cere-

Ceremony of Marriage should give her the Title of Mistress of it—and the intended Bridegroom being impatient for the compleating their Wishes, every thing was preparing for the Celebration of both Nuptials with all the Expedition imaginable.

At length the Eve to this great Day arriv'd, but it came only to overwhelm us with a mortal Affliction: *Arsene* was on a sudden seiz'd with so violent a Disorder, that she was oblig'd to take her Bed. You may be sure there was no Assistance wanting; but, notwithstanding all the Care that could be taken, her Distemper became mortal in less than twelve Hours: She herself was the first who perceiv'd it, and causing *Dorantes* and *Philintus* to draw near the Bed, where I before was sitting, holding her in my Arms; I see, said she, that Heaven will not suffer me to enjoy the Happiness you are preparing for me. I assure you, added she, taking his Hand, I should have laid myself under an agreeable Law of contributing every thing in my Power to your Felicity; but since that cannot be, transfer to my dear Child the Tenderness you have for me, and give me the Satisfaction of believing, that in losing a Mother, he shall gain a Father ——— I also beg, that my Death may not retard the Marriage of *Belisa* and *Philintus*. In speaking this, she embraced me tenderly, and making her Brother approach still nearer to her, she took our Hands, and join'd them: Remember, resum'd she, a Sister, who dying loves you with an Ardour beyond what is ordinarily found among Relations. *Philintus* and myself were almost drown'd in Tears, but the Condition of *Dorantes* was terrible; I thought several times he would have expir'd before her: He continu'd on his Knees at the Bed-side, holding one of her Hands, without being able to speak one Word; but the Despair which appear'd in his Face, gave me just Cause to fear the Effects. That amiable Lady finding herself at the Point of Death, and troubled beyond Measure at the Sight of his Grief, loosing her Arm from him, threw it round his Neck; Farewel, my dear Husband, said she, I beg you will re-

move from hence—your Sorrow softens me too much—remember that my last Breath conjures you to live, for the sake of him who I prize far above myself.—She then made a Sign that we should all retire, being desirous of passing her few remaining Moments with her Confessor, who was all this while waiting in the Room.—*Dorantes* was carry'd away in a Swoon—*Philintus* follow'd him, endeavouring to mitigate the Transports of his Grief.—As for me, I know not by what Means I was convey'd to my own Apartment, where some time after I found myself on my Bed, near which *Philintus* sat in great Affliction; and it was not without Difficulty he forced himself to tell me, that *Arsefne* was just expir'd, and that her whole Body was cover'd with the Venom of her Disease, which no Remedies had the Power to throw out. I immediately thought of my Brother; but he assur'd me that he was surrounded by Friends and Servants, who were using all the Means they could invent for his Consolation. I went to him, and found him in a Condition the most deplorable that Grief has Power to reduce one to—and it was near a Month before we could observe the least Abatement of it—and if then, he seem'd to have thrown off some Part of the Violence of that Anguish with which at first he was so fiercely agitated; it was only that he might enable himself to execute the Commands of that lovely Person whose Loss had occasion'd it. By her last Words, he was made Guardian of her Son, and Possessor of his Estate till he should come of Age: He therefore sent down to the Country where the Effects lay, to make her Death and her Will known, and to assure her Servants that he would take the same Care of them as if she were still living.

PHILINTUS would very fain have had my Brother concluded our Marriage; but he was yet too full of Affliction to endure the Thoughts of a Solemnity which would more remind him of his own irreparable Loss. That faithful Lover, however, was scarce ever from me; and in this time of a more intimate Conversation with him than I had permitted before, I had Thoughts

of making him my Husband; I discover'd a thousand Virtues, a thousand Beauties, which till then had pass'd unheeded by me: Our mutual Tenderneſs at length arriv'd to that Degree of Perfection which makes Love immortal.

It was near three Months after the Death of *Arſefne*, that *Dorantes*, beginning to think there was ſomething due to a living Friend and Siſter, having paid an uncommon Tribute of Sorrow to the Dead, gratify'd the impatient Sollicitations of *Philintus* with a Promise, that our Marriage ſhould be celebrated in a few Days. But Deſtiny ſeem'd to oppoſe his kind Intentions, and our Happineſs: He had ſcarce time to thank him for the Grant, before he receiv'd an Order from ſuperior Powers to embark immediately, the Fleet being ready to ſail on a ſecret Expedition. Here was no Room for Hope, no Poſſibility of gaining Time——judge of his Deſpair, and my ungovernable Grief——the Dangers he was going to be expoſed to, made his Departure more afflictive; and never were Farewells accompany'd with greater Symptoms of Inconſolament on both Sides.

———Omens, alas! too ſure we ne'er ſhould meet again. He had employ'd the little time allow'd him in aſſigning his whole Eſtate to me (his little Nephew *Orſames* having a great one of his own) which, tho' it was a vaſt Addition to my Fortune, was likewise ſo to my Grief, becauſe it proved the Greatneſs of my Loſs in him who had beſtow'd it——The Town grew hateful to me in his Abſence, and I deſired leave of my Brother to retire, and paſs ſome time in *Arſefne's* Houſe: He willingly yielded to it, and recommended the young Maſter of it to my Care.———When I came near that fine Seat, methought it ſeem'd ſtrip'd of all thoſe Charms which had taken my Eyes when firſt I went; *Arſefne* being no more, the very Trees and fine Parterre before the Gate ſeem'd to bewail her Loſs, and look'd neglected and forlorn. But at my Entrance every thing became dreadful, by the Trouble and Confuſion I found the Family involv'd in; which was occaſion'd, as they preſently told me, by the Flight

of *Orfames's* Governess, who had disappeared two Days.

THE Hope of her Return, and Fear of my Brother's Anger, had hinder'd 'em from acquainting him with so afflicting a Piece of News, contenting themselves with making a diligent Search for her over all the Country. This Accident renew'd all my Grievs; but thinking it proper my Brother should be acquainted with it, I dispatch'd a Messenger immediately, to whom this was as if *Arsefne* had died a second time. He made use of all his Interest at Court, and the Power his Post there gave him, and got severe Orders, which were spread through all the Provinces, against any Persons who should conceal *Orfames* or *Argina* (that was the Name of his Governess) and at the same time promising a great Reward to those who should bring any Information of them; but all Enquiries were in vain, they were gone past Reach, nor could we hear of any who had seen them.

ABOUT six Months after this Misfortune, my Brother marry'd a young Lady of Quality, called *Philemena*, at first induc'd to it more by Ambition than Love; but the great Merits he found in her, soon gain'd her his tenderest Esteem, and the Complaisance she shew'd in talking of *Arsefne* with the highest Regard, and continually wishing her Son might be found, that she might be a Mother to him, won him so entirely, that in a little time he had no Thought for any thing but her. She grew big with Child, and she often said she wish'd it might be a Daughter, who, if *Orfames* was ever found, should be his Wife. ————— She was ready to fall in labour, when, to make me the most unhappy Woman breathing, News was brought of *Philintus's* Death, who was one of the first Commanders kill'd in the Expedition he went upon. I fell extremely ill; she never quitted me Night nor Day, notwithstanding her Condition; and it was to her Care, Tenderness, and the Charms of her Wit, that I was indebted for my Recovery. *Dorantes* took all the necessary Precantions to make sure to me the Estate left me

me by *Philintus*. The agreeable *Philemena* was soon after brought to bed of a Daughter, whose Merits you are not unacquainted with, since it is no other than *Julia*; and tho' I am her Aunt, think it not a vain-glorious Boast to say, few are more amiable, or have a Wit more justly deserving Admiration——Her Birth, in some measure, mitigated the Grief I had been plung'd in since the Death of *Philintus*.——Three Years thus pass'd away, at the End of which Death depriv'd us also of my Brother; his last Request to us was, that we would not desist from pursuing, with the utmost Vigour, the Discovery of *Orsames's* Fate; he made me, in particular, promise to spare nothing which might be conducive to that, and, if found, to endeavour to unite him with *Julia*.

THIS Loss did not at all lessen the Friendship between *Philemena* and me, and the little *Julia* was the equal Care of both till nine Years old; at that Age *Philemena* thought proper to deprive herself of the Pleasure of her Company, by putting her into a Nunnery to perfect her in her Education.——She continu'd there three Years, in which time she improved so considerably in Beauty and Understanding, that her Mother resolved to take her home again.——Several advantageous Matches for her were offer'd us; but always flattering ourselves that we should find *Orsames* again, we would not hearken to any Proposals: *Julia* herself express'd so great a Repugnance to being marry'd so young, that it made us the more resolute in our Refusals.——Our Enquiries after *Orsames* were still carried on, without being able to learn any thing of him or his Governess, who we made no doubt was the sole Author of his Loss, tho' for what Reason we could not possibly guess.——We had taken up some of her Relations, who, notwithstanding long Imprisonment and various Examinations, could give us no Light into any thing, we thought ourselves oblig'd to release.

IN the mean time a Sister of *Orsames's* Father, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, *Arsene* herself having no Correspondence with her, commenc'd

a Law-suit with me for the Effects of *Orfames* and his Mother, the Direction of which was left me by my Brother in his Will.—This Lady, whose Name was *Armira*, pretended that the Death of *Orfames* was sufficiently prov'd by the Length of Time he had been lost, and that his Estate ought to come to an only Son of hers.—The Suit was long and vigorous; I produc'd *Arsène's* Will, whereby she made my Brother Guardian to *Orfames*; and that of *Dorantes*, whereby he deposited his Wealth into my Hands, expressly forbidding me to part with it till there were certain Proofs of his Death: But as I could give none of his being living, nor *Armira* of his being dead, the Judges order'd that the Estate should continue ten Years longer in my Hands; and if in that time *Orfames* did not appear, I should deliver it up to *Arimont* the Son of *Armira*, and undoubted Heir of *Orfames's* Father, if that young Gentleman were really not in being.

THIS Decree no ways pleas'd her; and her Rage was so violent, that she fell mortally ill. Her Son who is the other of the Gentlemen who accompany'd me hither, and is now with *Julia*, employ'd all his Care in endeavouring to recover her, but to no Purpose. Press'd by a Remorse of Conscience, one Day, as she believ'd herself in the Pangs of Death, she confess'd to him she had been guilty of a Crime, which could only be excus'd by her too great Affection for him; and then proceeded to surprize him, with telling, that it was she who had stolen away *Orfames*, favour'd in that Design by his Governess, to whom she had given a considerable Sum of Money to trade with in the *Indies*, where she had sent her, and had never heard from her since.

THIS Discourse made the generous and truly noble Soul of *Arimont* shudder with Horror; but seeing her in a Condition which would not permit him to reproach her, he contented himself with telling her, he would never consent to enrich himself with the Wealth of another; and that if *Orfames* was not found, what he should enjoy of his own would afford him but little Satisfaction. To these Words he join'd an Intreaty, that she

she would declare what she had done before me, as Part of Reparation for the Injury she had done in commencing a Suit against me, which was every way so unjust. — It was with much ado she was perswaded to this; but the Intercessions of her beloved Son, join'd to what she felt in a late Repentance of her Crime, at last work'd the desir'd Effect, and *Arimont* immediately dispatch'd a Messenger to me with a Letter; the Words were these:

MADAM,

BE pleas'd to come to *Armira*, who is dying; no Time is to be lost: You ought to be inform'd from her Mouth of a Secret, on which depends your Ease, and the Honour of him whose highest Ambition is to merit your Esteem.

ARIMONT.

I RECEIV'D this Letter, dear *Urania*, continu'd *Belisa*, the Day before your Arrival at my House, which was the Reason I could not enjoy the Satisfaction of receiving you. I found *Arimont's* Mother well enough in her Senses to inform me thoroughly of all the Particulars of the Crime she had committed to settle *Arimont* in the Possessions of her Cousin. I caus'd her Confession to be taken in Form by a Lawyer; and her Heart being eas'd of so heavy a Burden, she died with more Tranquility than she had liv'd.

THE Proceedings of *Arimont*, in this Affair, appear'd to me so perfectly generous and disinterested, that I took an Affection to him as tho' he had been a near Relation. I would not take my leave till I had engag'd his Promise to come and be with me as soon as he had paid his last Respects to his Mother's Memory; which when he gave me the Performance of, I presented him to *Philemena*, who had some time before retir'd herself to the Nunnery where *Julia* was brought up, having trusted her wholly to my Care and Tendernefs. She receiv'd him with the Applause which his late Action merited, and, as well I, enter'd into a Friendship with

with him, which he has not once given us Cause to repent. Possess'd of *Armira's* Confession, the Effects of *Orsames* remain'd peaceably in my Hands without any further Trouble. We caus'd Letters to be writ to the *Indies*; there was neither Governor nor Commander of any Place that was not inform'd of the Name of *Orsames*, and Description of his Governess. He must then have been about sixteen Years old. But all our Labours were ineffectual, we could discover nothing; yet still unwear'd with the Search, six Years since have been spent in the same Uncertainty, till at last Fortune, or rather a peculiar Providence from Heaven, restored him to us, when we had almost bid adieu to Hope.

BUT, continu'd *Belisa*, the Night seems to be pretty far advanc'd, and as my Design in giving you this Information is rather to divert than fatigue, I think I had best defer the remaining Part of the Story till to-morrow. *Urania* seeing her rise, did the same as well as the rest of the Company. You leave off, Madam, said *Thelamont*, in a Place that very much excites our Curiosity, and I read in the Eyes of the Ladies, that they would prefer the Pleasure of hearing you to the Supper that stays for them; and the rather, because we make no question but that we have with us that *Orsames* so dear to you. The Inclination he has inspir'd us with, makes us extremely desirous of knowing his Adventures. This is not the least Effect of the good Influence of my Stars, reply'd *Orsames*, and they seem by degrees to lead me to a State of perfect Happiness. As for me, said *Urania*, I have too much Concern for every thing that touches *Belisa* and *Julia*, not to have some for your Fate, if your own Appearance did not interest me yet farther; and I own I am very much griev'd at the Interruption of a Discourse in which I foresee you must of necessity be often mention'd. 'Tis true, cry'd *Camilla*, and it even makes me melancholy, who am by Nature the reverse. Indeed, added *Orophanes*, we ought not to permit *Belisa* to defer the rest of that agreeable Account she has to give us, till to-morrow; and I think we give
a suf-





a sufficient Proof of Self-denial, if we consent to sup in our Impatience, without passing the whole Night in a State of Inquietude. I am of your Opinion, said *Florinda*, and *Belisa* has put my Mind into so great an Agitation, that I think her obliged to compose it. As I always take great Pleasure, answered *Belisa*, in contributing to yours, so you shall govern.

As they walk'd during this Conversation, by the time it was ended they were in the Hall, were they found *Julia* and *Arimont* just going to send them word that Supper was serv'd in. They sat down to Table, and tho' the Entertainment was large enough to have detain'd them some time longer, yet the Impatience of hearing the Adventures of a Gentleman who appear'd so amiable made them quit it in haste. *Julia* being but lately recover'd of a Hurt she had receiv'd, and not having perfectly regain'd her Strength, desir'd she might retire. *Orsames* led her to the Apartment order'd for *Belisa*; and as she was not inclinable to go to Bed, and that *Urania's* Women staid with her, he remain'd there too, not thinking his Presence necessary while *Belisa* finish'd the History she had begun. In the mean time, the other Gentlemen and Ladies sat attentively to hear it; which the agreeable *Belisa* obliged them in, in the following Words.



*The Continuation of the History of ORSAMES
and JULIA.*

I HAVE already told you, said she, that six Years were past since the Death of *Armira*, without our having been able to get any Information of *Orsames*. *Philemena* continu'd in her Retirement, having left her charming Daughter to my Care, who was still unwilling to enter into any Engagement, and interested her-

self as much as we could do in the Destiny of *Orsames*.——It is certain she form'd to herself an Idea of him very like what he really is, and that was owing to a Picture of *Arsefne*, whom he very much resembles.——It was to no Purpose therefore that a Croud of Adorers were daily at my House; their Praises were irksome to her, their Presence uneasy, and she never rested till she prevail'd on me to rid her of their Persecutions. Almost despairing of ever hearing of *Orsames*, I would have infused other Thoughts, but she seem'd bent to die a Virgin, if Fate denied her the Felicity of becoming his Wife.——So odd a Passion, and so firm a Constancy for a Man whom she had never seen, and who in all Probability she would never see, fill'd me with various Conjectures; I communicated them to her Mother, who on that score, and no other, consented to leave the Monastery. It is about a Fortnight since she has been with me, and had she not been prevented by a little Indisposition, had given herself the Pleasure of coming along with us.

SHE discours'd her Daughter on that Head I have been speaking, but could get no other Answer from her, than, that she found not the least Inclination to Marriage, unless she could see a Man such as she imagin'd the Son of the charming *Arsefne* must be. It was in vain that *Philemena* represented to her, that all Children were not like their Parents, and that if he were alive, and should ever be known, which now was highly improbable, it was a thousand to one if he reach'd by many Degrees the Image she had form'd of him in her Mind; she still continued in her first Determination, to live and die as she was. So strange a Resolution in a Creature so young, and of so compliable a Temper in other Affairs, made us consider it rather as an Impulse of Fate, than an Obstinacy of Disposition; therefore resolv'd to press her no farther but wait the Result.——Time, which they say unravels all, soon put a Period to our Wonder, tho' in a mannar which gave us fresh Occasion for it.

ABOUT ten Days ago, *Julia* attended by some of our Women, happen'd to be taking the Air in a very pleasant Wood adjacent to my House; where, being fatigu'd either with the uncommon Heat of the Day, or wearied with walking farther than she was accusom'd, she sat down at the Foot of a Tree, and fell asleep. The Women retir'd to a little Distance, to have their own Talk; but near enough to hear and see any thing that might happen. She had not slumber'd long, when a Gentleman on Horseback, pass'd thro' the same Wood: As the Way he took led directly toward her, he could not avoid seeing her; and finding her what she really is, he stopt, alighted off his Horse, and was advancing near her, when her Women came up, and begg'd him not to wake their Mistress. The Cavalier told 'em that was not his Intention, but that he was only desirous of contemplating near, what at a Distance he had been admiring. As he himself was of a Form to inspire Admiration, and pronouncing these Words with a most becoming Gracefulness, my Women smiled, and had not the Power of hindring him so innocent a Felicity as that which he requir'd; But finding in himself (as he has since confess'd) Emotions which might transport him beyond the Bounds of Reason, he sighing, snatch'd himself from the Place, and after having asked who she was, saluted them, and thank'd them, he mounted his Horse and retir'd, tho' slowly. My Women in the mean time wak'd *Julia*, and begg'd her to return to the Castle, lest this Adventure, which had hitherto diverted them, might be attended with far different Consequences: They told her what had pass'd, and shew'd her the Cavalier, who every Step turn'd back to observe her. She was very angry with her Attendants for not having wak'd her, and thought them as imprudent, as the unknown Person appear'd to be discreet.

As she walk'd homeward, she found she trod on something, and ordering it to be taken up, they perceiv'd it was a Picture-Case enrich'd with Diamonds; Curiosity obliging her to open it, she found it contain'd the Resemblance of a Man perfectly beautiful. My Ser-

vants, who presently imagin'd it was his who had just parted from 'em, were as assiduous as *Julia* in viewing it; when she, who was wholly lost in the pleasing Contemplation of Features which appear'd so charming, was on a sudden rous'd from the delightful Dream; she felt herself stabb'd in the Shoulder by some body behind her, who at the same time snatch'd away the Picture with the other Hand.—She gave a great Shriek, which was eccho'd by all the Women at once; who notwithstanding the Fright they were in, observ'd that the Blow had been given by a *Negro* Woman, who fled with an incredible Swiftnefs. But as *Julia* bled prodigiously, and was fainting away, some of 'em endeavour'd to bring her to herself, while others ran to the Castle for Help. All this was accompanied with such piercing Cries, that they were heard by the Cavalier; who returning to the Place where he had left *Julia*, more hastily than he had gone from it, beheld her in all Appearance giving up the Ghost, and the *Negro* Woman at a Distance making off.—He hesitated not what was best for him to do, but clapping Spurs to his Horse, overtook her in a Moment, and finding the Dagger still bloody in her Hand, together with the Picture, he made no question of her Guilt; but seizing her with a furious Grasp, dragg'd her, still galloping back. He brought her to *Julia*, about whom, by this time, we were all got.—She was come to herself, and the Blood a little stanch'd by the Linnen which in that Hurry my Women had tore to bind the Wound. The Cavalier leap'd trembling from his Horse without letting go his Prey, and approaching us, Madam! said he to *Julia*, this is the barbarous Wretch that has committed this execrable Action; she belongs to me, and I give her up to you to suffer the most cruel Punishments; but sure I am, there are none yet invented severe enough for the Foulness of her Crime.

THE Creature, as he was speaking, endeavour'd to make her Escape; but was surrounded by our People, who tied her on the Unknown's Horse, he being on his Knees imploring *Julia* not to impute the horrid De-

Design of his Slave to his Commands or Assent. She look'd on him, as we were afterward inform'd, with all the Attention imaginable, but answer'd not a Word : As for *Philemena* and myself, we were in such Affliction, that we scarce had the Power of observing him ; but at length, his Griefs, and the submissive Manner in which he spoke, obliging me to take notice of him. I was struck at the prodigious Resemblance I found between him and *Arsefne* : His Youth, his Beauty, and the Gracefulness of his Address, even in that Hour of Horror, touch'd me to the Soul. — All the Charms of *Arsefne*, and the Love she had for our Family, came fresh into my Mind ; and methought it seem'd a kind of Sacrilege to the Memory of that dear Friend, not to pay Respect to what appear'd to have so very much of her. — By what Misfortune is it, Sir, said I, that such a Man as you should have been brought to harbour such a Wretch about you ? You see, Madam ! answered he, before you the most unfortunate Man in the World : But this Place and Exigence will not allow me to speak what I would very fain inform you ; permit me to attend you home, and at present let us think of nothing but succouring this adorable Distress'd.

In speaking this, he took *Julia* by one Arm, and *Philemena* being next her, tho' almost motionless thro' Grief and Astonishment, did the same by the other. In this melancholy Condition we got to the Castle, where we immediately put her to Bed ; and the Surgeons being sent for, comforted us with the Hopes that her Wound was no otherwise dangerous, than thro' the great Quantity of Blood she had lost : They dress'd it, and order'd she should be left to rest. We put the *Negro* Woman into a secure Apartment, and caus'd her to be strictly watch'd, not being willing to deliver her into the Hands of Justice, till we had heard what the Unknown had to inform us of. Things being thus order'd, *Philemena* and I led him into another Room ; where we begg'd him to discover to us what he could imagine the Motive to be, which had occasion'd

tion'd this Misfortune: Which he did in these Words, utter'd in such a Manner, as must have melted a Heart the most insensible.

I WISH, Madam, said he, addressing himself to *Philemena*, that there were a Possibility for you to look into my Soul; you would find it pierc'd with a Grief so poyant, as would even mollify yours, injur'd as it is, in the most sensible Manner: And I believe you will make no doubt of it, when you shall be inform'd of my Fate. I have been brought up from my tenderest Infancy in *Mexico*, my Mother's Name was *Rosimunda*, and mine *Mefares*. *Rosimunda* never told me by what Accident she came to settle at such a Distance from this Place, which she often said was her native Country; but however that was, she was so very rich, that she kept a House which seem'd to be a second Court, and yielded to none in Magnificence, except the Viceroy's. She made her Visits regularly to the Vice-Queen, who having a great Regard for her, prevail'd on her Husband to take me under his Care; which he did with an unparallel'd Generosity, giving me an Education befitting the Heir of an Empire. I made it my whole Endeavour to return the Goodness they shew'd me: My Heart and Sentiments were so well agreed with the Advancement I met with in the Palace, that I lost great part of that Tenderness a Son ought to have for his Mother; and tho' mine express'd a great Concern for my Interest, yet it was observ'd that there was a Tincture of Coolness in our Affections, which seem'd to belye Nature.

I WAS scarce arriv'd at the Age of Nineteen, when the Viceroy gave me a very considerable Employment in the Army; his Friendship for me making him overlook my Youth and Want of Experience: But my good Fortune was such, that in three or four Campaigns I distinguish'd myself so as to deserve his Esteem, and entirely take away all Fear of being blam'd by the King his Master for reposing so much Confidence in a Person of my Age. I return'd to *Mexico* after four Years Absence, to see *Rosimunda*, who was in a pretty advancement

vanc'd Age, and in a weak State of Health: I found with her, and very much in her Confidence, this Criminal *Negro*, whose Name is *Fatyma*. Nothing could be well done in the House, if *Fatyma* had not the ordering of it; in fine, the Treatment she found with her, was more like that one should expect from a Sister than a Mistress. As for me, who seldom stir'd from the Viceroy's Palace, and whom a Pride which I knew no Reason for, put above certain Attentions, I never troubled myself about the Causes of so extraordinary a Friendship; but yet I took notice that whenever I went to visit *Rosmunda*, this *Fatyma* used me with a Tenderness which exceeded Respect: This, for the present diverted me, and I return'd it with as much Gallantry, as such an Object deserv'd.

Two Years pass'd in this Manner, when my Mother, who had long labour'd under many Distempers, died, recommending *Fatyma* to my Care, assuring me she very well merited all the Kindness I could shew her; and tho' she was a Slave, had sprung from a Family the most illustrious in her Country; and beside all this, it was in her Power to be necessary to me in Affairs which yet I did not dream of. I had no Difficulty to obey this Injunction; *Fatyma* express'd on all Accounts so great a Zeal for my Interests, that, whether I would or no, it attach'd me to her. Some time after *Rosmunda's* Death, a very advantageous Match was propos'd to me; but Ambition being then my darling Passion, and looking on such an Engagement as an Obstacle to my Fortune in the Army, I refus'd it: But one Day happening to talk to *Fatyma* about it, Alas! Sir, shedding Tears while she spoke, your Fate is not sufficiently decided for you to take upon you the Cares of a Husband and a Father—but if there be a Woman capable of meriting such an Honour, it is only *Fatyma*. —Guess, Ladies, continued he, the Astonishment I was in at these Words; I plainly had seen that it was *Love* had occasion'd the Regard she had shewn for me; but I never could have believ'd it would have carried her to such Lengths, as to propose Marriage to me. I was

was not able immediately to make any Reply to what she said; but I doubt not but my Looks sufficiently acquainted her with my Disdain of so impudent an Expectation——for, assuming an Air of Arrogance, which before I had never seen her wear; You seem amaz'd, resum'd she, but it is infinitely in my Power to make you so much more; forasmuch as you imagine yourself affronted by the Offer I have made you, know, that she who wishes to be Mistress of your *Heart*, is already so of your *Destiny*.

THIS last part of her Discourse making me think her Brain a little touch'd, I began to pity her, and answering more seriously than else I would have done; I am sensible of your Zeal to serve me, said I, and have all the Gratitude imaginable for it—but, *Fatyma*, I would have you think within yourself how improbable it is we should be made for one another; and that the Passion you say you have for me, gives you no Right to be the Disposer of my Destiny. But yet I am so, interrupted she fiercely, your Fate lies hid in Clouds as dark as Night, or my own Visage, reveal'd only to me, never to be expos'd to other Eyes, unless you yield to make me Sharer of it.—Think not that I am mad, or that my Passion makes me utter Things impossible to be effected——for, to prove the Truth of what I have further to relate, thus much I will inform you, that *Rosimunda* was not your Mother—but for the rest.—If this be real, cried I, strangely alarmed, and there be more of Wonders in thy Meaning, as more there must be——there are Ways to force thee to relate it, if Persuasions fail.—Drive me not therefore to Extremes, continued I, a little more calmly, but let that Tenderness which you pretend to have for me, prevail to ease the Doubts thy strange Discourse has rais'd. By Heaven, I never will, replied she resolutely, your Threats more move my Scorn than Terror; that Heart which has, like mine, endur'd the Pangs of hopeless Love, can fear no other Racks—already torn by thy Disdain and Cruelty, I look with Contempt on all the lesser Torments which Wheels and Whips have Power to inflict.

—No,

—No, Sir, added she, after a little Pause, your Love's alone the Price can buy this Secret; all other Bribes are as much unworthy my Acceptance, as the Force you talk of is beneath my Consideration. She quitted the Room in speaking these Words, which were utter'd in an Accent so haughty and assur'd, as made me not doubt but she had a Resolution equal to what she pretended. 'Tis impossible to tell you how I was embarrass'd at this Accident. I found some Shadow of Truth in what she told me, because of the little Tenderness I ever had for *Rosimunda*. But the Conditions *Fatyma* would impose on me, seem'd more grievous than the Obscurity she cast on my Birth: Nevertheless the Character of those People, the Violence of their Tempers rendering them capable of every thing that's desperate, made me resolve to proceed with her only by fair Means. To that end therefore, after a little Consideration, I followed her into the Garden, where I perceiv'd, from the Window, she was gone; and submitting my Temper as much as possible, said all the obliging things I could invent, telling her, that as I had been inform'd by *Rosimunda* that she was of a Rank superior to what most People believ'd her, how noble it would be to prove she merited not the Ill-Fortune she had met, and I was of a Disposition as much averse to any thing which had an Air of Compulsion as she could be; and since I did not go about to use any to her, intreated she would not be less generous to me, but leave the Reward of that good Action she told me was in her Power to do me, to my own Gratitude; which would certainly make me more at her Devotion than any Promise she should extort from me, could bind me to be.

To all this she made no Answer for some time, but, while I was speaking, seem'd to regard me with a scornful Smile. Sir, said she at last, I know you think it an easy matter to deceive a Woman, especially one that loves you; but those of my Country and Complexion are more wary—I still insist on the Conditions before mention'd, which if you refuse, the Secret shall

shall die with me——'tis at your Choice either with *Fatyma* to be prov'd the Son of one of the most illustrious Families in the Kingdom which claims your Birth, and the undoubted Heir of vast Possessions; or, without her, to remain *Mesares* still, ignorant of your Birth, and Master only of a few Plantations; which tho' enabling you to make a Figure here is nothing in competition with what is your due elsewhere. She urg'd many more Reasons to persuade me how happy I might be in a Wife who lov'd with that Excess of Passion she did: But her Arguments were of no more Force with me, than mine with her; and I was oblig'd to leave her in the same Humour in which I had found her.

EIGHT Days pass'd away in this Perplexity, during which time I scarce ever slept or eat; what she had told me, and which I question'd not but she had grounds for, run so much in my Head, that to have been ascertain'd, I would have given any thing but what she demanded. I several times offer'd to make over to her all the Estate left me by *Rosimunda*, and great part of that she gave Hope of here, if that might have purchas'd the Secret; but in vain: She was still the same. At last with a prodigious deal of Difficulty, I prevail'd on her to soften the matter so far, as, instead of obliging myself to marry her, I should engage myself to marry no other Woman, without she herself gave consent, and that she should always live with me, in what State soever I should happen to be cast.

It was certainly the Effect of a very great Passion, which made her satisfied, since she could not persuade me to make her my Wife, that I should not give to any other, a Title which she imagin'd so great a Blessing; and I, for my part, was well enough contended to enter into Obligations never to marry without her Approbation, which I well saw she never would give to any one; because at that time I thought I knew enough of my own Heart, not to be much afflicted if I never enter'd into that Condition. As soon as I had given her the necessary Assurances proper to secure the Performance of the Covenant, as an Earnest, *said she*, of what I can

I can inform you, know, that the Name of *Mesares* includes that of *Orsames*, which is your true one; that *Rosimunda* was in reality *Argina*; and that your Mother, who died when you were but two Years old, was called *Arsefne*.—Scarce had the Stranger pronounc'd these Words when *Philemena* and I gave a Cry of Joy, which surprized him no less than the Discourse he lately related he had had with *Fatyma* had done; but, restraining our selves as well as we were able, Go on, Sir, said *Philemena*, you are with People very much dispos'd to serve you: She that you just now named, has been so dear to us, that I doubt not but you will become infinitely so too. If so, Madam, answered he, I shall have no further reason to complain. *Fatyma* told me also continu'd he, that she had certain Proofs which might not appear considerable to me, but would be greatly so to those to whom I belong'd: But to clear up this matter thoroughly, we must quit *Mexico*, and come hither; and to convince you perfectly, added she, here is the Cap and Dress in which you was stole away; at the same time taking out of a little Trunk, of which she was always particularly careful, a Dress and Cap such as Children generally wear: You may judge, said she, that they who have lost you, will easily know this again. Supported by all these Proofs, what *Argina* discover'd to me cannot be suspected, since I am of too distant a Country to have learn'd your Fate from any other Persons than those concern'd in it. Your Name, your Mother's, and some particular Instances of the Affairs of your Family, with which by the same means I am acquainted, will be additional convincing Proofs. I had some farther Talk with her, which serv'd to assure me, that what she said was certain. After which, I waited on the *Vice-Roy*, who was not the same who had educated and prefer'd me; but who had as great a Regard for me: for you know, Ladies, that the Kings of *Spain* bestow those great Dignities only for three Years; my Patron had, as a particular Favour, enjoy'd it six, and when he quitted it, had recommended me so well to his Successor, that I always found in him a readiness to serve me. I acquainted

acquainted him with part of what *Fatyma* had told me, and the Design I had of coming hither with her, to prove the Truth of what she made me hope. He advis'd me to it, and gave me leave to make use of some Ships just then ready to sail for *Europe*.

I settled my Affairs with all imaginable Expedition, and having placed trusty Persons in my House, and stock'd myself with a pretty large Parcel of Money and Jewels, embark'd with *Fatyma*, and her mysterious Cabinet. The Wind favouring my Wishes, in due time we arriv'd near *Britany*, where *Fatyma* told me our Search was to begin; assuring me I had an Aunt named *Armira*, but that she being my Enemy it was wholly improper I should make myself known to her, till I had seen others of my Relations more inclin'd to serve me. I submitted to her Directions, and, after great Enquiries, we were inform'd that she was dead, and that her only Son resid'd in the capital of this Province. *Fatyma* told me 'twould be of the utmost Consequence to go thither, because there were Persons who would, by the Proofs she had to give, be oblig'd to own me.

STILL ruled by her, we set out; but the Troubles of my Mind, Change of Air, and Fatigues of my long Voyage and Journey, threw me into a little sort of a Fever: and I have been oblig'd to stay at a Village about a Mile distant from this Castle. Growing something better, the Pleasure of this Wood invited me to partake of it's Refreshments; and passing through it, I was struck with the most amazing Sight of a beautiful Lady asleep, at the foot of a Tree; my Eyes being perpetually fatigu'd with the Sight of *Fatyma*, I was glad to divert the Idea of her by that charming Object—fatally to my Repose, and her Safety, as it afterwards proved: I drew near, and was inform'd by some of her Women, that her Name was *Julia*, and that she liv'd in this Castle with her Mother and her Aunt. I sigh'd with Grief at being oblig'd to leave her; and remounting my Horse, turn'd back full of Emotions, which before were Strangers to me; but tho' I was convinc'd it was the Sight of that divine Person which had occasion'd

sion'd 'em, I could not resist the inexpressible Delight of looking on her; tho' my Horse went forward, my Eyes were turn'd backward.—I saw her rise, before I was out of sight; but she walking this way, I lost that Satisfaction; and I had nothing to console me, but the Hope that there was a Possibility I might some time or other renew that Happiness.—I was riding slowly on, when my Contemplations were disturb'd by a sudden and most terrible Cry, it seem'd of Women; which made me return with all the Speed I could, believing I might be of service: But, O God! with what Words can I make you sensible of the Astonishment, the Horror, the Distraction which all at once invaded me, when I saw *Fatyma* flying along the Road with my Picture in one Hand, and a bloody Dagger in the other, and at the same time beheld the beautiful *Julia* in the Condition you found her? But what is impossible for me to express, I doubt not but your own Thoughts will easily conceive. The presumptuous Confession I make to you of my Love to *Julia*, which is as violent as it is sudden, must needs make you judge the Despair of a Man, who sees the Person he adores assassinated by the Woman who is possess'd of the Secret of his Life, and convince you that he can have but little Regret at dying, after so unhappy an Accident.

HEAVEN, said *Philemena*, seeing he had done speaking, conducts its Favourites by secret Ways to Happiness; and you may expect every thing from that invincible Hand, that has, contrary to your Hopes, led you to the only Place where you can be inform'd of your Fate. Yes, doubtless, added I, and I make no question but that you are that *Orsames*, whose Loss has cost us so many Tears. If we seek further Proofs, 'tis rather to assure you of what you are, than from any Distrust of ours. *Fatyma* is too necessary a Person to lose, and if *Julia* is in no Danger, we will endeavour by gentle Methods to inform ourselves. In the mean Time, look on this House as your own; if you are *Orsames*, as 'tis scarce probable you should be any other,

other, you'll here find your Relations, Friends, and the Persons who ought to be dearest to you.

He seem'd very much astonish'd at this Discourse from me; but his Surprise hinder'd him not from answering it in the most obliging and respectful manner; assuring us, that he submitted himself entirely to us. He put us in mind that we should send to his Lodging for the Cabinet; we desired he would fetch it himself, making no scruple of giving him that Mark of our Confidence; for it was already evident enough to us, that he was really *Orsames*.

He immediately took Horse, and during his Absence we went into *Julia's* Chamber, whom we found in a violent Fever, which gave us great Uneasiness; I left *Philemena* with her, and went to *Fatyma*, whom I found so lost in Thought, that she saw me not till I had been a considerable Time in the Room, and had seated myself in a Chair directly opposite to that she was in; but having at length perceived me, she arose, and looking on me with a resolute Countenance——Madam, said she, I am prepared to meet the Worst you can inflict; if you are come to give me Notice of my Death, be assur'd I dread it not. If you have no Regard for your own Life, answered I, tremble for that of your Lover——*Mefares's* Head shall pay the Forfeit of your Crime. *Mefares*, interrupted she, is innocent; and should your Vengeance fall on him, Justice would blush to have her sacred Name prophaned in such an Act of Horror.——But there's no need, continued she, to lose my Fears for him; 'tis easy for me to arrest the Blow, tho' the up-lifted Axe was ready to descend with utmost Fury on him. What mean you? cry'd I, affecting a Surprise. I mean, resum'd she, to interest you in his Fate, by means you are yet far from imagining; but you must permit me to see him first, and speak to him without Witnesses; and in return for that Favour, I swear by all things holy, to inform you of a Secret which very much imports you to be acquainted with. You shall have your Desire, said I, but promise me that you will make no Attempt on your own Life. She
vow'd

vow'd she would not, and I left her to go and give an Account to *Philemena* of our Conversation, who was prodigiously pleas'd with the Trick I had frighted her with.

As we were discoursing on this wonderful Effect of Providence, *Orsames* return'd with the Cabinet; but the Key being in *Fatyma's* Possession, we would not break it open, for fear of irritating her, and preventing her from discovering what we wish'd to learn. We thought proper to defer till the next Day the bringing *Orsames* to her Presence, and in the mean time found so many Charms in his Conversation, that we thought we could not sufficiently admire him. We shew'd him the Picture of *Arfesne*, and he assur'd us he felt more soft Emotions at the Sight of that, than ever he did at all the Tenderness that *Rosimunda* had express'd for him.

WE pass'd the rest of the Day in telling him the Particulars of the Life and Death of that amiable Lady; but without letting him into any of them, which we imagin'd were known to *Fatyma*. He appear'd very much touch'd at the Account we gave him, and the Power of Blood seem'd to manifest itself in him every time we pronounc'd the Name of *Arfesne*.

AFTER such like Discourses, we again went to see *Julia*, whom we found somewhat better, but very weak and faint. *Orsames* begg'd leave to watch with her Women, never thinking her living but when he saw her. We would not suffer that, but to satisfy him gave him a Room so near her's, that he could every Moment hear News from her. The Night being pretty much advanc'd, we forc'd him to retire: It was very late when *Philemena* and I went to Bed, but we had the Satisfaction of leaving *Julia* entirely free from her Fever, which gave us some Hours of undisturb'd Repose.

THE next Day, as soon as *Orsames* thought it a proper Time, he begg'd leave to see us, and being enter'd into *Philemena's* Apartment, Madam, said he to her, I come to entreat your Permission for my Interview

view with *Fatyma*——I cannot bear living in this Uncertainty; the Favours you shew me are too precious to be thrown away——I dread my not being that *Orfames* you so much wish to find, and of Consequence not deserving of them. I assure you, Sir, reply'd *Philemena*, with an obliging Smile, should you not be the Person we believe you are, we shall not however cease from having a very great Esteem for you; and it would be more our Loss than your's to find such unequal'd Perfections are not the Portion of him to whom we have determin'd to give *Julia*.——He sigh'd at those Words, which gave her Occasion to proceed. I have hitherto, added she, heard nothing but what serves to persuade us you are really that *Orfames* we wish to prove you: And here is *Belisa*, who is more convinc'd of it than I am. Therefore, dear Sister, pursued she, satisfy his Impatience, carry him to *Fatyma*, and bring Matters to a Conclusion, for our Common Good.

I took too much Interest in such a Decision not to comply; so taking him by the Hand, I led him to the Chamber where *Fatyma* was secur'd. She was in Bed when we came, and the Woman I had left with her told us, she had not clos'd her Eyes the whole Night, but had spent it in continual Agitations. They told her *Mesars* was come, she begg'd us to draw near—I ask pardon, Madam, said she to me, for receiving you in this manner; but the Resolution I have taken, and which after I have spoken to *Mesares* you shall be inform'd of, will, I hope, plead my Excuse. I answer'd her with as much Gentleness as such a Discourse requir'd; and having told her she was free to entertain him, I left them, ordering my Women to keep at a Distance. I was no sooner gone, but causing him to sit down on the Bed-side; Well, Sir, said she, was it not enough for the unhappy *Fatyma*, that she cou'd not inspire you with Love, but she must also incur your Hatred? 'Tis my Affection for you that has made me guilty, and the Motive, methinks, might induce you to pardon the Effect. Love is not now the Question, answer'd he, somewhat

somewhat sullenly, you have committed a most detestable Action; you have brought Affliction, and perhaps Death, into a worthy and innocent Family: But, *Fatyma*, a Pardon for all these Misfortunes is in your Hands, in discovering immediately what you know of my Birth. I see plainly, said she, the Action which my jealous Passion for you has influenc'd me to commit, will be a Pretence for you, out of your growing Love to *Julia*, to break thro' the solemn Promise you made me, never to marry without my Approbation.—'Tis in my Power, added she, even tho' to purchase my Pardon I reveal all that I know of you, to keep you still unhappy, by never giving that Consent, without which I know your Honour will not permit you to gratify your Passion.—But you shall find that I despise all that must happen from Compulsion; you were born to compleat my Misfortunes, I to deliver you from yours: Therefore remember, that if my Passion has been the Cause of some little Uneasiness to you, it is now going to establish your Happiness for ever. But now, continu'd she, let *Philemena* and *Belisa* come in; for I will further explain myself only before them, and let the Cabinet which I have been entrusted with be brought.

ORSAMES called immediately to some of my Women to fetch us; the Vivacity with which he did it made the unhappy *Fatyma* sigh; but the Resolution she had taken prevented her from giving any farther loose to the inward Perturbations of her Soul. When we were come into the Room, and had seated ourselves, beginning thus—'Tis to you, Madam, said she, addressing herself to me, that I owe an Account of this Gentleman's Fortune, therefore shall declare to you that he is Son to *Arsesne*, and his Name *Orsames*; his Governess *Argina*, who pass'd for his Mother under the Name of *Rosimunda*, was never wanting in her Affection to him, in any Particular, except in taking him from his Family — and happening to be agreeable to one of the richest Merchants in *Mexico*, he married her, died in a short time after, and left her in Possession

of all his Wealth, which she never spared laying out for the Service of young *Orsames*; for when this happen'd he was but a Child. By a most unhappy Turn of Fortune I was brought to *Mexico*, and presented to *Rosimunda* in no other Quality than a Slave; but finding, as she was pleased to tell me, something that appeared far different from the Station I was in, she made of me a Friend instead of a Servant: I had so great a Share of her Confidence, that she inform'd me, while her Eyes stream'd with repentant Tears, of every thing that *Armira*, Sister-in-law to *Arsefne*, had done to prevail on her to carry him away, that his Estate might come to her own Son, whose Name, I think, is *Arimont*.— She told me also, that your Brother *Dorantes* was Guardian to *Orsames*, and that you was to have been married to *Philintus*, Brother to *Arsefne*; and not long before her Death put into my Hands this Cabinet, in which were the Clothes and Cap *Orsames* had on when he was taken from his Mother's House. The secret Passion I had for *Orsames* made me remember every Particular of what she told me; I constrain'd myself, however, to conceal what I felt from her, or him who had occasion'd it, while she lived; but after her Death, knowing myself the only surviving Mistress of his Fate, I must confess I entertain'd the most presumptuous Hopes, and accordingly spoke to him.

You may spare yourself the Pains of relating all that pass'd between us in *Mexico*, cry'd *Orsames*, it being nothing material to the Business which is required of you, and come to that Part of it which more nearly will concern the Company.

I DOUBT not, resum'd *Fatyma*, but my Passion is so very odious to you, that you cannot well endure the Repetition of it; but, Sir! you shall soon, very soon, be eas'd of it, and the Owner also. A great Sigh succeeded these Words; but summoning all her Courage, I will only then, continu'd she, add, that *Orsames* received my Declaration of Love with that Contempt which his Dislike of me made him think it deserv'd; but the Curiosity of knowing his Birth, at length, prevail'd

vail'd on him to bind himself never to marry without my Leave and Approbation; which, since I could obtain no more, gave me some Satisfaction to think 'twas in my Power to prevent any of my Sex, who should happen to be more agreeable in his Eyes, from enjoying a Happiness which was deny'd to me. He submitting himself to my Conduct, we embark'd with the first Ship, and in due time landed here in *Britany*. As *Argina* had inform'd me that *Armira* was of that Province, I secretly enquir'd into her Affairs, and was told of the Law-suit she had with you, of her Death, and of the Confession she had made to you. I heard too, that *Dorantes* had been married, and had a Daughter by his Lady, since the Loss of *Orsames*; that she was ordain'd to be his Bride if ever he returned; that you, Madam, by the last Will of that dear Brother, was left Guardian of all the Effects which had been in the Possession of *Arfesne*, till News should be heard of her Son. All these Particulars, which *Rosmunda* could not possibly know (as being at too great a Distance, and some of them happening after her Decease) I learn'd from the People of the Country; and judging you the Person most proper to be first acquainted with *Orsames*, we directed our Journey hither, tho' without letting him know to whom we were coming.—We stop'd within a Mile of your Castle, being desirous of informing myself if you were here, before I told him any thing of you.—I soon heard you were, and that your Niece also, the too beautiful *Julia*, was with you. I presently knew it was the same ordain'd to be *Orsames*'s Wife whenever he was found, and was alarm'd with most terrible Apprehensions; but the Vow I had extorted from him, enabled me to sustain 'em.—Indulging my melancholy Thoughts one Day in the adjoining Wood, I saw you there with the fatal *Julia*; I soon guess'd who you were, and resolving to be certain, follow'd at a Distance till I saw you enter the Castle. I return'd home full of Rage, Jealousy, and Despair; the Charms of *Julia*, which I had been now an Eye-witness of, made me resolve never to trust *Orsames* with her Sight, not

doubting but he would break thro' all Vows, all Obligations, rather than render himself miserable, by refusing the Blessing ordain'd for him by her Father. I pretended to be out of humour, that I could hear nothing of those Persons *Rosimunda* had told me of—that I believe she had deceiv'd me with a fictitious Tale, and that I would have him think of returning to *Mexico*; for it would be but lost Time to tarry here. But his Stars, stronger than my Reasons, provided him with Arguments for staying. I could by no means prevail with him to quit this Place, which he would often say was natural to him. He spent most of his Days in riding up and down the Country, taking a vast Pleasure in viewing the many beautiful Seats which are hereabouts. I never suffer'd him to go alone, still following, tho' unknown to him, his Steps.

SOME Days ago I lost his Picture in the Wood; I never told him of it till Yesterday, when happening to be seen by him, I made the Search of that my Pretence for coming after him: finding he took the Road in the Middle of the Wood, I struck into the thickest Part of it, where I could, without being distinguish'd by him, observe all his Motions; and when I saw him alight, I drew a little nearer, and discover'd *Julia* and her Women.—I saw every Agitation of his Soul while looking on her, and read my Misfortune in his Countenance.—It was with the utmost Difficulty I restrain'd myself from flying out, and disturbing the Pleasure he took in contemplating her; and I believe should not have had the Power to have done so long, but that when my Impatience was at the utmost Height, I saw him remount, and again pursue his Way. I was going to leave the Place, when I perceiv'd his Picture in the Hands of *Julia*. I presently imagined he had given it her, and that this was not the first time they had seen each other. This Suggestion robb'd me of all that was considerative—I was no longer Mistress of my Despair;—the worst of Furies had the entire Possession of my Breast: —I drew my Dagger, flew like Lightning to her, and—Madam, you know the rest, and may spare

spare me the Repetition of a Crime, which there's no way to expiate but this — this is the only Means to absolve *Orsames* of his Vow, and purchase Pardon for the unhappy *Fatyna*. In speaking these Words, she drew a little Poniard, which she had conceal'd in the Bed, and struck it into her Breast with so much fatal Speed, that none of us were quick enough to avert the Blow. — The Concern for what she had done suspended our Acknowledgments of the Pleasure we found in being convinced *Orsames* was the Person we so much wish'd to find him. A Surgeon being in the House to attend *Julia*, we immediately call'd for him, but he gave us but little Hope of recovering her. At first she strongly oppos'd the dressing her Wound; but *Orsames*, who was touch'd to the Soul at the Effect of her Despair, intreated her to live with so tender an Earnestness, that she at last consented to have the Means applied. I ought not indeed, said she, to have disturb'd the Transports of this happy Day; I should have join'd their Hands, whose Hearts I see already are cemented — pardon my stubborn Soul. — She fainted away with these Words, but soon recovering enough to speak, Madam, said she to me, I had forgot one material Evidence of *Orsames*'s Birth, that Cabinet contains the Dress and Cap which he had on when stole away, I beg it may be open'd: *Argina* having told me you made a Present of it to *Arfesne*, when she was going to be married to your Brother, you doubtless will remember it. She gave the Key to one of my Women as soon as she had done speaking, who bringing it to me open, I found, as she said, the very Clothes and Cap I had given him; the latter having been embroider'd and enrich'd with Pearls by my own Hands, I very well knew again.

PHILEMENA and myself embraced him tenderly; she desired him to look on her as his Mother, assuring him, that she with Pleasure saw his Inclinations agreed with the dying Request of *Dorantes*.

ORSAMES could not contain the excessive Joy he felt at these Words; it broke out in the most rapturous Expressions; and *Fatyna*, who had not the less Passion

for having so much Resolution, not able to sustain the violent Emotions which all at once invaded her, fell a second time into a Swoon. *Orsames*, who too late perceiv'd what he had done, assisted us in bringing her to herself; which as soon as she was, with a Voice and Countenance which plainly told us Death was not far off, —I find, said she to *Orsames*, my latest Moments are at hand—the Shocks I feel bring 'em on more swiftly than my Wound would do; I have but one Request to make—perform it, I beseech you, not to marry *Julia* till I am laid in Earth, and when you have a leisure Hour, read o'er a Paper which you will find in that Cabinet; it may give you some Consolation to discover, that the Woman who thought the Loss of Life nothing in Competition with that of you, was of a Rank whose Love was not a Disgrace, tho' it has been a Trouble to you.—She was obliged to pause for Breath a-while as she spoke this; then straining herself beyond her Strength, she exhausted her whole Stock in wishing him eternal Happiness — with *Julia*, said she.—She could no more, but sinking softly down in the Bed, yielded to Fate a Life which had been full of Sorrows. There appeared in her, notwithstanding those Faults which raging Love and Jealousy had occasion'd, a Greatness of Soul in her Behaviour, which methought look'd lovely. — Neither *Philemena* nor myself could refrain from Tears, and *Orsames* seem'd overwhelm'd in generous Concern. The Sight of his Grief obliged us to rouse from ours much sooner than perhaps we should else have done; and taking him by the Hand, Come, Sir, said I, permit us to lead you from the View of this irremediable Misfortune, to afford *Julia* the Satisfaction of partaking in the Joy we have to find you are the Person Heaven has allotted for her.—The Name of *Julia* had the Effect I wish'd—his Eyes recover'd their Vivacity, and his Cheeks their Freshness. —At our entering her Apartment, we were told she was entirely out of Danger; we told her the whole Story, and *Philemena* presented *Orsames* to her as a Man who was to be her Husband, which she seem'd to obey

obey with Pleasure.——The Sweetness of her Disposition made her extremely concern'd at the sad Effects of *Fatyma's* Despair ; and hearing us make mention of that Paper she had desired *Orfames* to read, begg'd we might satisfy her Curiosity and our own at the same time, by examining the Contents of it in her Chamber. We all agreed to it ; I sent for the Cabinet, and finding a Scroll of Paper carefully sealed, made no doubt but it was that, and gave it to *Orfames* to break open, which he did, and found written on the Top, *The Misfortunes of Fatyma*.

BUT, continu'd *Belisa*, looking on her Watch, I am afraid it will be breaking too far into the Hours allow'd us for Repose, to enter into this History To-night ; besides, if you are not tired with what I have already related, the Remainder will serve for a Part of your Entertainment To-morrow.——Tho' all the Company were prodigiously charm'd both with the History, and her Manner of telling it, and had a kind of impatient Curiosity to know the Conclusion, yet believing it would be too great a Fatigue to her at that Time, agreed to defer it till the Morning. —— They waited on her to her Apartment, where they found *Julia* and *Orfames*. *Thelamont* again embraced him, and congratulated him on the Happiness he was going to enjoy—all the amiable Society took part in their Destiny, and complimented them on it.——After which they retired, to take the Sweets of that Repose which never can be sought in vain by those whose Sentiments are noble, and whose Aim is Honour.





THE SECOND DAY.

THE Queen of Night, uneasy that *Morpheus*, shelter'd under the Umbrage of her Charms, should so long detain, bound in his silken Fetters, Persons, the least Moment of whose Lives lost was an irreparable Injury to the World, with Vigour lash'd her sable Steeds to make way for the Approach of Day; who, rushing on the drowsy God, drove him reluctant to his dreary Cave, and open'd those Eyes, that, in return, made him more resplendent with their Lustre.

THE Hour for the Ladies to rise in being come, inform'd *Urania* that she might see *Belisa*: She pass'd into her Apartment with *Felicia*; and having renew'd their mutual Protestations of the sincere Friendship they had for each other, she reminded her of the Impatience which, by her own, she imagin'd her agreeable Company were in to know the Adventures of *Fatyma*; which that obliging Lady being willing to gratify, accompanied her with *Julia* and *Felicia* into the Hall, where they found all the other Guests already up, and waiting their Approach. The usual Civilities of the Bonjour being over, *Belisa* taking a Paper out of her Pocket, prevented the

the Intreaties they were about to make her, by telling them, she thought it now a fit Opportunity to let 'em know that part of *Fatyma's* Misfortunes, which they were yet unacquainted with: I have heré said she, that Account of her Life which was written with her own Hand, and at her Death communicated to *Orsames*—it is this. In speaking these Words, she open'd it, and read as follows.



The Secret History and Misfortunes of
FATYMA.

I WAS born in *Fex*, one of those few Kingdoms who have maintain'd their Liberty from being enslav'd by the o'erpowering Pride of *Europe*. My Father was Brother and presumptive Heir of the Crown; for the then reigning Monarch was without Children, and of an Age when none could be expected.—They liv'd together in a perfect Amity, and free from all those Jealousies and Fears which too often are the Portion of the Great.—My Father and my Uncle being such as I have described 'em, 'tis not to be doubted but that I was bred up in the Highest Expectations. Our Palace was continually crouded with Embassadors from foreign Courts, whose Princes sought the Alliance of our Family; but a fatal Insensibility prevented me from being pleas'd with any of the Offers made me; and I was too great a favourite to have my Inclinations forced. In the midst of Royal Solicitations, there was a Statesman, no otherwise enobled than by the Favours the King had undeservedly conferr'd on him, had the Arrogance to hope That from me, which I had refus'd to so many sovereign Princes; presuming, that the same Subtilties which had procured his Advancement in Fortune, would also prevail on me.

THIS *Yamazo* (for that was his Name) had the Arrogance to tell me, that if I would consent to marry him privately, he would easily find Means to oblige my Father and the King to approve my Choice; but when I resented, as I ought, his Boldness, with the true Art of a Politician he varied the Meaning of his Words in such a Manner, as I scarce knew what to make of them, and should have been greatly puzzled to have represented the Sense of what he said, if I had had a mind to it. It was however the Influence of my ill Stars which prevented me from complaining of his Presumption, which had I done in Time, it might have depriv'd him of that Share he had of the King's Confidence, and consequently sav'd us all from the Miseries we have been since involv'd in.

THAT Monster, still burning in a hopeless Passion for me, took Measures for the Gratification of it, such as perhaps no Age yet ever parallel'd: By the most unsuspected Insinuations that Hell e'er taught, he insus'd a mutual Jealousy between my Father and his Royal Brother; and in a short Time contriv'd it so, that they, before the dearest and most cordial Friends on Earth, grew the most inveterate Enemies. He persuaded the easy Nature of the credulous King, that my Father, impatient of Sovereignty, and growing uneasy in a long Expectance, resolv'd to mount the Throne by Force. To my Father he alledg'd, that the King, instigated by some false Friends was made to believe he harbour'd treacherous Designs against him, which he resolv'd to circumvent, by having him privately destroy'd. To avoid which he dissuaded him from coming to Court, always to keep a Guard about his Person, and a thousand other such like things, which were sufficient to confirm the other in the Truth of all he had suggested. He brought it to that Height, that at length the King gave Orders for his Imprisonment, hoping thereby to tame an Ambition, which he would rather have admonish'd than chastis'd: But before the Officers, who had the Command of seizing my Father, could reach our Palace, *Yamazo* came, and with well-counterfeited Zeal and Friendship, gave Notice of the Danger, and advis'd him to make his Escape. He did
— and

—and making no Scruple of revealing to such a Friend as he believ'd *Yamaxo*, where he design'd to retire, by Letters they began a Conspiracy, in which were afterwards a great Number of the Nobility engaged. Every thing being ripe for Execution, my Father now led indeed an Army into the Field, tho' not as that detested Villain gave it out, to dethrone his Brother, but to vindicate himself, and oblige him to restore him to those Possessions which his Flight had forfeited.

THE King soon rais'd Forces to oppose him; *Yamaxo* was made the General, which gave him an Opportunity of sometimes favouring one Party, sometimes another, to keep the Event of War doubtful on both Sides; while still continuing to incense each by private Insinuations, prevented either from listening to any Terms of Accommodation.—Numbers of unhappy Victims to this Wretch's base Designs fell in three Battles, in the last of which he distress'd my Father so much, that he was past Hope of attempting another, when he receiv'd a Letter from *Yamaxo*, with an Offer of declaring himself his Adherent, and bringing to his Party all the Forces listed in his Name, if he in return would give him *Fatyma*. The Proposal seem'd too advantageous to be refused, and all my Tears and Reluctance were in vain. He sent him an Answer of Consent, and charg'd me to dissemble my Concern. Then came the Words of *Yamaxo* fresh into my Mind, that *he would find Means to oblige him to approve him for a Son*. I told my Father of it, and my Opinion of his Proceedings, which was indeed a true one. But whether he look'd on it only as the Effect of my Hatred which had incited me to raise this Story, or whether it was only the Exigence of his Affairs that made him regardless of it, I know not; but he was deaf to all I urg'd, and began to prepare for the meeting of *Yamaxo*, and the solemnizing the intended Nuptials.

THE Distraction of my Soul is not to be express'd; but being always Mistress of an uncommon Share of Courage and Resolution, I invented a Stratagem to deliver me from this most dreadful Evil, without consi-

sidering what others I might meet with: I drest myself
 in one of my Pages Clothes, and having got the Watch-
 Word, made my Escape thro' the Centinels at dead of
 Night. but it happen'd not so well with me after-
 wards; the Out-guards which were placed to watch
 the Counterscarp of the King's Army, seized on me,
 who being unprepar'd of an Excuse, they took me for
 a Spy, and would not suffer me to go farther. I offer'd
 them Bribes sufficient to have corrupted Persons whom
 one would imagine less mercenary; but they were ei-
 ther too honest or too fearful, to accept them, and, in
 spite of all I could do, would carry me to *Yamazo*. The
 Terror I was in, that he should know me, I believe
 contributed to make him do so; for I had neither the
 Power to form any plausible Story for my coming to their
 Camp, nor to disguise my Voice in those Answers I
 was obliged to make him. In fine, he discover'd who
 I was immediately, and dismissing those who had brought
 me before him; 'Tis well, my lovely Fugitive, said he;
 Is this a Habit or an Hour in which a Maid of your
 Quality and Niceness should chuse to ramble? Do these
 nocturnal Sallies become the Princess *Fatyma*? Any
 thing becomes me better, replied I, with my usual
 Haughtiness to him, then to be the Wife of so detest-
 ed a Traitor as *Yamazo*; and tho' I find myself disap-
 pointed in my intended Flight, be assur'd thou never
 shalt reap any Advantage by my Misfortune; not all
 my Father's Power, not all thy Subtilities, shall terrify or
 persuade me to be thine; those who dare die, dare any
 thing. 'Tis true, said he, and that methinks should put
Fatyma in mind, that *Yamazo*, who often has prov'd
 the little Fear he has of Death, may also prove, he fears
 not to make use of this Opportunity, which his good
 Stars have sent him, to gratify the Impatience of his
 Passion, without waiting a slow Consent, or the Forma-
 lity of Ceremony. Yes, *Fatyma*, continued he, his Eyes
 blazing with lustful Fires, I have you in my Power, and
 will this Hour—this very Moment make use of it.—
 And so will I, cried I, drawing a Dagger which I had
 conceal'd about me, in case any Accident should happen,
 and

and plung'd it in his Heart.—To Hell! said I, and from the King of Furies receive the just Reward of all thy Treasons here. I struck the Blow with so much Force, that the Weapon was quite buried to the Hilt in his Bosom. He spoke not, but falling on the Couch, to which he was dragging me, expir'd immediately.

I HAVE often wonder'd since at the Presence of Mind which assisted me on this Occasion: I no sooner saw him dead, than I search'd his Pocket, and taking out his Seal, went directly out of the Tent, and telling those who kept it, that they must admit me Passage to the next Guard; on shewing them the Signal, I was easily suffer'd to go thro' them; nor was it strange I should, *Yamazo* had been used so frequently to send private Dispatches in this Manner to my Father, that they made no doubt but that I had brought, and was returning to him with some Intelligence. By this Means did I pass safely thro' the Lines, but not daring to venture my Father's Indignation, 'till the first Gust of it was blown over, I went to a little Town on the Borders of *Fex*, designing to tarry there for some time, till I should hear the Event of this War, and what was the Consequence of *Yamazo's* Death. Alas! I was inform'd of the Particulars but too soon; my Father taking Advantage of the Confusion the Troops were in, by the sudden Death of their General, fell on them immediately, and had indeed the better of them; but what avail'd it, when he himself, and his only Son, my Brother, fell in the Battle? After his Death the Conspiracy was utterly dissolv'd, and his Papers being brought to the King, he by them discover'd the Means by which he had been drawn to form it, and took so violent a Grief at the Knowledge, that he had been so much impos'd upon by the Treasons of *Yamazo*, that, being of an Age not able to struggle with the Force of any extraordinary Emotion, he fell into a Disease, which in a few Days put a Period to his Life.

HE was no sooner expir'd, than a Nephew of *Yamazo's* having by his Death become the Master of vast Possessions, and had the Army entirely at his Devotion, took the Crown, without any Opposition. Some few there

were

were who urged my Right; but the Uncertainty what was become of me silenced their Arguments; besides, the Friends of *Yamazo* had caus'd a Report to be spread abroad, that I was the Mistress of his unlawful Love, and on some Jealousy had murder'd him; for it was presently known, by the Pursuit that my Father made for me, and the Description of the Habit in which I had made my Escape, that it was I who stabb'd him. My Life was therefore proscribed, and vast Rewards offer'd to those who should take me. I was too sensible of the little Inclination the People of *Fez* have of being under the Government of a Woman, join'd to the Knowledge of the Number and Power of those who were Friends to the Tyrant in Possession, to expect any thing but Disappointments, if I should attempt to raise any Party against him: I therefore resolv'd to sit quiet, and being by the late Troubles wearied with the Fatigues and Turmoils which attend Grandeur, was well enough contented to resign my Share to those whose more robust Spirits were better able to support them.

I LEFT the Place I was in, and keeping still my true Quality disguis'd, found Means to be introduced to the Princess of *Morocco*. She receiv'd me into her Family, and I liv'd there for more than two Years with as much Tranquility as my Misfortunes would permit me to enjoy, till the Prince, her Husband, seeing something in me, which he thought worthy an extraordinary Regard, she grew jealous; but being of a Disposition more cunning than passionate, conceal'd it, till she had an Opportunity of getting me convey'd away in a Ship then ready to sail for *Mexico* with Slaves, of which Number I was made one. When landed I was expos'd to Sale among the rest; it was my good Fortune, which, after such Variety of Evils, made *Rosimunda* think me worth her Purchase; and with her it is that I desire to remain till Heaven is pleas'd to put an End to my Misfortunes, by taking me to itself, and the Society of those who were so dear to me on Earth.

ALL the Company were extremely pleas'd with the Discovery of the Quality of her, who had declar'd herself

self the Lover of *Orsames*, and a great Number of gallant Things were said to him on the Occasion; after which, *Belisa* resum'd that Discourse which the Adventures of *Fatyma* had broke off. *Julia* growing every Day better and better, said she, I dispatch'd a Messenger to *Arimont*, to desire him to come immediately to me, and bring with him the proper Persons to acknowledge *Orsames*; he took Post, and was soon follow'd by those who were to be the Witnesses: He appear'd so infinitely charm'd with him, that he took all the necessary Steps to convince him that he prefer'd the Pleasure of finding such a Kinsman as he was, to any Estate he could have possess'd without him. We spent about a Week in settling the Affairs of *Orsames*, in which Time *Julia* was perfectly recover'd, excepting a little Weakness. And as we had often talk'd to these accomplish'd Cavaliers of the Persons we most esteem'd, they begg'd to accompany me, to desire you, dear *Urania*, to partake of our Joy.—I would have left *Julia* with *Philemena*, but she would not deprive her of the Pleasure of coming to see you, nor separate her from *Orsames*, who is uneasy to find himself a Moment without her.—Their Marriage is to be concluded in a few Days, and I beg you to honour the Ceremony with your engaging Company, and that of your Friends; it will be solemniz'd at my Seat, to prevent the Croud and Trouble of many Visitors.

BELISA having left off speaking, and receiv'd the Thanks of all present, *Urania* inform'd her of the Law they had impos'd on themselves during their Stay in that Place; and she found it so much to her Taste, that she promis'd to submit to it with a great deal of Pleasure. As it was one of those fine serene Days which admit of walking, *Urania* propos'd taking a Turn till Dinner; they agreed to it, and they all repair'd to the Terrass which commanded the River; after having admir'd the Prospect, the happy Situation of the House, and prais'd *Urania* for the easy and gallant Manner with which she receiv'd her Company, every body seated themselves. I assure you, said *Urania*, you allow me a Merit which is wholly owing to yourselves; as I love and esteem you
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all infinitely, 'tis that animates my Actions: What comes from the Heart, is always accompanied with an Air of Ease, which cannot be disguis'd: My Temper is such, that if the Company were less agreeable to me, I should be less so to them; and tho' I would not be wanting in good Manners, I should be under a certain Constraint which would disturb their Reception.

'Tis true, said *Felicia*, I have seen *Urania* on such an Occasion, and she is not the same Person; she becomes as serious, and even something more so with Persons she does not love, as she is engaging and entertaining with those she does: And you may read in her *Face* almost every thing that passes in her *Heart*. A free and open Temper, cried *Oropbanes*, is certainly a very great Charm; but still, methinks, there ought to be a little Policy blended with it, and tho' all the World does not please us, 'tis our Interest to endeavour to make ourselves agreeable to them. What you call Policy, interrupted *Camilla*, with a gay Air, is nothing but Diffimulation, and that is a Fault I cannot pardon. You pronounce a little too hastily, amiable *Camilla*, replied *Thelamont*, there are Occasions when Diffimulation is absolutely necessary; without it, Kings could not support the Weight of their Crowns, preserve or enlarge their Dominions, or determine the different Interests of their Allies or Enemies. *Lewis* the XIth was the greatest Politician, and the most spiritous Prince of his Time; by Finesses, where he ran no Risque, he often did more Hurt to his Enemies, than if he had led an Army into their Countries. Policy is of so great Estimation among Potentates, that *Charles V.* always carried the Life of *Lewis XI.* in his Pocket in all his Voyages; and it is a Remark, that in the midst of a Court, the politest since the *Roman Emperors*, he every Day allotted two Hours to the reading it. *Henry VIII.* King of *England* did the same, but he unluckily only imitated the Cruelty of it.

THAT'S what I waited for, cried *Camilla*, you must agree with me that Cruelty is often the Child of Policy. I grant, said *Oropbanes*, that Policy does sometimes lead Princes to Actions that are cruel, and that

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Diffimulation is a part of Policy; but it is also a necessary Part of it to accomplish great Actions; and when Glory is the Aim, 'tis even a Virtue to know how to dissemble well; and I praise that Art on some Occasions, as much as I blame it on others. To embrace one's Brother, and conceal one's Hatred, the better to get an Opportunity for Revenge, as *Nero* did with *Britannicus*, is a criminal Diffimulation; as was the Action of *Artaxerxes* towards *Artaban*, who pretended his Armour hurt him, and desir'd that Warrior to change with him, which he did; but he had no sooner pull'd it off, than *Artaxerxes* plung'd a Ponyard into his Breast. These are Pieces of Diffimulation unworthy not only of the Royal Majesty, but of all Men of Honour, and which ought to be avoided as the Rain of Glory and Reputation. *Lewis XI.* was once guilty of an Action, to which he was neither induc'd by Policy nor a necessary Diffimulation; which will shew you, that when a Prince is cruel, he looks on his Subjects no otherwise than as Goods, which he may dispose of according to the Time, Place, or his own Caprice.

In the Reign of that Monarch, the Custom of Travelling to the *Holy Land* was very prevalent. The Prior of *St. Cosme*, near *Plaisir le Tours*, a Man of exemplary Piety, out of the Excess of his Devotion, determin'd to go thither. He ask'd leave of the Court, obtain'd it, and setting forth, arriv'd safely at *Jerusalem*; but in his Return was taken by the *Bulgarians*, and made a Slave. He continu'd twelve Years in that unhappy Situation. The length of his Absence persuaded every body he was dead, and one of the King's Chaplains, believing the Priory vacant, begg'd it of him, who gave it without scruple. Accordingly he took possession of it.

SOME Years after, the old Prior, having regain'd his Liberty, return'd to *France*, oppress'd with Age and Misfortunes: His first Care was to repair to his Priory; but finding it was fill'd, went to the Court, which was then at *Plaisir le Tours*; his venerable Air, which a long Beard had render'd more commanding Respect, the Recital of the Woes he had endur'd, and the unhappy Condition he was in, inspir'd all, who saw or heard him, with Compassion.

THE King, to whom he presented himself, promis'd to restore him to his Benefice, or, in exchange, to give him some other as good; but that Prince, not making any haste in the Performance of what he had made him hope, the unhappy Prior incessantly importuned him: The King thinking he grew troublesome, and not very inclinable to grant his Request, one Night call'd for *Tristant* the Hermit, his grand Prevôt, and order'd him to rid him of the Prior of *St. Cosme*. *Tristant*, accusom'd to such Executions, thought of nothing but shewing his Obedience, and, taking a Confessor with him, went the next Day to the Priory; where finding the present Prior at Table with some of his Friends, he invited the Grand-Prevôt to sit down with them: But he, whose Orders were pressing, declared them in a pathetic Manner. His Friends and he at first thought that *Tristant* was inclin'd only to divert himself; but he soon related the Command he had receiv'd in such a Manner, as left no Room for doubting the Truth of what he said. The poor Prior, finding there was no Remedy, settled his Affairs, and prepared himself for another World, as much as the short Time he had allow'd him, would give leave. After which, *Tristant* order'd him to be put into a Sack, with a great Weight at the bottom of it, and thrown into the *Loyre*.

THE next Day he attended the King, with an Assurance that he had perform'd his Duty, as to what he had commanded him concerning the Prior. The King seem'd satisfy'd. But a few Hours after, walking in the Palace-Garden, he perceiv'd the venerable old Prior of *St. Cosme* coming towards him: On which, turning towards *Tristant*; Wretch, said he, have you impos'd on me? Your Life shall answer the Arrôgance. *Tristant*, very much alarm'd, threw himself at his Feet, affirming that he had punctually obey'd his Commands. But, said the King, do you not see him before your Eyes? pointing to the Prior. Sir, reply'd he, the Mistake has only been occasion'd by your Majesty; you commanded me to rid you of the Prior of *St. Cosme*; I went to the Priory, and took him that was in Possession,

sion, and drowned him: But it is easy to repair the Fault; I will make away with this also. No, said the King, 'tis very well. Then turning to the Prior; Go, good Man, said he to him, and take possession of your Benefice, 'tis now vacant.

You see, continu'd *Orophanes*, of what little use to the State was the Death of this innocent Prior; and by this Instance must infer, that it was more a Cruelty of Disposition than Policy, which induced *Lewis XI.* to send him out of the World.

It must be allow'd, said *Belisa*, that the Adventure of the Prior was somewhat extraordinary: But since our Conversation turns on the Actions of Princes, tho' it be different from the Subject, yet it may not be improper, if I relate to you a Sentence of *Charles V.* which tho' on a Trifle, seems to me to be admirable. This Emperor, residing at *Brussels*, and holding there a magnificent Court, the great Princes in *Europe* adorning it, had banish'd all superfluous Ceremonies, that it might be as free as pompous. Two Ladies of distinguish'd Quality took it in their Heads to interrupt this Liberty, by quarrelling for the Preheminence. The thing was carry'd to a great Length, and *Charles* seeing that the Pleasures of the whole Court were interrupted by the Foible of these two Ladies, would himself be Judge in it; and setting a Day for determining this Affair, there was prepared for him a stately Throne, which he mounted, attended by all his Grandees, and heard the Council of the Parties, who were both present. The Cause was pleaded with Vigour on both sides; but the Emperor finding the Arguments pretty equal, and desiring to end the Affair, without disobliging any one, gave Sentence, that the least wise of the two should have the Precedence; and so broke up the Assembly, with a general Applause of the Decision.

This was a very pretty Turn, said *Urania*, yet still it keeps us insensibly on Politics. *Charles V.* shew'd his Wisdom in this Determination, since too often the Quarrels of Women give Men Occasion to take part in them; and a thing which is in reality of little Consequence,

quence, many times becomes a State-Affair. *Charles's* Prudence prevented all the Accidents that might have happen'd. It did so, resum'd *Belisa*, and as each of the Ladies wish'd to appear the Wifest, they found themselves both oblig'd to give way, or else to embrace that amiable Liberty the Emperor had establish'd; and the Men of each Party were forc'd to make a Jest of an Affair, which might, by the indiscreet Pride of our Sex, have become very serious.

THELAMONT ought to be very well satisfy'd, cry'd *Arimont*, with the Company's carrying Policy to such a degree of Necessity; for, if I mistake not, he has seem'd very vigorous in the Defence of it. And I am so far of his mind, said *Orophanes*, that I think, without it, 'tis impossible for a Prince to govern well; and that without Study, and the Art of Policy, a King must certainly fall into great Errors. Doubtless, rejoin'd *The-lamont*, a Prince born to hold the Reins of a Kingdom, ought incessantly to apply himself to Study; History supplying him with various Examples of Wisdom, Prudence, Equity, Justice, and Policy, on which he must model his Actions, in order to make himself lov'd and fear'd.

But, said *Arimont*, can't Men regulate their Actions by their own Experience and Insight into Affairs, without the Assistance of Study? Must they be always ty'd down to follow Precedents? There are some who think they may, cry'd *Thelamont*; but I can't bear that a Man of your Sense and Understanding should continue in that Error; and I assure you, I shall spare no Pains to convince you. Men may have in them the Seeds of Virtue; but without Study, and the Knowledge of Things past, they cannot be ripen'd into Perfection. Kings, above all other Men, have need of the Example of former Potentates; 'tis a Light which guides their Actions all their Lives. If it be true, that there is an Art even in driving a Chariot, steering a Ship, building a House, or managing things of yet less Ingenuity; how much more must there be in the Administration of a monarchic or republic State? He that would breed up a Hawk, ought to learn the Method; and infinitely more

more ought he, whose Province it is to govern Men, the most capricious, fantastic, and refractory of all Creatures, and who require the greatest Dexterity in managing? Used to Sovereignty over every Specie of the Creation, with Difficulty he submits to the Government of his Fellow-Creature. — Certainly if nothing was necessary towards the subduing of a People, but Courage to attempt it, and making use of our own Notions; or, to speak like our new Heretics in Policy, to leave every thing to hazard, in vain have so many Historians, great Poets, Orators and Philosophers, employ'd their Time, and broke their Rests for the Instruction of Princes, Magistrates, and Ministers of State; yet, I believe, that every body will acknowledge, that Posterity has been infinitely obliged to them, and must look on their divine Writings, as containing all the Maxims requisite to the Art of Ruling: For from them have the greatest Statesmen taken their Knowledge; 'tis by their Care that we every Day lay before us the Examples of the *Egyptians, Persians, Athenians, and Romans.*

If there was any ground for *Arimont's* Notions, what Occasion have we to be inform'd of the Actions of those Princes or Sovereigns, who have govern'd so many Nations? It would be also unnecessary for Posterity, to know what passes in our Age, were we not convinc'd, there is an Art in ruling well, which cannot be acquired but by weighing things past, which History presents us with, as Mirrors and Guides in our Affairs, present and to come. Can there be so beautiful a Science as that which preserves Peace? A Science which, instead of being destroy'd by Time, is enrich'd, augmented, and brought nearer to Perfection. Every thing flourishes in the State where that is cultivated; and, where it is neglected, Ruin and Perdition are the unfailing Consequences. I very well know indeed, that notwithstanding the Use of Wisdom and Policy, 'tis very difficult for Princes and great Ministers to content every body. The Accidents which daily arrive, and are impossible to be foreseen, the Envy of Contemporaries, the Calumnies which are spread among the People, and the

Caré Malcontents always take to blacken the most innocent Actions, is, generally speaking, the Reason. For it is as hard to please every body, as *Simonides* pleasantly said, as it is to fit a Garment to the *Moon*, that never continues a minute in the same Shape. But what Glory then must it be for a Prince, or a Minister, who, despising those vile Creatures, always consults the Good of the State? Every thing he undertakes is crown'd with Success, and he is respected by his Neighbours, and by his Subjects.

It is certain, said *Orophanes*, that the Art of Policy must be acquired by Study and Experience; and that many may say with the Emperor *Commodus*, that they are born Kings and Princes; but no body can pretend to be endued, when born, with Policy and the Art of governing. Yet these new Doctors in Politics, cry'd *Arimont*, hold that all Monarchies have their Beginnings, their appointed Time of Maturity, and their Periods, determined by Fate; so that all Politics are unnecessary; and say with *Licinius*, that too much Learning is the Ruin of Commonwealths; and that all Books ought to be forbid as pernicious. That is a most condemnable Piece of obstinate Ignorance indeed, interrupted *Thelamont*, which precipitates a Nation into irretrievable Misfortunes: *Alexander* the Conqueror was of a very different Opinion; he stiled the *Iliad* of *Homér* a true Guide in military Affairs, and constantly lay with that and his Sword under his Head. *Julius Cæsar*, in his Expeditions, always carry'd a Library with him, which he constantly study'd, communicating the Remarks he made to his Generals, his Ministers, and those who govern'd the Provinces. These great Men did not think their own Wisdom sufficient to carry 'em thro' every thing. *Alexander* was wont to say, that he ow'd more to his Preceptor *Aristotle*, then to *Philip* of *Macedon*, his Father. That glorious King, whose Heart was so much bent on War, had a View to Fame in something he thought preferable to Arms, and modestly complain'd in a Letter he wrote to *Aristotle*, that he was concern'd he should publish the Instructions he

he had bestow'd on him, because others might profit by them, as he had done; and he had much rather surpass Mankind in Learning, than in Power and Riches. *Demetrius* the *Phalerian* advis'd King *Ptolemy*, and all other Princes, to study Night and Day; and it was a Saying of *Plato's*, that that Commonwealth was happy whose Governor was a Philosopher.—In fine, Study enlightens the Understanding, and leads Men to a perfect Knowledge of themselves, which renders them more humane, and excites them more to Virtue. The Trophies of *Miltiades*, rous'd up *Themistocles*; so have several Heroes been inspir'd by the Examples of those who have been before them; witness the *Scipio's*, the *Cato's*, the *Emilius's*, and the *Cæsars*. Learning begets Authority, Credit, and Respect among Men; and the Love of the whole World is the Fruit of a wise Behaviour. How can a Prince, whose Rank places him so far above the Vulgar, be capable of guessing the Calamities his People may fall into, but by Study? How can he discover the secret Plots that are contrived to ensnare him? How can he preserve himself from the Flatteries his Ears are perpetually besieged with? Books have a greater Privilege than Men? they explain themselves with Freedom, and their Counsels and Reproaches are listen'd to without Anger; they serve as Antidotes to the Poison of Flattery, and may be consulted at all times, and on all Occasions. Would you see what Effect the Desire of Liberty has upon the Soul, what is the Consequence of a base Action, what Remorse follows Cruelty, and how inestimable a Virtue Clemency is; would you look into the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and how liable to Change is the Condition of the most Powerful present, History shews it all without Disguise. 'Tis the Theatre where the whole World is represented; we here find every thing we want; we view Tempests and Shipwrecks without Terror; Battles and Sieges, without Danger; the Customs and Manners of all Nations, without Expence; and 'tis here we may find the Beginnings and Endings, the Flourishing and Decay of Empires. I submit, said *Ariment*, and I find

find your Reasons so just and well grounded, that I now blame those who will have it to be, as I endeavour'd to maintain, that Experience alone was sufficient. But I can't repent having been the Occasion of a Discourse, the Beauties of which I am so charm'd with: and I believe they are not a few who have taken the Liberty to contradict *Thelamont*, on purpose to give him an Opportunity of answering them. I must own, added *Belisa*, that he has maintain'd his Opinion with such admirable Learning and Eloquence, as very well demonstrates the Advantages of Literature, which has aided him in so agreeable a Conversation. *Thelamont* answer'd with Modesty to the Praises he had so well deserv'd; and, that he might put a stop to them, made the Company take notice that 'twas Dinner-time: They got up, and walking towards the House, found every thing was ready to be serv'd to Table. Mirth, a mutual Love and Confidence, and a noble Frankness, animating this amiable Society, one may say their Pleasures were compleat.

AFTER Dinner was over, *Belisa* would make every one submit to the Law which had been made, and desired them to follow her to the Library. They consented; and having in the same Manner as the Day before, seated themselves, and taking up Books, nothing was heard but the Rustle of turning over Leaves: *Belisa* was the first that broke Silence; I have happened, said she, on the Instructions which *Buffy* gives his Son, which puts me in mind of what *Philemena* has wrote to *Julia*; tis a Piece worth your Attention, and will let you see the Humour and Understanding of that amiable Woman. At these Words the Company begg'd she would not defer the Pleasure they proposed to themselves in hearing it. As I desire, said *Julia*, never to stray from the Rules *Philemena* has set me, I always carry them about me, so can easily satisfy your Curiosity: In speaking this, she presented to *Urania* a little Book in Manuscript; who taking it with a Grace peculiar to herself, and perceiving her Friends disposing themselves to give Attention, began to read.





*General Instructions of a MOTHER to
a DAUGHTER for her Conduct in
Life.*

IN the Plan of your Education, my dear *Julia*, I have consulted your Glory more than my own, and shall be compleatly happy to see you perfect without any Vanity, in having doubly form'd you, by Blood, and Precepts: The only Pleasure I propose to myself, is seeing you follow them, which your Docility in listening to them flatters me you will do. I give you my Instructions in Writing, that in what Place or Condition soever you are, they may be always present with you, and that when Death deprives you of me, it may not at the same time rob you of that which may be more useful to you than myself. A Custom wisely introduced into the World, having made me trust your bringing up to Persons who are, by being shut in a Cloister, secur'd from all worldly Troubles, will therefore prevent two Things equally unhappy; either too great an Inclination for a monastic Life, or too violent an Abhorrence of it: Be upon your guard, my dearest *Julia*, against both: Youth, always fond of Novelty, often surrenders itself without consulting Reason. The Tranquility of a monastic Life, the inticing Discourses of those whose only Aim is to make you embrace the Vows they are already bound by, makes me apprehend your adding to the Number of so many young Creatures, who are by an inaccessible Grate often render'd more wretched than those whose Morals have been corrupted by the World. When Remorse assaults one in the Cloister, one must be very particularly endow'd with Grace to find any Remedy, since the only ones that can be apply'd, are the very Causes of our Affliction; as Retirement, Prayer, and a regular, and a religious Life. One is then apt to paint the World in such lively and beautiful Colours, that one burns with an Im-

patience to be in it, and cannot forbear lamenting the Impossibility there is of ever doing it. How will the Mind in such a Case be rack'd with ten thousand torturing Ideas! One thinks those very things fill'd with Charms, which are in reality Subjects only of Sorrow and Vexation; Vice appears dress'd in the Shape of Virtue, and without finning in the *Practic* Part, one does so doubly in the *Theoric*.

WHEN a Person has lived in the World, and has had the Misfortune to give into some of the little Follies of it, the Remorse of an irregular Conduct, and the Disgust of a Life fill'd with Intrigue; every thing appears in its proper Colours, and one looks on Retirement as the most sovereign Blessing. We ought therefore to know ourselves thoroughly before we enter into such a Life. But perhaps you'll say, Must we then plunge ourselves into Vice, that our return to Virtue may be with the more Vigour? No, that is not what I mean, but I would have you be Witness of the Failings of others, without erring yourself, that ill Examples may serve as a Preservative to your Discretion; and that comparing the Troubles, Noise, Hurry, and Confusion, and an interested and intriguing World, with the serene Comforts of Retirement, you may consult your Heart in the Choice, and then embrace that to which you are most inclined. One may live as regularly in the World as in a Cloister, and perhaps better; a generous Mind, when it has the Power of doing Evil, will rather avoid it, than when it is under a Constraint.

THE Charms with which Heaven has bless'd you, while they delight the Eye, make me tremble for you hereafter. Beauty has been often the Rock on which Virtue has split, when Care has not been taken to enrich the Mind with Measures which may defend it in all the various Changes of Life. A splendid Fortune is ever attended by Luxury, whose Companion is Coquetry. The Adoration of the Men, and the perpetual Flatteries one meets with from them, are often too pleasing to our Vanity; and, by listening to a Number, the Heart

is uncertain in its Determination, and one insensibly gives up to a *Croud* that Reputation we fear to trust with one *single* Person, and which ought to be dearer to one than one's Life. Poverty, Misfortunes, and a Life embitter'd by eternal Vexations, is no less fatal to Virtue; such a Woman is apt to make use of her Beauty to subdue her Enemies—to procure her Friends in Time of Need: She meets, 'tis probable, with dangerous Consolers, and her Honour is the Sacrifice to Gratitude. To prevent these Accidents, Wisdom is the only Means; but endeavour to be *wise* without *Affectation*; Wisdom does not require so much *outward Shew*, as *inward Severity*. Be *prudent*, without being a *Prude*: Let your *Modesty* be accompany'd with *Gaiety*, and your *Reserve* with *Good-Nature*: Apply yourself to learn what will embellish your Mind, but let not *Vanity* attend your *Knowledge*: Let your *Philosophy* be *Christian*: Be *affable* and *obliging* to *all*, *intimate* but with *few*. *Pity* the Misfortunes you are in no Prospect of *feeling*: Behave without too much *Submission* to your *Equals*, and without *Pride* to your *Inferiors*: Comfort the Distressed of all Conditions: Do nothing but what is *praise-worthy*, without aiming at *Praise*; the Ostentation of a good Action often eclipses the Glory which it would otherwise deserve. If Fate allots you to a happy Marriage, make the Blessing permanent by Love, Virtue, and a generous Confidence. If, on the contrary, you are unfortunately so, and your Mind torn and distracted with the Agonies of domestic Jars, look out for Friends who have a greater Regard for your *Virtue* than your *Beauty*; and if by that means you get no Relief, seek it from him who alone can extricate us out of the deepest Distress. If you love your Husband passionately, and he but ill returns your Tenderness, let Mildness, Complaisance, and a blameless Conduct be the only Arms wherewith you combat his Ill-humour; Jealousy, Sullenness, or a peevish Melancholy will never regain a Heart liable to wandering. If the Match is disproportion'd, and he happens to be very agreeable in his Humour, but the contrary in his Person, never cease

endeavouring to conquer your Dislike, and remember the Beauties of the Mind are by far the most preferable. — If you chance to be equally indifferent to each other, let not that draw you into any Irregularities, shun the Opportunities of finding in another the Charms that are wanting in your Husband, and let the Force of Duty supply the Defects of Fondness.

'Tis in such Circumstances as these that 'tis difficult to preserve one's Virtue ; but then 'tis, at these Times, that it is most requisite, and appears with greater Lustre. A Woman perfectly happy, who is not wanting in her Duty, is *esteemed* without being *praised*, because having no Complaint, she has no Pretence for doing otherwise ; but a Woman that is *unfortunate*, and yet wise, seems to exceed even Expectation. The Virgin, or the Widow-state also seems to me as much or more expos'd to Danger ; a young Woman that is left without Father or Mother, and entirely Mistress of her Actions, can't be too circumspect in them. — She takes no Step that does not endanger her Reputation ; if she keeps a great deal of Company, she passes for a Coquette ; if she confines herself to a few select Friends, she then has some secret Intrigue ; in short, every body pass their Judgments on her with less Charity, because they know she has nobody to be responsible for her Conduct. 'Tis then I advise Retirement, but without entering into religious Orders. — If you should marry, and your Husband die, take care not to imitate those Women, who think, because they have no body to whom they are oblig'd to be accountable for what they do, they may with Safety abandon themselves to an irregular Conduct, believing that, under the Umbrage of their *Crape*, they may conceal the loose Inclinations of their *Hearts*. A Widow ought to be more nice in her Behaviour than either a Wife or a Maid : The State she has pass'd through should make her observe a greater Decorum, since she ought to resume the Modesty and Innocence of a Maid, with the Knowledge of a Wife ; Wisdom must be her inseparable Guide, or she will be liable to Censure ; if she can therefore be disengag'd from the Cares of a Family, and the

the Affairs which are capable of retaining her in the World, the best thing she can do, is to retire herself from it: She knows all the Deficiencies of it, the Injustice, the Cruelty, and the Afflictions of it; the Pleasures she has enjoy'd not having recompens'd the Pains, a Cloister is for her a safe and sure Asylum. Ah! how acceptable to Heaven is such a Sacrifice? Religion meets with no Opposition in her Soul, free and detach'd from the Things of this World, all would otherwise seem Constraint, is now Joy and Comfort. Let none but these, and Maids of a mature Age, who have had Time to reflect on the Life they are entring into, pretend to embrace Holy Orders; let there be no forc'd Calls, no Victims of Family and Interest. 'Tis not but that Grace may operate in young People, but such sort of Holocausts are scarce; and, among the great Number of *Nuns*, those that are content are by much the smallest Part.

Thus, my dearest *Julia*, have I led you thro' the different Stages of human Life, and hope, when you read this, you'll rather think it came from a Friend, whose Tenderness endeavour'd to make you perfect, than from a Mother grown severe by Age; and do not enquire whether she who gave you these Lessons observ'd 'em herself; only think, that she who could give 'em was capable of following 'em; others Faults do not lessen ours, but ought to serve as Examples to deter us from 'em. I flatter myself, from the Observations I have made on your Temper, that this Abridgment of your Conduct may be serviceable to you in all the Instances of your Life, on which I beseech the Divine Being to pour his Holy Blessings.

When *Urania* had done reading, This, said *The-lamont*, is an amiable Manner of instructing; there runs thro' the whole Work a certain Tenderness and Gentleness, which very much adds to the Value of it. As for me, said *Orsames*, it shall be so much my Care to render *Julia* happy in a married State, that I hope she will have no Occasion for the Lessons which relate to an unfortunate Match. I own, added *Florinda*, that this is a much better Method of teaching Youth than Severity;

the Soul readily inclines to Virtue, when 'tis pointed out with Delicacy. I am charm'd with it, cried *Camilla*, for I can't bear the Measures some Parents take in the Education of their Children, who strive by Dint of Blows and harsh Expressions to fright 'em into Virtue. That is the Reason, said *Arimont*, that we see Numbers of Men and Women, as soon as they are free from the paternal Yoke, give themselves blindly up to their Passions; their Lessons of Honour and Wisdom being given them with Severity, they are no sooner at Liberty than they misapply 'em, and, instead of their Admonitions, only remember the Ill-nature of those who gave 'em. This puts me in mind, resum'd *Thelamont*, of a Story that *Montaigne* relates upon the Subject of Children's Education: He blames, as much as we, the too great Severity of Parents, who seek rather to be feared than loved, retrenching even the tender Names that Nature gives 'em, the Son calling his Father *Sir*, and his Mother *Madam*; on which he tells us, that a Person of Distinction, a Friend of his, who had lost his only Son, a Youth of great Hopes in the Army, in discoursing with him on the Affliction such a Loss must be, said, my greatest Grief is the having brought up my Son with so much Severity, that it hid from him the Tenderness I had for him, and that he died with the Idea of my loving him but slenderly: This must have been a very cutting Regret, added *Thelamont*, and is a good Lesson for Fathers. *Montaigne* on this makes Reflections, which we are apt to make as well as he, but I wish we would not confine 'em only to Reasoning, but put 'em in Practice also. This Example, said *Orophanes*, is not only applicable to Fathers, but to all Mankind in general, who seldom understand the Value of Things till they possess them no longer. A Father, a Son, a Friend, a great Monarch, a Hero, are never so much respected, loved, or valued, during their Life-time, as after their Death: The Sorrow for the Loss of 'em has this in particular, that it brings to mind those Actions which their being alive had made to be forgot. 'Tis a certain Truth indeed, rejoined *Belisa*; the *Romans* never knew the
Value

Value of *Coriolanus*, till they had banish'd him, and the *Volsicians*, who had been so often defeated by him, had made him their General, and under his Conduct drawn Victory to their Side. What a prodigious Alteration in the *Roman* Affairs was occasion'd by the Death of *Quintus Fabius*?—Did not that of *Marcellus* hinder the City of *Locri* from being taken?—*Scipio* had no sooner lost his Life, than the *Carthaginians* thought themselves Conquerors, and the *Romans* overcome; and so it would have happen'd, reply'd *Orsames*, had it not been for the Prudence of *Publius Volumnius*, who seeing the Consul *Valerius* fall dead, cover'd him himself and conceal'd his Loss so well, that the Army knew nothing of it till the Battle was over. The very Presence of *Camillus* terrified the Enemy, and he was always attended with Victory. The Reputation of *Alexander* was so spread, that he was known in the most distant Countries; every body thought it an Honour to obey him, and despised all other Leaders.

THIS Conversation having lasted till the Hour for walking, the Company repair'd to the River-side. The Conversation for some time turn'd on indifferent Things; but at length falling on *Poetry*, the agreeable *Felicia* said she would entertain *Belisa* with a Piece that had never been seen, and which she believed would please her. They all desir'd her to read it, which she did with a becoming Air and Softness in her Voice.

OLYMPIA in Despair.

An Irregular ODE.

WEARY, detesting all Society,
 Since shun'd by him I only wish to see,
 I fly the chearless Sight of Human Kind,
 Seek Solitude besitting my sad Mind:
 Where unalarm'd and free
 From Insults and from Flattery,
 Sense in a Lethargy of Thought,

Might be dissolved, Timolion forgot,
 And future Time glide on, unfelt, in blest Stupidity.
 But when to unfrequented Wilds I run,
 Or hide me in some Day-dying Gloom;
 Where the bright Lamp of Heaven ne'er shone,
 And Night seems ever but begun!
 Cruel Remembrance persecutes me still,
 And disappoints my Will;
 Shews what I was, with what I'm now become,
 And racks my Brain with curs'd Comparison.

What shall I do? alas! I strive in vain;
 Long-lost Repose I never must regain:
 Where-e'er I go, Timolion is there!
 Even Darkness cannot hide him from my Sight,
 His fatal Beams dart through the Veil of Night,
 To my Soul's Eye his Glories all appear,
 And wake Reflection with too glaring Light!
 The sleeping Passions at the quick'ning Blaze,
 Start to new Life, and hostile Vigour gain.
 All Foes alike to Reason's Sway,
 Each his whole Force displays
 To torture or betray.
 With Shews of Pleasure, or with real Pain,
 Hope, flattering Parasite, is always near,
 Oppos'd to him, stands Tyrant Fear,
 Both have enough to say, and both by turns engross my Ear.
 Long they struggle, but in vain,
 Despotick Rule to gain.
 Their Strength is equal, my divided Soul
 Yields now to this, and then to that's Controul;
 And whilst of neither dispossess,
 Both with convulsive Fury rend my bleeding Breast,
 Thought warring against Thought, like meeting Tides,
 Dash o'er each other with tumultuous Force,
 O'erwhelming all within their rapid Course,
 All rage at once, all conquer and yet none subside.
 My Mind a Chaos of Confusion seems,
 Doubt-kill'd Expectance, soon as born, expires,
 Ten thousand Horrors the short Joy succeed,

And

And each new Thought does a new Fury breed.

Wild and abortive Schemes !

*Despair-check'd Wishes, and untam'd Desires,
Numberless, nameless, Contradictions rise,
Driving, in Storms, my scatter'd Sense about ;
Determination, her sought Aid denies.*

And Madness reigns throughout !

*So when o'er Buildings fir'd, a Whirlwind rides,
And every way th' excentric Flame divides,
Some snatch'd aloft in blazing Volumes fly,
And paint with dreadful Radiance all the Sky ;
While others downward bur'd,
At first, devour the humble Dust, and crawl along the
(Ground,
Till at their Lot enrag'd, they gather round,
And spread vast Ruin thro' th' affrighted World.*

I would fain be acquainted with *Olympia*, said *Justitia* ; these Verses give me a very great Esteem for her. She very well deserves to be esteem'd, replied *Felicia*, and her Adventures would be extremely worthy your Attention ; but I am engaged to Secrecy for some time. In speaking these Words, by chance she cast her Eyes on *Arumont*, and found him so much alter'd, that she ask'd him aloud, if he were not well ; which made all the Company observe him with Concern : 'Tis nothing, said he to them, with extreme Sorrow, the Name of *Olympia*, and the Repetition of those Verses, has reminded me of a very great Misfortune ; but I beg you will give me leave to imitate the Discretion which she has enjoin'd *Felicia*, and ask me no Questions.

THIS Discourse made that Lady thoughtful for some Moments, and partly discovering the Mystery she had been let into but imperfectly, repented her having mention'd *Olympia* before him : But to interrupt a Conversation which was becoming serious. we must lay no Constraint upon our Friends, said she, and, without pressing *Arumont* on a Subject which is painful to him, I hope he will excuse our Care for him, since it proceeds from our Esteem. I should be glad if *Florinda*

and *Camilla*, continu'd she, turning to them, would tell us their History, and the Beginning of that agreeable Friendship that unites them. With all my Heart, said *Camilla*, laughing, pray attend; for I am going to begin. We are the Daughters of two Sisters, and consequently Cousin-germans; we were brought up together, and left Mistresses of ourselves very young. *Sympathy*, in concert with *Nature*, has united our Hearts; our Fortunes are in common; we live together without *Envy* or *Ambition*, but especially without that Passion which is call'd *Love*; by this you may guess we have not many Adventures to tell you. The Company laugh'd heartily at *Camilla's* gay Humour. Truly, said *Orophanes*, if every body liv'd so, *Orsames* and *Julia* would not have so much engross'd our Attention. *Camilla* can't impose upon me, cried *Urania*, whatever she says; I have sometimes seen her Gaiety changed into a Thoughtfulness, and *Florinda's* Gravity has frequently seem'd to me to be mixt with a soft compos'd Joy, that sufficiently denoted the Situation of her Heart. Don't deceive yourself, beautiful *Urania*, answer'd *Camilla* briskly, 'tis for the Convenience of our Friends we are so; and that we may not be both alike tiresome, when *Florinda* jests, I grow serious; and when I follow the Vivacity of my Temper, she becomes grave: And, by this Alteration, we find the Secret of not growing tedious to those we would oblige. Every body prais'd *Camilla's* agreeable Turn. It must be allow'd, said *Orophanes*, that Wit is an Ingredient very necessary for Conversation. He that is blest with it, is never tiresome to himself nor Company. There are so many Sorts of Wits, replied *Florinda*, that one can't engage not to be wearied with some of them. 'Tis true, said *Julia*, and one ought to be assur'd that one is possess'd of the only true Sort before one can think one's self agreeable. And yet, cry'd *Belisa*, there are some who have a vast deal, and are yet disagreeable. I know some Persons of most profound Learning and great Knowledge, with whom I can't so much as amuse myself; and I have some Friends of not near so sublime a Understanding,

ing, whose Conversation charms me, because perhaps their Wit is nearer my Reach, and that I have not Capacity enough to comprehend the other's. That's very modest, said *Urania*, but when one is as knowing as you are, every thing is in one's Reach. I have a Work upon the Subject, which may decide the Question; 'tis writ by a Friend of mine, address'd to another: This is it, said she, pulling out a little Book.

A Dissertation upon Wit.

CALLING to mind the Conversation that you and I had together one Day, the Humour took me to put down in writing what I had said to you, in Opposition to your Excess of Modesty, in which you seem'd to me to surpass yourself: You maintain'd, in chosen Terms and with Expressions full of *Wit*, that you had no Wit. It seem'd to me a pleasant Thing, to see you make use of the greatest Learning, accompanied with all the Graces of Eloquence, the most beautiful Supporters of Wit, to prove to me your want of Wit; this makes me speak to you now, as if I did not want it, and endeavour to define it: So much Boldness does your too great Modesty enforce me to commit.

In my Opinion, there are three Sorts of Men of Wit; the Man of Learning, the Pedant, and the natural Genius that is cultivated; the Scholar is seldom so agreeable as he is useful; as his Genius, shut up in a Study, comes out of it with Pain, always retaining the Gloominess of that Place which has been the Scene of his producing, perhaps, a great many beautiful Things, yet hinders him from saying them in common Conversation; being too full of what he has done, or too much taken up with what he is going to compose, he seldom gets out of his Enthusiasm; and finding every thing beneath his own Thoughts, he's always serious and reserv'd: I sooner therefore chuse to read his Book than hear him speak,

THE Pedant, puffed up with having pass'd through all the Degrees of the College, can scarce speak to any

one that does not understand *Greek* and *Latin*; he makes it a Rule, always to particularize himself by some Opinion which he maintains with Violence: This makes his Learning tedious and fatiguing, and his Company is shun'd by all Persons of less Knowledge, and more Sense.

THE *true Wit* seems to me to be the natural Genius cultivated, who has neither the Ill-nature of the *Scholar*, nor the Dogmatism of the *Pedant*; a Man, whose Education has been carried far enough to give him an Insight into the Sciences, who is well read, and bless'd with a happy Memory, and with those has seen the World, as we call it; this Man has more Wit than the *Scholar*, and more Learning than the *Pedant*; he joins to the beautiful Sprightliness of Conversation, a Solidity of Judgment. Let the Conversation turn on History, or Fable, or Philosophy; his *Memory* lays before him every thing he has read, his *Judgment* makes him quote it *à propos*, his *Vivacity* makes him tell it agreeably, and the Happiness of his *Genius* inspires him with Delicacy, and a Taste. He understands all Arts, without *practising* them; he talks *wisely*, yet *agreeably*; being well vers'd in the Authors; his Judgment on them is sound, and his Remarks just: Without making *Verses*, he understands *Poetry*; and without writing Books, he knows which of them is good, which is bad. For a Proof of my Assertion, don't we every Day see the *Historian* and the *Poet* leave to the Man of *Wit*'s Determination, whether their Book or Poem be worth any thing or no? For the World has more Men of *Wit* in it than true *Scholars*.

THE Man of *Learning* knows the Man of *Wit*, and the *Wit* sees the Faults of the *Scholar*. Must we have a fine Voice, before we can judge of *Musick*? Why not as well *Wit* without *Scholarship*? It would be a great Misfortune on *Nature*, if it must always have the Embellishments of *Art* to make it passable. We cultivate the *Earth*, to make it produce with more Ease; but we don't load it with Things, to force it to be fruitful: We don't disregard the Field that affords us but one Crop in the Year, because we know others that do twice as much.

much. The *Scholar*, without Experience, or having seen the World, is like a Field that owes its Fertility to its having been till'd and dung'd, which, notwithstanding the Labours of the Husbandmen, soon returns to its native Barrenness: Such are the *Wits* that are full of logical Arguments, they consume themselves in deep Reasonings where there is in reality but little Reason, and only a *superficial Wit*. The *Scholar* thinks Learning sufficient to render him witty, therefore neglects what might truly make him so. On the contrary, the Man of *Wit* thinks he has none, because he wants *Scholarship*; therefore, in order to repair this imagin'd Defect, he endeavours in every thing to enrich the Gifts he has receiv'd from Nature: This Application often places him above the *Scholar*, always puts him on a Footing with him. *Women* could not be said to have *Wit*, if there was no enjoying that without *Learning*; for, generally speaking, they are not *Scholars*, yet are endowed with a Delicacy of Expression, and a Facility in writing well. These Gifts of Nature raise them to such a Pitch, that the brightest Men of Learning often esteem their Decisions well enough to refer to them. 'Tis therefore not necessary to be a *Grecian*, a *Latinist*, *Physician*, *Metaphysician*, *Rhetorician*, or in short, a finish'd *Philosopher*, in order to be a *Wit*.

ONE may spend whole Days with Pleasure in the Company of a Man, whose natural *Genius* has been cultivated and improv'd, and but a very small Time with one, whose Learning is entirely infus'd into him. One's Imagination cannot be always on the Stretch to such exalted Objects; it must stoop to rest itself, and return to its native Simplicity. 'Tis the Center of its Rest.

In short, there are so many Things requisite towards maintaining the Title of a *Scholar*, that when I'm sple- netic, I even prefer *Ignorance* to it; and I maintain, that he who has a natural and an improv'd *Genius*, such as I have described, surpasses the *Scholar* and the *Pedant* in every thing, and has more *Wit*.

WHEN

WHEN *Urania* had done reading, the Company thank'd her for having communicated it to them, and thought it was well written. *Orophanes*, who had, with an outward Appearance of Reserve, a very amiable Temper, finding that the Conversation still continued serious, endeavour'd to enliven it. I am very much afraid, said he, that *Felicia* won't allow me to have any Wit now; the Work I've just heard read, makes me tremble: And if, in order to please, one must have such a *Wit* as that describes, I am an undone Man. There are so many different Ways of pleasing, replied *Urania*, that your *Wit* may easily find one of them: I don't see you have such great Reasons for your Apprehensions. You flatter me agreeably, Madam, answer'd he, but I would fain know, for my Satisfaction, if charming *Felicia* finds any little Matter that's pleasing in my *Wit*. I shall take care, said she, laughing, not to explain myself on that Head; for if I say your *Wit* does not please me, you'll be chagreen'd at it; and if I tell you it does, you will make an Advantage of it, that I am not willing to let you. That's as much as to say, answer'd *Orophanes*, that you treat my *Wit* as you do my *Heart*; you let my Fate be always undetermin'd. Dear *Thelamont*, continued he, turning to him, I beg you to take *Felicia* apart, and find out what she thinks of my *Wit*.

THELAMONT smiled at his Friend's Request; This is a pleasant Piece of Inquisitiveness, said he: Can you make any question about what *Felicia* thinks on that Article? She has too much Wit herself, not to know the full Extent of the Merit of yours. That is not enough, answered he, I would have her tell me herself, and then I could judge whether my *Person* might not beg the Protection of my *Wit*, if I were sure that had the Happiness of pleasing her. The Expression very much diverted the Company, and *Felicia* was forced to own, that he had all the Wit requisite towards making him perfectly amiable.

I WOULD

I WOULD fain be learned, said *Florinda*, for I think nothing is so great a Pleasure as to excel others in Knowledge. 'Tis a very praise-worthy Ambition, said *The-lamont*, for Learning has been always respected and rever'd by the greatest Men. *Pliny* tells us, that a certain Man came from *Cales* to *Rome*, on purpose to see *Titus Livy*, which he would not have done to have seen *Augustus Cæsar*, who ruled the whole World; nor even to have view'd *Rome*, which was then the Metropolis and Magazine of the Universe.—*Cato*, after having led the *Roman Armies*, set himself about writing on the military Art, saying that the Valour of a Man could but be useful to the Commonwealth for a little Time, but that the Counsels he should leave in writing would be so always. Which made *Cicero* say, added *Orfames*, that he esteem'd *Solon* as much as *Themistocles*, his Victory having been serviceable but once, but that the good Instructions that *Solon* had left behind him, would be eternally useful. 'Tis true, said *Orophanes*, one can't too much prize good Counsel, 'tis the Thing in the World the most necessary both for Princes and private Men.—*Conon* the *Athenian* being General of the King of *Persia's* Army, found all his Designs disappointed and traversed by the great Men at home, who, jealous of his Glory, made him want not only Money, but even the most necessary Requisites for the Execution of his Projects; he made several Complaints, but his Enemies prevented their reaching the King's Ear. He was obliged to send a Man in whom he could confide, who having the good Fortune to gain Admission to the very Throne, he so well set forth the Necessity of the Army, and the Despair of the General, that the King, unknown to his Ministers, wrote him word with his own Hand, that he had nothing to do but to advise him how to remedy these Misfortunes. *Conon* answer'd him, that he must put the Administration of the *Finances* into one body's Hands, and let him be Master of the Treasure of the Army. The King gave immediate Orders that it should be so. Then *Conon*, Disposer of the Money and Army, enter'd into the

the Enemy's Country, ravaged it, took their Cities, making great Numbers of Slaves, and return'd to Court, loaded with the Honours that were due to his Victories, with the glorious Title that the King gave him, of a great *Captain* and a wise *Counsellor*.—

THIS puts me in mind, said *Urania*, of the Answer that was made by a certain *Persian* General, who being ask'd, why his Enterprizes were so unfortunate, tho' his Discourses were so prudent, and his Measures so well taken, replied, That he alone was Master of his Thoughts and Words, but that *Fortune*, the King, and the Army, were of the Execution. This Answer was very just, said *Orphanes*, and the more so, because Jealousy and private Interest are often more regarded than the public Good. Hence comes the false Maxim of most of those who are in Power, never to advance those in whom they see the Talents and Virtues capable of making them surpass or come up to themselves, even tho' the State wants them. This is indeed a general Rule among Politicians, replied *Arimont*, yet a neighbouring Island does at present afford us a very noble Instance of an Exception to it. " There the great *Publicus Severinus* " being at the head of Affairs, Merit and a Capacity is " a certain Introduction to Preferment. With Plea- " sure he embraces any Opportunity of promoting the " Man that is most likely to be serviceable to his Coun- " try; no little Jealousies or private Interests sway his " Actions, but, like the Dew of Heaven, his Favour " lights most on the most conspicuous, being indeed " born with all the Talents requisite for the forming a " complete Statesman; and having improv'd and per- " fect'd them by his Learning, and great Knowledge, " in Mankind, he need not fear the being excell'd, or " even equall'd: But yet few, that had not his Gene- " rosity of Soul, would have shared his Power with, " and admitted as Partner into the Management of " the *Finances*, a Man such as *Lucius Hispanicus*, " whose Abilities were so well known to him, and who " had establish'd so shining a Reputation for his profound " Skill in the Management of public Affairs, by his

" Con-

“ Conduct, when some Years ago he bore a public
 “ Character in a certain foreign Court; these Per-
 “ fections, I say, would have render'd him a Compe-
 “ titor to have been dreaded by any other than *Sewe-*
 “ *rinus*.”

BESIDES this, said *Orfames*, there are so many
 Accidents in War, which depend on so many secret
 Springs, and are so various, that a Chief can never be
 certain of conquering or succeeding, not being sure of
 always having the same People for and against him;
 Time, Place, and Opportunity ofteneft determine his
 Glory and Good Fortune. *Alexander*, without con-
 tradiction, was a great Man, but his Reputation ow'd
 Part of its Splendor to the Scarcity of great Captains in
 his time. There's a great deal of Difference in having
 Men or Women for Enemies; a Reproach which was
 made to that Prince, that his Fame would have been
 much less, if he had had, to have fought against, a
Valerius, a *Corwinus*, a *Manlius*, a *Torquatius*, a *De-*
cius, a *Papirius*, or some other Hero of ancient Rome,
 the least of whom deserv'd all his Triumphs.

'Twas not, said *Belisa*, a difficult thing to conquer
 a Prince so effeminate as *Darius*, who was hinder'd by
 Luxury from understanding true Glory and Virtue, and
 who always carry'd with him a Train of Women and
 Courtezans. 'Tis certain, added *Orfames*, that there
 are Moments favourable for Heroism and Heroes; I am
 not surpriz'd that the *Romans* were so successful in their
 Wars, since, by their Prudence join'd to their natural
 Valour, they even forced Fortune to be on their Side,
 and prevented their receiving any fatal Blows from her,
 by their Application in consulting even the Temper and
 Constitution of those whom they made choice of to lead
 their Armies. This is so true, that having to oppose
Asdrubal pitch'd upon *Claudius Nero*, a brave Soldi-
 er and great Captain, but so daring and enterprizing
 that he thought nothing capable of resisting him, they
 gave him for Colleague, and with an equal Authority,
Liwinus Salinator, valiant, but at the same time pru-
 dent and wise, and who, when he aim'd at Victory,
 made

made use of all the Precautions necessary to prevent the Caprice of Fate. On the contrary, *Claudius Nero* was for gaining signal Victories at all Hazards. *Asdrubal* laid several Snares for them; in which the Impetuosity of *Nero* had fallen, had it not been owing to the cool Sagacity of *Salinator*. This Conduct of his was so happy, that one Day, when it was his turn to command, having in return laid a Snare for *Asdrubal*, which the cunning *Carthaginian* could not avoid, *Salinator* attack'd and defeated him, gaining so compleat a Victory, that the *Romans* decreed a Triumph for him alone, though he very much solicited the *Senate*, that *Nero* might partake; his Intentions doing him as much Honour as his Victory; the *Romans* did the same with *Fabius Maximus* and *Marcellus*.——

I THINK, interrupted *Camilla*, that you have sufficiently shewn your Wits and Memories; and notwithstanding the Pleasure we take in listening to you, we ought to think that the Hour of Supper is come, without our having stirred from one Place. That is as much as to tell us in an obliging Manner, answer'd *Orophanes*, that you are equally fatigued with our Discourse, and setting so long. No matter, said *Felicia*, rising, I think *Camilla* is in the right; for since *Belisa* is obliged to go away early to-morrow Morning, it is but reasonable to advance the time of her going to rest.

AT these Words all the Company got up to take a turn in the Garden; they had not walk'd far, when *Urania* miss'd *Arimont*; upon my Word, said she to *Belisa*, *Arimont* gives me a great deal of Uneasiness, he's so infinitely melancholy, that one may easily perceive 'tis the greatest Constraint imaginable to him to give Attention to any thing but his own Sorrows. We have done our utmost Endeavours, answer'd *Belisa*, to discover the Cause, without being able to succeed; *Or-fames*, for whom he has so great an Esteem, cannot get any thing out of him: We imagine it, however, to be occasion'd by Love. I am of your Opinion, said *Felicia*, and *Olympia*'s Name gave him so much Con-
cern

cern just now, that I am apt to believe that beautiful Lady is the Person he's in love with, tho' I can't well conceive how he should know her; for *Olympia* is obliged, by some very extraordinary Misfortunes, to fly from Province to Province, and from Cloister to Cloister, not suffering herself to be seen by any body; I only saw and entertain'd her by great Chance. A Niece of mine who is in religious Orders, being desirous I should be present at the Ceremony of her taking the Vows, begg'd me to spend a Fortnight with her: I went, and taking notice of the extraordinary Beauty of all the young Ladies, she assur'd me that there was one who surpass'd them all, but that she kept herself hid with the greatest Care. This excited my Curiosity, and I begg'd my Niece to contrive that I might see her. She, with a great deal of Difficulty effected it, for the next Morning she enter'd my Chamber, leading the Fair unknown; to whom she said, presenting me to her, Charming *Olympia*, fear nothing, for *Felicia* is discreet. I found her surprisingly beautiful, and begg'd her to excuse my Curiosity; she did the same, for having hesitated in satisfying it: But Madam, added she, I have essential Reasons for not being known; and they beginning to be inquisitive about who I am, even here, I should already have quitted this Place, had it not been for the Intreaties of *Celia* (meaning my Niece;) but the tender Friendship I have for her, has made me comply with her Request, as well in staying here a few Days, as in appearing before you.

I THANK'D her for her Complaisance, our Acquaintance begun but that Day; but at length she put so much Confidence in me, that she partly told me what occasioned her concealing herself, begging me to discover nothing till she should give me the Liberty either by Word of Mouth, or Letter. She presented me with several of her Works, her *Mind* being as beautifully adorn'd as her *Face*. I have hitherto kept her Secret inviolably, but thinking her Name of no Consequence, because several might be of the same, I ventured to mention it: But *Arimont* has taught me, that

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in a Secret, the least thing is to be conceal'd. It is now two Years since I saw her, and I have not heard the least News of her since; only my Niece sent me Word, a few Days after I had left her, that *Olympia* was gone away, but that nobody knew whither.

THESE are very odd Circumstances, said *Urania*, and we must be contented with remaining in Ignorance; for I know *Felicia*'s Discretion so well, that I am sure we shall not be able to get more out of her. I assure you, answer'd she, that were it my own Secret, I would long ago have trusted you with it, never desiring to hide any thing from my true Friends. But this is not a common Affair, but may be of very ill Consequence, and prejudice a young Lady who is very dear to me. She was so apprehensive of being discover'd, that she never told me the Names of her Family, nor of those concern'd in her History; but the Matter of Fact is something so very particular, that were one but never so little desirous of diving into the Bottom of it, it might be easily discover'd; which engages me to make use of the greater Circumspection. But, said *Orophantes*, I can't comprehend, if it be true that *Arimont* is in love, what Reason he has to be melancholy; if he is belov'd, he must be happy; if he is hated, his Grief would render him amiable.

You judge of others by yourself, said *Felicia*, and because your Humour makes you bear every thing with Indifference, you think the whole World can do the same. As for me, said *Florinda*, I can easily conceive, that an unfortunate Passion may make one's Life burdensome; every thing that attacks the Heart, is difficult to be cured; and the Efforts that are made to render Reason victorious, serve often but to strengthen the Distemper; and this I believe is the Condition of the unhappy *Arimont*. Whatever it be, said *Belisa*, 'tis a Disadvantage to his Friends, as well as to himself, that his Melancholy does not allow him to make himself known. So it is, added *Julia*, for he has a great deal of Merit, his Mind is beautifully adorn'd, his Sentiments are generous, and his Person amiable, this

is enough to make him be agreeably receiv'd by every body. But, Madam, said *Orophanes*, addressing himself to *Belisa*, you have known *Arimont* a considerable time, was he always thus melancholy? As I had no Correspondence, said she, with *Armira*, his Mother, but on *Orfames*'s Account, and that *Arimont* was the Object of our Law-Suit, I never knew him perfectly but on *Armira*'s Death, and have always seen him thus afflicted. I might have thought it had been occasion'd by his Concern for the losing so considerable an Estate, if he had not behaved himself so very handsomely in that Affair, and with such a disinterested Greatness of Soul that left no room to harbour any Thought disadvantageous to his Generosity; and since the Return of *Orfames*, he has had so tender a Friendship, and so great a Deference for him, tho' he is three Years elder than himself, that I can no longer doubt of the Nobleness of his Sentiments. So, said *Camilla* laughing, I find we must accuse Love alone for it, and I foresee that *Arimont*'s Silence, and *Felicia*'s Discretion, will have the same Period.

WHILST this Conversation led the Company insensibly towards the House, *Orfames* and *Thelamont*, who walk'd slowly behind them, had one equally affecting; for *Orfames*, whose Heart sympathised with his, after some other Discourse, told him the Joy it was to him to have seen and known *Urania*, that he could not enough admire her; and I think you happy, continu'd he, dear *Thelamont*, in being fated to spend your Days with a Person of her Merit. Alas! answer'd he, that Moment is still a great way off, and I meet with so many Obstacles to my Happiness, that I very much fear I never shall obtain it. But who is it, said *Orfames*, that can hinder so agreeable an Union? I don't see that you have either of you Father or Mother to oppose it; you seem to me both of you at your own Disposal, and I cannot apprehend what it is that obliges you to defer your Felicity. Pardon me, added he, for taking this Liberty; the Esteem and Friendship I have for you, occasion'd it: But, if my Curiosity gives

gives you any Pain, I will impose an eternal Silence upon it. You do me a Favour, dear *Orsames*, reply'd *Thelamont*, for besides its being a Relief to communicate our Grief, I have so great an Inclination for you, that it is impossible for me to hide any thing from you. Know therefore, that I have to combat one more terrible than a whole Family put together.

URANIA having betimes lost the Authors of her Birth, found herself left in the Power of a Guardian, who, not content with enjoying her Estate, will also have her Person; and as her Father in his Will has order'd, that she shall not marry but with her Guardian's Approbation, and that he is fallen desperately in love with her, she is far from being her own Mistress. He would have forced her to have married himself; but *Urania* having an incredible Aversion for him, did her utmost to get out of his Power. I became acquainted with her in the Height of her Dispute with him. To see and love her, was with me the same thing; but not daring to declare myself, I endeavour'd to comfort her, and serve her in her Law-Suit with him, to the utmost of mine, or my Friend's, Power, My Cares and Silence succeeded; having obtain'd that she should be taken from her Guardian's Custody, and that he should restore her Part of her Estate on Condition that she should not marry during his Life; he always thinking that she would change her Mind, and that Interest would oblige her to marry him.

In the mean time, *Urania* being sensible of the Zeal with which I had served her, tho' her Guardian, whom I saw every Day, knew nothing of it, express'd her Gratitude to me, which gave me an Opportunity of declaring my Passion. She did me the Honour to own she had perceiv'd it before; but that, not being at her own Disposol, she begg'd me to conceal it; since which time, I have constantly visited her, and, in Proportion to the new Graces I have every Day discover'd in her, my Love has increased. *Geront* (for that's her Guardian's Name, has some Regard for me, because he knows nothing of my Passion, not being well enough loved in
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the World to be inform'd of it either by those who know it, or by those who but suspect it.

URANIA had no sooner thus obtain'd her Liberty, but her Merit, Virtue, and Wit, gain'd her a great number of Friends; out of whom she has selected a few to be incessantly with her, that her Actions being conspicuous, she might be safe from all Reflections.

I FLATTER myself that she esteems me, but I can't be happy, because I don't possess her, nor can't see her without a thousand Witnesses; who though they are Friends, deprive me of a Liberty that I would purchase at the Hazard of my Life.

THUS, my dear Friend, I have in a few Words told you the State of our Affairs; you must judge, that my Happiness is not so near at hand, since it depends on the Death of *Geront*. I own, said *Orsames*, that you are to be pity'd; but I can't help thinking that *Urania* might shake off her Yoke, and by Law, reduce *Geront* to Reason. It's impossible, said *Thebamont*, to make her give her Consent to it; she dreads giving the World an Opportunity to talk of her: She even thinks 'tis shameful to own that she refuses *Geront*, on Purpose to marry me: She had much rather suffer, than thus declare her Sentiments; and her Severity is so great, that she banishes from her Thoughts, as a Crime, the very Hopes of that Man's Death. This is a very valuable Character, answer'd *Orsames*, and tho' it gives you reason to complain, it must increase your Passion. As he said these Words, they found themselves so near the rest of the Company, that they were obliged to lay aside their private Discourse, and render the Conversation general. I believe, said *Orophanes*, the Arrival of *Belisa* will deprive me of every thing I love: *Thebamont* is intirely taken up with *Orsames*, and beautiful *Felicia* is by chance become the Confidante of *Arimont*'s Afflictions; what must become of poor me? This Reproach, reply'd *Felicia*, is pretty obliging to *Thebamont*, but very offensive to me. 'Tis not so disadvantageous as you think it is, said *Camilla*; *Orophanes* apprehends lest *Arimont*'s Melancholy should find

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Relief in your Conversation; and, to say the Truth, I know no body so capable of making one forget the greatest Misfortunes. As *Thelamont* and *Orsames* were not present when *Olympia* was talk'd of, they begg'd to know the Explication of this little Dispute; *Belisa* gratify'd them, at the same time jesting on what *Orophanes* had said. I think, continu'd she, that no body has reason to complain of what *Orophanes* has said but myself: for, esteeming him as I do, I should be very sorry to find, that the Sight of me had done him any Prejudice. That's impossible, said *Thelamont*, in the same Strain, we have all gain'd by it; the acquiring such a Friend as *Orsames*, is a Present for which we cannot too much thank you. But yet, tho' he is become very dear to me, that makes no Alteration in my Heart towards my old Friends; and if *Felicia* does not give more Consolation to *Arimont* than I shall shew Inconstancy to *Orophanes*, he'll have no Reason to complain as he does. It must be allow'd, reply'd he, that Friendship has great Prerogatives; when I complain'd, I thought I had Reason for so doing; but the Moment *Thelamont* opens his Mouth, I find I'm in the wrong. ——— By this time they were arrived in the Hall, where every thing being ready, they sat down to Table.

AFTER Supper, the Company finding the Night to be a very fine one, return'd to walking; and as it was composed of Persons of the greatest Wit, the Conversation soon fell on Subjects worthy of themselves: And first on the Liberty that *Camilla* and *Florinda* enjoy'd. *Belisa* congratulated them on having it in their Power to give their Times up to their Friends, without any body's pretending to gain-say them. 'Tis true, said *Felicia*, that Liberty is the greatest Blessing in Life; but our natural Inconstancy does not let us long enjoy it; we never knowing the Value of it till we have lost it: and, notwithstanding the present Tranquility of *Camilla's* and *Florinda's* Life, they cannot be assured of its being lasting. The Reflection of *Felicia*, said *Orophanes*, is just and solid; in whatever State

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we're born, or whatever Condition we are in, we are still prone to a Desire of Change. There are daily Instances of People, who, thro' Chance, have it in their Powers to make themselves happy, but the unsatisfy'd Restlessness of their Minds makes them quit the Road that is agreeable to their Genius. History, sacred and prophane, is fill'd with the Misfortunes that Inconstancy has brought Mankind into. The *Hebrews* are an authentic Example, since every body knows, that they being dissatisfy'd with the Children of *Saul*, demanded a King to govern them. God, on their Importunity, determin'd to satisfy them; but he gave them warning by the Mouth of the Prophet, that the King that was to rule over them should be Master of their Lives and Fortunes; that, from being free, they should become Slaves; and that he should tyrannize over, and destroy them. They, notwithstanding this, still persisting in their Request, God punished them, by granting it. These very *Hebrews* were govern'd by Patriarchs, Prophets, Captains, Judges, and at length by the High-Priests, under whom the Nation was destroy'd and dispers'd. Was there ever the like Instance of Inconstancy? And how can one be surpriz'd at it in others, since we find it in a chosen People, who were the Lord's Inheritance, and to whom so many Blessings were promis'd if they would but walk in his Ways?

AND the *Romans*, said *Orsames*, that powerful Republic, that has produced so many great Men of all kinds, and particularly in the Art of Government, has it not alter'd its Form a thousand and a thousand times? Have they not had Kings, Consuls, and Dictators, sometimes a Senate, sometimes Censors and Tribunes; at last, not knowing where to pitch, have they not fallen into the Hands of several Tyrants, whose ill Conduct has occasioned the Destruction of the greatest Empire that ever was? But, said *Camilla*, why do you think that it is the Inconstancy of Mankind that has occasion'd all these Disorders? Could all their Prudence have hinder'd the Fall of so many Empires, since it was decreed it should be so? Ah! beautiful *Camilla*, cry'd *Thelamont*,

mont, don't have such a Notion as that; it will be condemn'd by the whole World, and particularly in a Person of your Sense and Virtue. Things never happen casually, or by chance; nor thro' an invincible Necessity, or inevitable Destiny; if it were so, there would be no room for Policy; and if all the Changes, Motions, and different Success of Things, could be attributed to Fortune or Chance, there could be no Reason why one Thing should happen before another. 'Twould be a Folly in Mankind to endeavour by Counsels or Prudence to accomplish their Designs, or to avoid what they think will be prejudicial; since all their Cares and Watchings will not prevent what they apprehend, nor bless them with what they wish, unless it be decreed to be so; and if so, it will happen if they stand still. People that are of this Opinion, don't allow of there being a God; an Error that their own Eyes may convince them of daily; for tho' God be invisible, he manifests himself to Man by his Creatures. And, to quote the Royal Prophet, *The Heavens declare the Glory of God: The Earth, the Sea, and all that therein is, sheweth his Handy-work.* This has been the Sentiment of even Pagans, whose Souls have been enlighten'd; as Cicero, Tacitus, Juvenal, and in particular Claudian the Poet, who meditating on the Works of the Almighty, and reflecting on those who impute every thing to Hazard, confesses ingenuously, that, considering the beautiful Disposition, and the Agreement that is seen in the whole Universe, even among Things that to our Eyes seem'diametrically oppos'd, the unanimous Obedience, the Revolution and Construction of that great Work, he cry'd out, that there must be a God, who had thus establish'd every thing, dispos'd the Stars, given Light to the Sun, plac'd Bounds to the Heavens, and planted the Earth in the midst of the Universe; and, since God was the Author, 'twas he that took care of his Works; and that not to acknowledge it, was to be wanting in Thankfulness to the Almighty, who alone is what he is through himself, and whose Operations alone depend on his own Will, whereas no-
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thing else can subsist or operate without him ; I mean immediately, because notwithstanding the Superintendancy which he has reserv'd to himself in every thing, and his Co-operation always necessary, he has given to inferior Causes a subaltern Power of acting, and producing the Effects that are natural and proper Consequences of those Actions. After having cited *Pagan* Authors of my Opinion, give me leave to strengthen it by *St. Basil*, who maintains, that nothing can be said to happen by Chance, or without a Cause, but that every thing is in God's Protection ; therefore, charming *Camilla*, be satisfied, that the Downfal of so many Empires, and the Destruction of such mighty Nations, would perhaps never have happen'd, had it not been for the Ambition, Inconstancy, and Ill-Conduct of Mankind. —

I ASSURE you, reply'd she modestly, that I am not sorry for having been in an Error, since I am in so ingenuous a Manner convinc'd of it. 'Tis true, said *Belisa*, *Thelamont*'s Wit is universal ; but in some measure to excuse *Camilla*'s late Opinion, there are a great many People who admit of a Necessity, which neither Learning nor Wisdom can oppose, or prevent that from happening which is decreed to happen, or that from not happening which is fated not to happen. Tho' this is a Subject that seems to be far above our Comprehensions, yet *Thelamont* explains himself so well, and makes use of Expressions so natural and so well adapted to our Understandings, that I beg him once more to tell us his Sentiments on this Opinion. I protest, Madam, reply'd *Thelamont*, I have no Ambition of appearing wise ; in what I say, I only speak my own, and, I believe, every reasonable Man's Thoughts ; and tho' I am in the Company of Ladies, yet, as they have all of them bright Understandings, and are of an exact Virtue, I explain myself in the same Manner as if I were before Men of the greatest Learning and Erudition.

To answer therefore your Question ; I think the Opinion of an absolute Necessity is the greatest of Er-

rors, since it destroys the Free-will that is given to Man, by which he chuses various Methods of arriving at different Ends, and without which he could not be capable of meriting or demeriting ; for when Things are done by a Necessity or Constraint, a Man has not the Liberty of chusing or acting, neither ought he to be punish'd or rewarded, prais'd or blam'd. People, in this Error, maintain too, that there is a Fatality, which has such an Extent of Power, that, if you will believe them, nothing happens but what has been before decreed to happen infallibly, at such a Time, and in such a Manner, and that it is impossible to prevent it, or so much as to defer or hasten it ; and, in particular, that the flourishing or decaying of Empires is not at all owing to good or evil Government, but entirely to their Fate : Thus did the *Pagans* think that Destiny overcomes all human Wisdom, which is manifestly contrary to Man's Free-will. If by this Destiny they mean the Will of God, on which all Things depend, I admit of it in that Sense, since nothing can happen without his Permission and Knowledge. Every thing certainly happens as God has decreed it should, that is to say, foreseen ; and in whatever Manner he has foreseen, so it will inevitably be, because his Foreknowledge is infallible ; but Men are still free in their Actions, because his Foresight is not the Cause of Things, no more than our Memory is of what is past, or Sense is of what is present. How many Things have the Prophets foretold by Dreams, Revelations, and the Celestial Luminaries ? yet we don't think these Predictions or Prophecies have been the Causes of what happen'd, but only as Warnings for Mankind to avoid the Evils that were preparing for them. As for Destiny, or the Will of God, I neither can nor will deny, but that the Fate of Empires and Crowns depends on it, since all Power comes from God, who gives and takes away at his Pleasure, as absolute Master of all, without any body's having Right to complain. Why did he love *Jacob* more than *Esau* ? His Will is Destiny ; we may as well ask why the Sun shines on the Unjust as well as Just ?

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I SHALL say no more, continu'd *Thelamont*, on a Subject so extensive, that it may easily lead us to Reflections far above our grov'ling Understandings. I am charm'd with your Discourse, said *Belisa*, and I return you a thousand Thanks for your Complaisance, which has given us an Opportunity of admiring your Wit and Learning. I wish to God, said *Orsames*, I could spend my whole Life with *Thelamont*; 'twould slide away without Sorrow or Heaviness. 'Tis true, said *Urania*, we may always profit by his Conversation. 'Tis for that Reason, said *Orophanes*, I quit him as little as possible.

I BEG a Truce to your Praises, interrupted *Thelamont*, I no ways deserve them; if I have had the Happiness not to have been tiresome to you, 'tis owing to Truth, which is always pleasing, out of what Mouth soever it comes. We will conform ourselves to your Modesty, since you will have it so, said *Felicia*; and since *Belisa* is resolv'd to leave us To-morrow, let us no longer keep her up. On which they returned to the House, and having waited on *Belisa* and *Julia* to their Apartment, they repair'd each to their own, with a Resolution of waiting on them, and taking their Leaves in the Morning.

ORSAMES found *Arimont* in his Chamber in a profound Musing, out of which he scarce wak'd him by his Embraces: How can you, said he, always separate yourself from those who esteem you, and interrupt my Happiness by your excessive Grievs? Why won't you rather seek Relief, by communicating them to your Friend, who is entirely attach'd to your Interests? You would see me lessen your Grief, by sharing the Burden with a Zeal that would convince you of the Sense I have of every thing that touches you. I swear to you, reply'd *Arimont*, pressing his Hand, that if my Secret were of a Nature that would admit of being revealed, you should have already been appriz'd of it; but such is my Misfortune, that I must suffer, without daring to discover the Cause of my Grievs; you could not hear them without Horror; you would perhaps deprive me

of your Esteem, and I should then die with Shame and Despair. But, lest you should think me guilty of somewhat worse than I really am, I must own, that Love occasions all my Sorrow; but it is a Love so extraordinary, the Circumstances of which make me so criminal, that it is enough I am odious to myself, without becoming so to Persons whose Esteem is so dear to me.

HIS Discourse was so moving, that it pierc'd *Orsames* with Grief and Astonishment; but not being willing to renew *Arimont's* Afflictions, he press'd him no farther to explain himself, only assuring him, that 'twas not in the Power of any thing to lessen the Friendship he had for him. After which they went to Bed, all of them spending the Night according to the Satisfaction or Disquiet of their Minds.





THE THIRD DAY.

S CARCE had the Sun appear'd, when *Urania* and *Felicia*, being informed that *Belisa* was up and ready to depart, repair'd to them; *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* did the same: *Belisa* and *Julia* not having suffer'd that *Camilla* and *Florinda* should be wak'd, those two beautiful Ladies saw them not before they went. *Urania* and *Felicia* renew'd the Assurances of their Friendship with *Julia* and *Belisa*, who join'd in intreating they would not be absent at the Ceremony of the Marriage, which was to put *Orsames* in undoubted Possession of all he wish'd.— It being then *Thursday*, they agreed on setting out on the *Sunday* following. *Thelamont* and *Orsames* had conceiv'd so prodigious a Liking to each other, that it was not without the utmost Difficulty on both sides that they separated, tho' for so short a Time, and each blest with the Society of what they thought most valuable in the World. *Urania*, *Felicia*, and *Orophanes*, very much carefs'd the melancholy *Arimont*; but at length this charming Company divided themselves, promising to

meet again soon: *Urania* and her Friends follow'd them as long as they could with their Eyes, and when they had lost Sight of them, return'd to their Apartments. Tho' it was still early, the Ladies went not to Bed again: *Urania* taking this Opportunity for Writing, went into her Closet, where *Tbelamont* follow'd her, glad to lay hold of this Opportunity of entertaining her alone: It is a great Affliction, Madam, said he, to see others overcome all Obstacles, and arrive at Happiness, while I alone am in Uncertainty—Oh! too discreet *Urania*, had you that just Sensibility which my Passion merits, you would make me no longer envy the Fate of *Orfames*. Unkind *Tbelamont*, reply'd she, you speak as tho' you know not I bear at least an equal Share in your Misfortune; but we must leave the Relief of it to Time—I cannot bring myself to do any thing to the Prejudice of my Glory; *Geront* is of an Age proper to inspire Respect and Veneration—He has brought me up—I am oblig'd to him for an Education that distinguishes me in the World; my Father dying, subjected me to him, and his last Commands must be sacred to me—Content yourself with the Assurance I give you, that I neither can nor will be any one's but yours; I have already promis'd you, and now confirm it with an Oath—shew therefore no further Marks of Impatience, which may make me believe that you are not certain of continuing faithful, or that you suspect me of Inconstancy. I know you too well, answer'd he, to have any such Apprehensions, and my Passion has, by your unequall'd Merits, too solid a Foundation for any thing to erase it: But, Madam, is it not natural to wish to be compleatly happy? I allow it is, answer'd she, neither would I prevent your desiring it, but only to have Patience. I am now going to write to *Geront*; I am surprized I have not heard from him; he does not use to let me be easy so long; perhaps he is sick, and if so, you know my Presence is absolutely necessary at his House: I want to learn the Reason of his Silence; if it is occasion'd either by the Return of his Reason, or Death, I will not one Moment defer my Marriage with you. *Tbelamont*

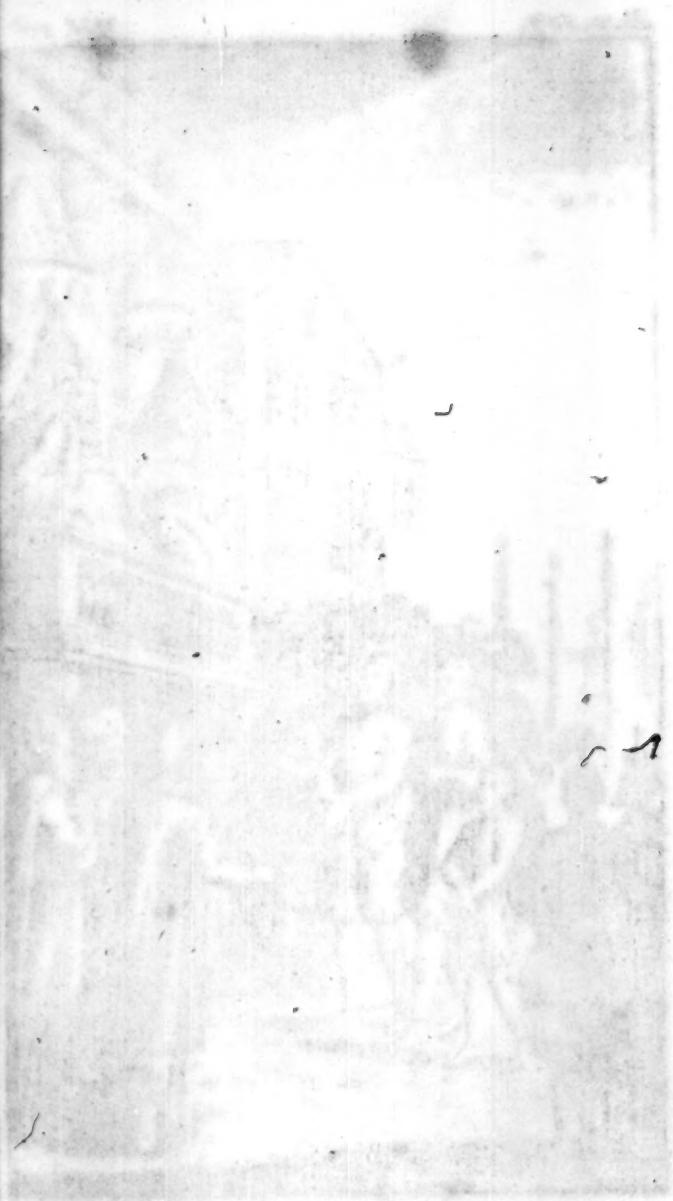
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appear'd satisfied with this tender Protestation, and after having, in the most passionate Manner, express'd his grateful Sense of it, he withdrew, to leave her at Liberty to write. He found *Orophanes* and *Felicia* in *Camilla's* and *Florinda's* Apartment; rallying them agreeably for their Laziness, 'Tis true, said *Camilla*, it has got the better of our Civility, and I shall never forgive myself for not bidding adieu to *Belisa*. I was in hopes, added *Florinda*, that *Urania* would have let us know before they went, or else I had not lain so long. She would have call'd you, said *Thelamont*, if *Belisa* had not hinder'd her, so you have nothing to reproach her with on that Account: But remember, added *Orophanes*, not to be so sleepy on Sunday Morning, when we are to go to *Belisa's*——a Wedding is worth rising an Hour sooner for, especially when it is like to be a happy one. It must be owned, said *Felicia*, that there are but few so, and if one did but reflect before entring into that Engagement, one should dread doing it: 'Tis nevertheless, in that, answer'd *Thelamont*, the Happiness of our Lives consists; and I can't comprehend how it is, that it brings with it so much Trouble and Perplexity. 'Tis the Fault of the Ladies, said *Orophanes*; when they are only Lovers, they preserve an Air of Authority, which keeps Men within their Duty; but when they are Wives, they become so submissive, that they lose all their Power, and give us but too much over them. You think that you are in jest, interrupted *Felicia*; but whether you will or no, you speak Truth: Women are unhappy only when they are too good. That is not always so, said *Camilla*, laughing, I believe we are sometimes in fault, and that 'tis not always the Husbands who are the Aggressors. As she spoke, *Urania* enter'd; I think, said she, you make but an ill Use of the finest Morning that ever was. We can do nothing without you, replied *Camilla*. You are too obliging, resum'd *Urania*; I wish I could in return find new Pleasures for you every Day.

THEN she ask'd them if they had any Commands to *Paris*, for she had a Servant ready to receive them.

The two beautiful Cousins thank'd her, but assur'd her, that when they follow'd her, they had left nobody behind them dear enough to be enquired after. Our Friends, continued *Camilla*, know we are with you; and since you have given them Leave to come to us, 'tis their Business to lay hold of such a Favour, or else not expect to hear from us. If so, said *Urania*, I beg the Favour of *Thelamont* to give Orders that my Messenger may set out; and if you'll follow my Advice, we'll take a Turn in the Wood till Dinner-time. Accordingly the Company went thither, and *Thelamont* having join'd them, the Conversation was renew'd with its accustom'd Vivacity. *Orophanes* told *Urania*, that while she was writing they had been taking notice of the little Agreement in Marriages; the Meaning of it, said *Thelamont*, must certainly be, because *Love* has generally the least Part in making them.—*Interest* and *Policy* being the only Things consulted, 'tis no wonder that the Victims of such Motives disagree among themselves. What *Thelamont* says, reply'd *Felicia*, is very true; yet People that marry purely thro' *Love*, are also frequently unhappy.—If *Love* would last, how charming would be the Tie!—But Men are inconstant, and Women Coquettes—both grow tir'd with pleasing but one Body, and the gay roving Soul is impatient for new Conquests.—First comes Indifference, Disgust soon follows, and we repent of having enter'd into Engagements which we once thought our greatest Happiness. This is a melancholy Description of Marriage, said *Orophanes*, and if we were to believe *Felicia*, we would never marry, since the Blessing we propose by it is of so short a Continuance. What I have asserted, answer'd she, is in general; but as I know some Persons incapable of Change, I will except them; but they are so few, that, I believe, I have advanc'd nothing but what I shall have too great a Number of Vouchers of. I am of *Felicia*'s Opinion, said *Florinda*, and I can give you a little History of an unhappy Marriage, tho' grounded on Merit, and the tenderest Affection; 'tis of the Princess *de Pontbieu*, I have taken it from an ancient Manuscript, and as the

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Surprize pleas'd me, it being written as a Truth, I took the Pains to put it into a more familiar Language, which will facilitate my telling it you. The Company, who knew that *Florinda* had a natural Eloquence, and an Understanding thoroughly improv'd, begg'd her to begin it, since they might without Interruption, listen to her till Dinner. She made no scruple of complying with their Request, and every body being seated, she thus began.



The History of the PRINCESS de
PONTHIEU.

AMONG all the great Families which flourish'd in *France*, in the Reign of *Philip* the First, the Count *de St. Paul* and the Count *de Ponthieu* were the most distinguish'd; but especially the Count *de Ponthieu*, who, possessing a great Extent of Dominion, maintain'd the Title of Sovereign with inconceivable Magnificence. He was a Widower, and had an only Daughter, whose Wit and Beauty, supported by the shining Qualities of her Father, made his Court polite and sumptuous, and had attracted to it the bravest Chevaliers of that Age. The Count *de St. Paul* had no Children, but a Nephew, Son of his Sister, by the *Sieur La Domar*, who was the only Heir of his Title and Possessions. This Expectation was, for the present, his only Fortune; but Heaven having form'd him to please, he might be said to be one of them whose intrinsic Worth is sufficient to render 'em superior to the rest of Mankind: Courage, Wit, and a good Mien, together with a high Birth, made ample Attonement for his want of Riches. This young Cavalier having made himself to be taken notice of by the Count *de Ponthieu* in a Tournament, where he had all the Honour; he conceiv'd so great an Esteem for him, that

he invited him to his Court. The considerable Advantages he offer'd him there, were so much above what the Count *de St. Paul's* Nephew could for the present expect, that he embrac'd the Proposals he made him with Pleasure, and the Count thought himself happy in having prevail'd on him to stay with him. *Thibault*, for so History calls this young Cavalier, was no sooner at Court, than the Beauty of the Princess inspired him with Admiration, which was soon ripen'd into Love; and it was but in vain that his Reason oppos'd, in representing how little he was in a Condition to make any such Pretences.——Love is not to be controll'd——it is not to be repell'd.——But in some measure to punish his Temerity, he condemn'd himself to an eternal Silence: Yet, tho' his Tongue was mute, the Princess, who had as great a Share of Sensibility as Beauty, soon perceiv'd the Effect of her Charms written in his Eyes, and imprinted in all his Motions, and in secret, rejoic'd at the Conquest she had gain'd. But the same Reasons which oblig'd *Thibault* to conceal his Sentiments, prevented her from making any Discovery of hers, and 'twas only by the Language of their Glances, that they told each other that they burn'd with a mutual Flame.

As at that Time there were great Numbers of sovereign Princes, there were very often Wars between them; and as the Count *de Pontbieu* had the greatest Extent of Land, so he was the most expos'd: But *Thibault* by his Courage and Prudence render'd him so formidable to his Neighbours, that he both enlarg'd his Dominions, and made the Possession of them secure. These important Services added to that Esteem the Count and Princess had for him before; but at last a signal Victory which he gain'd, and which was of the utmost Consequence to the Count, carried the Gratitude of that Prince to such a Height, that in the middle of his Court, and among the joyful Acclamations of the People, he embrac'd that young Hero, and begg'd him to demand a Reward for his great Services; assuring him, that did he ask the half of his Dominions, he should think himself happy in being able to give a Mark of

his Tenderness and Gratitude. *Thibault*, who had done nothing but with a View of rendering himself worthy of owning that Passion, he so long and painfully had conceal'd, encouraged by such generous Offers, threw himself at the Feet of the Count, answering him, that his Ambition was entirely satisfied in having been able to do him service; but that he had another Passion more difficult to be pleased, and that it was which begg'd a Boon of him, on which depended the whole Felicity of his Life. The Count press'd him to an Explanation of these Words, and swore to him by the Faith of a Knight, an Oath inviolably sacred in those Times, that there was nothing in his Power he would refuse him. This Promise entirely recovering the trembling Lover from that Confusion which the Fears that accompany that Passion had involv'd him in, I presume then, my Lord, said he, to beg I may have leave to declare myself the Princess's Knight, and that I may serve and adore her in that *Quality*. I am not ignorant, continued he, of the Temerity of my Wishes, but if a Crown be wanting to deserve her, let me flatter myself with the Hope that this Sword, already successful over your Enemies, may one Day, enforced by Love, make my Fortune worthy of the Glory to which I aspire. The Joy which appear'd in the Face of the Count at this Demand, would be impossible to represent: He rais'd *Thibault*, and again tenderly embracing him, My Son, said he, for so henceforth I'll call you, I pray Heaven to dispose my Daughter to receive your Vows as favourably as I shall satisfy them. He took him by the Hand with these Words, and led him to the Princess's Apartment; Daughter, said he, as I have nothing so dear to me as yourself, you alone can recompense the Obligations I have to this young Warrior. — The Respect he has for you, makes him desire only to be entertain'd as your Knight; but I come to let you know, I would have you receive him as your Husband. The Princess blushing, cast down her Eyes; but being commanded to reply, she confess'd the Choice he had made for her was agreeable to her Inclinations, and that it was with Pleasure she submitted to her Father's Will.

Will. *Thibault* thank'd the kind Concession in Terms that testified his Excess of Transport. The Count perceiving their mutual Wishes, suffer'd them not to languish in Expectation of a Blessing he had resolv'd on ; but gave immediate Orders for the Marriage-preparations, and a few Days after it was celebrated with the Magnificence the Occasion deserv'd. *Hymen*, in Agreement with *Love*, only render'd their Flames more lasting. Possession was so far from extinguishing them, that it seem'd to be the Torch which kindled them. The Count was charm'd with the happy Union he saw between them, and his Heart could scarce decide which he most loved, his own Daughter, or Son-in-law.

Two Years pass'd away without any other Interruption of their Joy, than the Want of Heirs ; and tho' that no way diminish'd their Love, yet they thought its Perfection consist'd in having first this Idea, which beginning to give *Thibault* some Uneasiness, made him resolve on a Progress to St. *James of Galicia* ; that Age was not corrupted as this is, the Heroes fought as much to shew their *Piety*, as their *Courage* ; and what would now be thought a Weakness, at that Time gave a greater Lustre to their Virtue. It was not surprizing therefore to see the valiant *Thibault* take a Resolution of going to *Compostella* ; but the Princess not being able to bear a Separation from so dear a Husband, would needs accompany him, and join her Vows with his ; his unabated Affection for her, made him receive the Proposal with Joy, and the Count *de Ponthieu*, always ready to oblige him, order'd an Equipage to be got ready, worthy of those illustrious Pilgrims, being willing that they should be well enough accompanied, to prevent any Accident during their Journey. They set out, and the Hope of seeing them again in a little Time, lessen'd the Count's Affliction at the Separation.

THEY got safe to a little Village, within a Day's Journey of *Compostella* ; there *Thibault* stop'd, to rest the Princess : And the next Day, finding themselves somewhat fatigu'd, he sent his Attendants before him to provide for their coming, that they might lose no Time,

retaining only his Chamberlain. When they thought themselves sufficiently reposed, they set forward; but having learned there was a dangerous Place in the Forest, thro' which they were obliged to pass, the Prince sent his Chamberlain to recall some of his People. Nevertheless they still went on, and their ill Fortune engaged them in a Road, which had so many Cross-ways in it, that they knew not which to take. The Robbers had made an easy plain Path, which led Travellers into the most intricate Part of the Forest, getting Numbers by this means into their Power: It was this fatal one, the unhappy *Thibault* and his Lady imagined to be the right; but they soon perceiv'd their Error, when not having gone above two Bow-shots into it, they found it terminated in a Thicket: Out of which, before they could avoid them, rush'd eight Men compleatly arm'd, and surrounded 'em, commanding 'em to alight. *Thibault* had no Arms, but his Courage disdainig to yield Obedience to these Ruffians, made him answer in Terms which let them see it must be to their Number they must be obliged to force him: One of them thinking to do so, quitting his Rank, made at him with his Lance in rest; but *Thibault* with an admirable Dexterity avoided the Blow, and seized the Lance as it passed him, with the Vigour of an Arm accustomed to Victory: Then seeing himself in a State of Defence, he set on 'em with an heroic Fierceness, killing one immediately, and facing 'em all, pierced a second; but in attacking a third, the Lance flew into a thousand Shivers, and disabled him from resisting farther. The remaining five encompassing him, and killing his Horse, seized him: And notwithstanding his Efforts, and the piercing Cries of the Princess, stript him, and tied him fast to a Tree, not being willing to steep their Hands in the Blood of so brave a Man. The Heat of the Combat and their Eagerness in tearing off his rich Habit, had hinder'd them from casting their Eyes on the Princess; but she being now left alone, she appear'd a more precious Booty than what they had just taken. Love inspires virtuous Minds with a Desire of doing only great and

and noble Actions, and in the Hearts of any others than these *Barbarians*, would have endeavour'd to have insinuated itself by Pity: But that Virtue being unknown to them, the Charms of this unfortunate Lady only redoubled their Cruelty. Their Fury and Brutality enflamed them——all aim'd at the Possession of her, and each began to dispute the Privilege of enjoying her; they had perhaps fought with each other, if their Chief had not reconciled them, by telling them, that after him every one of them should have his Wish——What a Spectacle was this for a Husband!——the Soul of the wretched *Thibault* was torn with the most poignant Anguish——distracted at not being able either to succour, or revenge her, who was a thousand times dearer to him than his Life——he conjured Heaven to strike him dead that Moment——all that can be conceiv'd of Horror, of Misery without a Name, was his——But if his Despair was more than Words can represent, how much more so was that of the afflicted Princess?——she tore her Hair and Face, begg'd, threatned, struggled, till her delicate Limbs had lost the Power of Motion; fill'd all the Forest with her piercing Cries, without making those relentless Monsters recede from their Design. Never Woman so ardently wish'd to be beautiful, as she did to become deform'd; she would have rejoiced to have had her lovely Face that Moment changed into the Likeness of *Medusa*; but all her Prayers and Tears were ineffectual: Victim of Force and Rage, she had undergone all the Horrors of that dreadful Sacrifice, and every one of these brutal Ravishers had compleated their Intent, had not a sudden Noise of the Trampling of Horses, and the distant Voices of Men forced them to fly. Fear, the inseparable Companion of villainous Actions, made them abandon their Prey, and make off with insensible Swiftnes, so that the wretched Princess soon lost Sight of them; but her irremediable Misfortune, too present to her Mind, to vanish with the Authors of it, disorder'd her Senses so cruelly, that thinking herself become the Shame of Nature, and believing she could no longer inspire her Husband

band with any thing but Contempt, she look'd on him as one that was become her cruellest Enemy; Witness of her Disgrace, her troubled Imagination made her believe she ought to free herself from the only one who had the Power of publishing it.——Struck with the Idea of being unworthy of his Affection, all she had formerly bore him, now changing into Hatred and Fury; and becoming as barbarous as the very Russians, who had just left her, she snatch'd up one of the dying Villain's Swords, and ran with her Arm lifted up to take away the Life of her wretched Husband: But little accusom'd to such Actions, the Blow fell on the Cords which bound him, and gave him Liberty to wrest the Weapon from her Hands.——He saw immediately into her Thoughts, and made use of Softness to calm the Tempest of her Soul; if, said he, you could read my Heart, you would find Grief and Pity only there—With what, alas! can I accuse you?—What are you guilty of?——I still am your Husband——still love you with the same unabated Fondness——am the only Witness of your ill Fortune; I'll hide it from the Eyes of the World, nor shall you ever be sensible that I myself remember it——seek not therefore by a blind Fury to publish our mutual Shame——comfort yourself, and let us, by Sentiments of Piety, endeavour to purify ourselves from an involuntary Crime. In this manner did he talk to her, but all his Love and Tenderness made no Impression on her Mind—she answer'd him only by her Endeavours to snatch away the Sword, and stab him. 'Twas during this melancholy Struggle that their Attendants arriv'd; they had also lost themselves, and having fought their Master all over the Forest, the Noise of their Horses, tho' then at a Distance, had frighted the Robbers, and saved the Princess from further Violation.

THIBAUT took a Cloak from one of his Equipage, and having mounted his disconsolate Lady on Horseback, did the same himself, and in a short time arrived at *Compostella*, neither he nor she speaking a Word. A deep Affliction was imprinted in both their Countenances;

Countenances; but the Princess had a Wildness in her Eyes and Air, that discover'd the Distraction of her Mind. *Thibault* placed her in an Abbey, and went and prostrated himself at the Feet of the Altars; not with the Design he went for, but to beg of Heaven to enable him to undergo so terrible an Adventure. This Act of Piety being over, he return'd to the Princess; who remaining still in the same Humour, not being able to get any Expressions from her but Threats against his Life, he took her out, and return'd with all possible Speed to *Ponthieu*, where they were receiv'd with a Joy that they were not able to partake.

ALL the Way on their Journey, and after they came home, *Thibault* omitted no Act of Tenderness, to convince the Princess she was still as dear to him as ever; but finding all his Protestations were in vain, and that she conceal'd a Dagger in the Bed one Night with an Intent to assassinate him, he took a separate Apartment, still endeavouring by his Behaviour to her, to prevent the Public from finding out the Cause of their Disagreement; and he was the more to be pitied, because he could not help loving her still with the same Ardency as ever. In the mean-time, the Count *de Ponthieu* perceiv'd there was something more than ordinary between them, they could not hide it from his Penetration; *Thibault* was overwhelm'd with a secret Melancholy — the Princess would be seen but rarely; her Silence, and when she was obliged to speak, the Incoherency of her Words; in fine, all her Actions imply'd a strange Alteration, and made him resolve to oblige *Thibault* to a Discovery of the Cause. — He defended himself a long time, but being too closely pressed by a Prince to whom he ow'd every thing, he at last reveal'd all the Particulars of his Misfortune to him; and painted his Love, and the unjust Fury of the Princess in such moving Colours, that the Count was so thoroughly affected, that he could scarce contain his Anger against her. He pitied *Thibault*, comforted him, and promis'd him to speak to the Princess in a Manner which should oblige her to change her Conduct.

duſt. Yours, ſaid he, is ſo prudent and ſo tender, that I cannot ſufficiently admire it; and I hope my Daughter will not always be inſenſible of it, but return to her Duty.

He left him, and paſſ'd to the Princeſs's Apartment, whom he found ſitting in an Elbow chair; her Head reclined, and in the Poſture of one buried in Thought, her Women round her in profound Silence. The Count making a Sign for them to withdraw; What, Daughter, ſaid he, will you never lay aſide this gloomy Melancholy which ſo much troubles me, and aſtoniſhes my whole Court?—I know your Miſfortune, your generous Husband has juſt diſcover'd it to me—I am very ſenſible of it, but much more ſo of his proceeding; who, notwithſtanding your blind Rage, has preſerv'd ſo great a Regard for you, as never to complain. At theſe Words, the Princeſs fixing her Eyes full of Fury on the Face of her Father, How, cry'd ſhe, has *Thibault* dared to reveal that Secret to you! Ah! Princeſs, interrupted the Count, ſpeak with more Moderation of a Man who adores you—enter into yourſelf a Moment, remember you have loved this Husband—that I did not force you to accept of him, that your Miſfortune, dreadful as it is, has not impair'd his Eſteem; you, in return, owe him the ſame Affection and Confidence; I deſire it of you as a Friend, and demand it of you as a Parent and a Sovereign. Make good uſe of the Pity that pleads in my Breſt in your Behalf—and dread irritating me, leſt I throw aſide the *Father*, and act wholly as a *Prince*. This Diſcourſe ſo far from ſoftening the Princeſs, redoubled her Diſtraction, and ſhe diſcover'd ſo much Rage of Temper to the Count, that he deferr'd, till a more favourable Opportunity, the reclaiming her. He went out, ordering her to be ſtrictly guarded in her Apartment, and that ſhe ſhould not be ſuffer'd to have Communication with any one but her Women, and ſo returning to *Thibault*, inform'd him of the ill Succeſs he had met with. Yet he did not deſpair, but every Day for a whole Month, made freſh Attempts on her diſorder'd Mind; but every thing

thing proving in vain, and her Fury rather increasing than diminishing, he resolv'd to free his Family of a Woman whom he look'd on as a Monster.—With this Intent, on Pretence of taking the Air, he carried her with him in a Shallop, and having got a considerable Distance from Shore, he order'd her to be seiz'd by some Sailors and put into a Tun prepared for that Purpose, and closing it up again, thrown into the Sea. After this cruel Expedition, he landed; but, alas! what became of *Thibault*, when the other, still transported with Rage, told him what he had done! how great was his Affliction; and what Reproaches did he not vent against so barbarous a Father! He ran to the fatal Place which he heard had been the Grave of his unhappy Princess, but finding nothing that could flatter him with any Hope there was a Possibility of her being saved, he return'd to Court in a Condition truly pitiable—the miraculous Beauty of that dear Departed was for ever in his Mind, and he thought himself the most miserable Creature living, because he had it not in his Power to revenge her. 'Twas not long before the Count himself repented of the Action, and his Remorse became so great, that even the miserable *Thibault* endeavoured to mitigate it. At last it wore off, and he began to think a second Marriage and the Hope of an Heir, would dissipate his Afflictions; and well knowing that his Son-in-Law would never engage himself again, he married; and was happy enough at the Expiration of a Year to have a Son; yet his Grief was not wholly vanish'd, his Daughter came ever fresh into his Memory, and the Sight of *Thibault*, who continu'd overwhelm'd with a mortal Languishment, added to his Despair.

In this manner they pass'd almost nine Years, when the Count becoming once more a Widower, resolv'd, together with *Thibault* and his little Son, to travel to the *Holy Land*, hoping by that Piece of Devotion to expiate his Crime. *Thibault*, who now thought he had found an Opportunity of dying gloriously in fighting for the Faith, readily embrac'd the Proposal. Every thing was soon ready for the Voyage, and the Count de Pon-

thieu having entrusted the Government of his Dominions to Persons of Confidence, they set out, and arriv'd safely at *Jerusalem*. The Count and *Tibault* engag'd themselves for the Space of a Year in serving the Temple, in which Time they had frequent Opportunities of testifying their Zeal and Courage, and did Actions worthy of being eterniz'd; the Infidels always finding the Strength of their Arms, and the Ardour of their Faith. The Year finish'd, and their Vows accomplish'd, they embark'd in order to return. The Winds were for some Days favourable, but a most violent Tempest succeeding the Calm, they were so shook by the Fury of it, that they expected nothing but Death; when on a sudden a contrary Gust arising, drove them on the Coast of *Africa*, a Land belonging to the Infidels; they were soon surrounded by the Barks and Brigantines of the *Saracens*, and as the Ship was incapable of putting to Sea again, they were much less so, in a Condition of Defence.

THE Count *de Pontbieu*, the Young Prince his Son, and *Tibault* were made Prisoners, and thrown into Dungeons; all the Christians in the Ship were serv'd in the same Manner, and so loaded with Irons, that they immediately found they had been preserv'd from the Rage of the Sea, only to perish in a more cruel Manner on Land. Those Heroes prepar'd themselves for Death, with a Resolution worthy of their Courage; but the Infidels believing them a noble Sacrifice, permitted them to live till the Day on which they celebrated the Birth of the *Sultan*, it being the Custom of that Country, to offer to their Gods on that Day such a Number of Criminals, or Christians.

THE Day being come, they were oblig'd to cast Lots which of them should die first: The fatal Chance happen'd on the Count *de Pontbieu*; his Son and *Tibault*, contended for the Preference, but all they could obtain, was, to wait on him to the Place of Execution. The whole Court was assembled to see this Spectacle—the *Sultan* was present himself, and his *Sultaneſs*, whose extraordinary Beauty had attracted the Eyes of all

all the Infidels, when they were drawn off by the Arrival of the illustrious Victim, that were going to be sacrific'd to the Honour of the Day. But that Queen, whose Soul was as perfect as her Body, was surpriz'd at the majestick Air of the Count *de Ponthieu*, who was as yet at a great Distance from her: His venerable Age, and the Contempt with which he seem'd to look on his approaching Fate, made her order him to be brought nearer to her; he being a Stranger, she let down her Veil, the Women of that Country never suffering themselves to be seen by any but *Saracens*.

As he approached, she found Emotions which at that time she knew not had any other Source than Pity; but having attentively look'd on his Face, she soon discover'd the true Cause; but making use of her utmost Efforts to prevent her Disorder from being taken notice of, she ask'd him his Name, of what Country he was, and by what Accident he had been taken. The Softness of her Voice, and the Manner of her Delivery, gave him a sensible Alarm, tho' he knew not the Meaning of it.—He answer'd her without Hesitation, That he was of *France*, and of the Sovereignty of *Ponthieu*. Are you here alone? demanded the Queen. I have two Companions in my Misfortune, reply'd he, my Son, and my Son-in-Law. The Queen ordered they should immediately be brought to her; and having heedfully observed them for some time, order'd the Sacrifice to be suspended, and ran to the Throne where the *Sultan* was sitting, and throwing herself at his Feet; My Lord, said she, if ever I have been happy enough to please you, and may flatter myself with your Affection, grant me the Lives of these three Slaves; they are of my Country, and Pity makes me interest myself for them, and I hope your Clemency will be rewarded by the Merit of those I am going to bind to your Service. The *Sultan*, who adored her, rais'd her tenderly: You are Mistress of my Fate, Madam, reply'd he, can I refuse you then the being so of that of those Strangers? Dispose of them as you please, I give them entirely up to you, without reserving to myself any
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Right over them. She thank'd him in Terms full of Gratitude and Respect; and returning to the noble Captives, inform'd them of their Pardon: and being secretly too much disordered to sit out the Feast, ordered them to follow her to her Apartment——where seeing herself alone with them, she was oblig'd to renew her Efforts, to conceal the Confusion of her Soul; and assuming an Air of as much Fierceness as she could, which was heighten'd by a natural Majesty, I have sav'd your Lives, said she, and you may judge by such a Proof of my Power, that I have Authority enough to put you again into the same Danger.——Resolve therefore to satisfy my Curiosity, in discovering without Disguise all your Adventures: I give you till Tomorrow to prepare yourselves——I must know your Names, Qualities, and by what strange Accident Fate brought you into this Country——if you are sincere, you may expect every thing from my Goodness.——*Thibault*, who had not ventur'd to lift his Eyes upon her, while they were before the *Sultan*, now endeavour'd to discover with the nicest Penetration her Beauties, which the thin Gause, of which her Veil was made, did not altogether conceal.——The dazzling Lustre of her sparkling Eyes blaz'd through——the thousand Charms which play'd about her lovely Mouth disclos'd themselves; where that Impediment to the longing Sight was not so closely drawn, but that the Ruby Lips appear'd to view.——The daring Gazer found himself agitated with Emotions, which had been unknown to him since the Death of his unhappy Wife.——He felt a Pleasure in contemplating this adorable Queen, which nothing but itself could equal; and perceiving the Count was silent, perhaps kept so by Sentiments which he knew not how to account for, he threw himself at her Feet: As for me, Madam, said he, it will not be the Fears of Death that would prevail on me to relate the Particulars of a Life which has been full of such unheard of Woes, that what to others would be the greatest Dread, to me would be a Blessing——but there is something far more terrible than
what

what you have named, the abusing a Generosity such as yours, prevents me from concealing any Part of what you command me to disclose——if therefore the Recital of our Misfortunes can testify our Acknowledgments, you may depend on our Sincerity.

ALL the Resolution which she had assumed for this Encounter, had like to have forsook her at so moving a Discourse; but making a new Effort, Rife, said she, your Destiny promises something very touching, I am concern'd in it more than you can yet imagine —— the *Sultan* will soon appear; therefore I would have you retire——you shall want for nothing this Palace can afford——recover yourselves of your Fears and Fatigues, and to-morrow you shall receive my Orders; and till then I will defer the History I have engag'd you to give me. She then called a Slave in whom she entirely confided; *Sayda*, said she to her, conduct them as I have order'd; and then making a Sign to them to withdraw, they obey'd, and follow'd the Slave. As they went out they heard the *Queen* sigh, and neither of them could forbear doing so too.——*Thibault*, who quitted her with Regret, turning to look on her once more, perceiving she put her Handkerchief to her Eyes to wipe away some Tears, he could not restrain his own. *Sayda* led them to a little Apartment behind the *Queen's*, it consisted of three Rooms, and at the End an arch'd Gallery, where the Fruit was kept that was every Day serv'd up to her Table.——This, said *Sayda*, is the only Service the *Sultaneſs* expects from you; she could not have placed you so commodiously, without giving you some Employment that requir'd your Attendance near her Person——you must therefore take care of this Fruit, put it in Order in Baskets provided for that Use, and present it to her at her Repasts ——under this Pretence you may possess these Apartments, and be serv'd by the Slaves appointed for that Purpose——you are to be subservient only to the *Sultan* and *Sultaneſs*.

In speaking these Words, she quitted them, leaving them in an inconceivable Surprise at all they had seen.

When they were by themselves, *Thibault*, who could no longer contain in his Breast the different Agitations which crouded one on another, and seem'd to struggle for Utterance, approaching the Count, and tenderly embracing him, What a Woman is this Queen, my Lord, said he, and by what Miracle does she reign over these *Barbarians*! — What have we done to deserve her generous Care of us! — Ah! my Lord, I find her Compassion dangerous. — Alas! my dear Princess, added he, you alone was wont to raise these Emotions in my Soul! I don't know, reply'd the Count, what will be our Fate, or what are the Designs of the Queen: Her Goodness does not affect me as it does you; you are young, and your Heart still preserves a Fund of Passion, which may cause more violent Perturbations in it than mine; yet I own, I have felt for her the Tenderness of a Father; and that when she spoke, my Daughter came into my Mind. — But I am afraid, my dear *Thibault*, that you will doubly lose your Liberty in this fatal Place. *Thibault* made no other Answer than by Sighs; and some Refreshments being brought in, they were forced to drop a Discourse that did not admit of Witnesses.

THE Queen, in the mean time, was too much interested in the Affairs of the Day to be very easy, and was no sooner left alone with her dear *Sayda*, than giving a Loose to the Transports she had so long restrained, her beautiful Face was bath'd all o'er in Tears. The faithful Slave, astonish'd at her Excess of Grief, kneel'd down at her Feet, and taking one of her Hands, Alas! Madam, said she, what is this sudden Misfortune — are these Strangers come to trouble the Tranquility you were beginning to enjoy? — you have hitherto honour'd me with your Confidence — may I not now know what has occasion'd this Grief? — Ah! dear *Sayda*, reply'd her Royal Mistress, let not Appearances deceive you — Love, Joy, Nature, and Fear, make me shed Tears much more than any Grief; — that Husband so dear to me, and of whom thou hast heard me speak so much, is one of the Captives

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whose Lives I have sav'd — the other is my Father, and the young Lad my Brother. The Horror of seeing my Father die for the Diversion of a People to whom I am Queen, has pierced me with so lively an Affliction, that I wonder the Apprehension of it did not a second time deprive me of my Reason. — My Husband, Partaker of the same Fate, his Melancholy, his Resignation before me, his Looks full of that Love and Tenderness which once made my Happiness, has touch'd my Soul in the most nice and delicate Part: I dare not discover myself before I know their Sentiments, and the Constraint I have put on myself has been such as Nature scarce can bear. — Preserve my Secret, dear *Sayda*, and don't expose me again to tremble for Lives on which my own depends. Doubt not of my Fidelity, Madam, answer'd the other, it is inviolable! my Religion, your Goodness, which I have so often experienced, and the Confidence with which you have honour'd me, have attach'd me to your Service till Death.

THESE Assurances entirely satisfied the Queen, and they consulted together on Measures by which they might be at Liberty to entertain the illustrious Slaves the next Day. The *Sultan's* coming in put an End to their Conversation for this Time. This Prince, who had no other Defect than his being a *Saracen*, accosted her with that Joy, which his having had it in his Power to oblige her, gave him. — Well, Madam, said he, can you doubt of my Love! — may I flatter myself, that what I have done will dispel the Grief and Melancholy that has so long possess'd you? — I owe you every thing, my Lord, said she, and my whole Endeavours shall be to express my Gratitude. The *Sultan*, charm'd to find her in so good a Humour, entertain'd her a little longer; and then told her (for he was just come from Council) that it was resolv'd to oppose vigorously an Irruption that a neighbouring Prince had made into his Dominions, and that War was going to be declared immediately in Form.

THIS News inspired the Queen with a Thought, which succeeded to her Wish; and being willing to take

take the Advantage of the Disposition she found the *Sultan* in, of granting her every thing ; Heaven, said she, favours me in an extraordinary Manner, in giving me an Opportunity of acknowledging your Goodness. One of the Captives, my Lord, whom you have given me, is the most valiant Man of his Time, nor is his Conduct in War inferior to his Courage. By the Wonders he has done, I am almost assured you will have the Victory, if you permit him to combat the Enemy. The *Sultan* demonstrated to her the Difference of their Religions, and the little Assurances he could have in the Faith of a Christian. I'll answer for him, said the Queen hastily—I'll be the Pledge of his Fidelity ; and the better to assure you, I'll keep the two other Captives, who are, I know, very dear to him, as Hostages. The *Sultan* seem'd satisfied with these Words, and granted her Request, leaving her absolute Mistress to act in this Affair as she pleased, and retir'd to his Apartment, much more affected with the Joy of obliging her, than disturb'd at the Success of the War.

THE beautiful Queen pass'd the Night in very different Emotions ; *Love* had renew'd his Force in her Soul ; *Nature*, that did for a while revolt at the Remembrance of the Cruelty inflicted on her, return'd to its Obedience, and was wholly taken up with the Fear of not being lov'd, and remember'd enough to be acknowledg'd, when discover'd, with the Joy she wish'd.—The Counts of *Pontbieu* and *St. Paul* spent not their Hours more quietly. *Thibault* found himself agitated with the Perturbations of a dawning Passion ; he accused himself of it as a Crime,—the Count was no less embarrass'd about his, tho' he was very well assured they proceeded not from Love ; but the prodigious Resemblance he found between his Daughter and this lovely Queen, reminded him of the Barbarity he had been guilty of.—He could not imagine there had been a Possibility of saving that unhappy Princess ; but the Tenderness with which the *Sultaneſs* had inspired him, was so near that he felt for his Daughter, that it gave him an Astonishment not to be conceiv'd.

DAY appearing, they rose, and set themselves about preparing the Fruit, as *Sayda* had order'd them; which done, they were not long before they received a Command to bring it to the Queen. Nothing cou'd be more pleasing than this Commission; both found an undescrivable Impatience to see her again, and follow'd the faithful Slave till they came into her Presence. They found her dress'd with an incredible Magnificence, resplendent with an infinite Number of Diamonds; she was reclin'd on a *Sofa*, and after having look'd a Moment on them, Well, said she, are you ready to satisfy me?—I will not give you the Pains of relating your Names and Qualities, neither are unknown to me; only tell me by what strange Adventure you arriv'd at this Place.—Count *de Pontbieu*, it is to you in particular I address.

THE Count was in a Surprise which cannot be express'd, to hear himself named, and finding there was indeed no room for Dissimulation, told his Story with Sincerity; but when he came to that Part which concern'd his Daughter, his Sighs made many Interruptions in his Discourse, yet did he forget no Circumstance, but confess'd the Crime he had been guilty of, in putting her to Death: But alas! added he, with what Remorse has my Soul been torn since that fatal Day!—my Tenderness for her reviv'd with fresh Vigour, and the Torments I have endured have been such, that if her Spirit has any Knowledge of what is transacted in this lower World, she must believe my Punishment at least equal to my Guilt.—Then he told her of their Vow, their Voyage to *Jerusalem*, the Tempest, and their Slavery and Condemnation.—This, Madam, said he, is a faithful Account of our Misfortunes; and tho' they are of a Nature beyond the common Rank of Woes, yet they receive no inconsiderable Alleviation by the Concern your excessive Goodness makes you take in them. And, indeed, the fair *Sultanes*, during the latter Part of his Relation, had seem'd drown'd in Tears, and was some time before she could recover herself enough to speak; but at last—I own, said she, that what you have told me very much touches me.—I extremely pity the Princess

cess of *Pontbien*; she was young; her Reason might have return'd to her; the generous Proceeding of her Husband would doubtless have reclaim'd her in Time; but Heaven has punish'd you for your Cruelty, you must not therefore be any more reproach'd with it. But to prove your Penitence sincere, what Reception would you give that Princess, if by any Miracle, which I cannot at present conceive, she should have escaped that Destiny your Rashness expos'd her to? Ah, Madam! cry'd the Count, were there a Possibility of such a Blessing, my whole Life should be employ'd in rendering her's fortunate. And you, said she to *Thibault*, who she saw overwhelm'd in Tears, would your Wife be dear to you? — Could you forgive her distracted Behaviour? — Could you restore her to your Heart, as fond, as tender as ever? — In short, could you still love her? — Question it not, Madam, answer'd he, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs; nothing but her Presence can ever make me happy. — Receive her then, cry'd she, casting aside her Veil, and throwing herself into his Arms, I am that unfortunate Wife. — I am that Daughter, added she, running to her Father, that has cost you so many melancholy Hours. Own her, my Lord; take her to your Breast, my dear *Thibault*, nor let the Sight of her dissipate the Tenderness you express'd for her when unknown.

Who can describe the Joy and Astonishment of these illustrious Persons! their Eyes were now open'd, the secret Emotions they had felt were now easy to be accounted for. — She was acknowledg'd for the Wife, blest as the Daughter, with a Torrent of inexpressible inconceivable Delight. *Thibault* threw himself at her Feet, bathing her Hands in Tears of overpowering Joy; while the Count held her in his Arms, without being able to utter more than — my Daughter — my dear — my long-lost Daughter. — The young Prince kiss'd her Robe; and *Sayda*, only Witness of this moving Scene, dissolv'd in Tears of Tenderness and Joy. — At length, the first Surprise being over, this mute Language was succeeded by all the fond endearing Things that Nature, Wit and Love, had the Power of inspiring. The

beautiful Queen had now time to return the Caresses of the young Prince her Brother, who, tho' she knew no otherwise than by her Father's Account, his Youth and Beauty had very much affected her from the first time she saw him.—After having a little indulg'd their Transports, It is time, said she, to inform you of my Adventures.—The *Sultan* is taken up with making Preparations for a War he is oblig'd to enter into—so that we may have the Liberty of conversing, without Apprehension of being interrupted. Then having seated themselves, and *Sayda* being placed on the Outside of the Cabinet, to give them notice if any suspicious Person should appear, the charming *Sultanesi*, addressing herself to the Count, began her Discourse in this Manner :

I WILL not repeat, said she, the Cause of your designing my Death, you are but too sensible of it ; and the Loss of my Reason too well known to you for me to go about to renew the Affliction it occasion'd you : I shall only say, that it was Excess of Love which caused my Distraction ; and being prepossessed with an Idea of being no longer worthy of my Husband's Affection, imagining that I saw him reproaching me with my Misfortune, and endeavouring to get rid of me, I was so abandon'd by my Senses, as to wish his Death, as the only Thing that could restore me to my Repose. This Thought so wholly engross'd my Soul, that I look'd on the Sentence you inflicted on me as caus'd by him—my Frenzy prevented the Horror of my Fate from making any Impression on me ; and you may remember, Sir, that I neither endeavour'd by Intreaties or Strugglings to avert it, being rather in a State of Insensibility than any thing else.—Which Course my little Vessel steer'd, or how long I continu'd in it, I know not—all I can tell is, that I found myself in a real Ship, in the midst of a great many unknown Persons, busily employ'd in fetching me to myself ; but what is most surprising, I recover'd my Sight, Memory, and Reason, at the same Instant ; whether it was owing to the common Effect that the Fear of Death has, or to the Property of the Sea, or to judge better, the Work of Heaven ; but all I had said, or done,

or thought, came into my Mind, and I found myself
 so guilty against you and my Husband, that the first Sign
 of Life, that my Deliverers perceiv'd in me, was by shed-
 ding an excessive Shower of Tears; which was the more
 violent, because I had never wept since that fatal Ad-
 venture in the Forest: And indeed I thought, as did all
 about me, that they would have suffocated me; but so
 much Care was taken of me, that without putting an
 End to my Affliction, my Life was out of Danger. The
 People of the Ship had plac'd about me a young Woman
 extremely amiable;—the Tenderneſs ſhe expreſs'd for
 the Grievs ſhe ſaw I was involv'd in, made me take a
 very great Friendſhip for her; and, indeed, as ſhe was
 the only Woman there, it was natural for us to be more
 than ordinarily pleas'd with each other. When ſhe found
 me a little compos'd, ſhe inform'd me that we were with
Flemiſh Merchants, who were trading to the *Levant*;
 that having perceiv'd from Deck my extraordinary
 Tomb, the Hope of finding ſomething valuable in it
 had made them take it aboard; but that having open'd
 it, they were surpriz'd to ſee a Woman richly habited:
 That at firſt they thought me dead, becauſe I was very
 much ſwell'd; but having plac'd me in the open Air,
 a little Motion of my Heart gave them Hope of recover-
 ing me: That accordingly, with great Difficulty, they
 effected it; and that finding, as they thought, ſome
 Beauty in me, they reſolv'd, at the Expence of my Li-
 berty, to make themſelves Amends for having found
 nothing but me in the Tun. It is with this Deſign, added
 ſhe, that we were ſailing towards *Almeria*, where theſe
 Merchants deſign to ſell you to the *Sultan* of that Place.
 It is now ſix Months ſince they took me away from the
 Coaſts of *France*, which is my native Country, on the
 ſame Account; but I very well foreſee that your Beau-
 ty will preſerve me from being expoſed to the *Sultan's*
 Deſires: Yet, as I cannot avoid Slavery, I beg, Madam,
 that you will not let me be ſeparated from you. The
Sultan will, without doubt, buy you; contrive it ſo
 that he may think I am a Dependant of yours, that ſo
 I may wear no other Chains than yours. I was very

glad to have a *French Woman* with me, so promised her, that whatever was my Fate, she should, if she pleas'd, share it with me ; but what she had told me giving me great Uneasiness, I desired to speak with the Captain of the Ship.—I began with thanking him for the Succour he had given me, and thinking to have gain'd him by the Hope of a Reward, I assur'd him it should be made even beyond his Wishes, if he would land me on the Coast of *France*. He answer'd me, that he doubted not of my Generosity, nor my being considerable enough to recompense the Service he had done me ; but that he could not follow his own Inclination in doing what I desired of him, because he was accountable to his Companions, who had resolv'd to sell me and the other young *French Woman* to the *Sultan of Almeria* ; that they knew would be *certain* Gain to them, whereas the Effect of my Promises could not be so. With these Words he return'd to his Companions, and gave me not Leave to answer him : I made several other Efforts, but finding it impossible to persuade them to alter their Resolutions, I was oblig'd to submit to my ill Destiny. In proportion as I recover'd my Reason, my Affection to my dear *Thibault* resum'd its Empire o'er my Soul.—I was sensible of the whole Extent of my Misfortunes, and my Despair would perhaps have kept no Bounds, if it had not been for the Prudence and Good-nature of my young Companion. Yet, for all her Cares, I fell into such a Languishment as frighted the Merchant, lest I should lose the Lustre of my Beauty, of which he propos'd to himself so great an Advantage.

At length they arriv'd at *Almeria*, and we were immediately led to the *Sultan*. As he was accus'tom'd to traffic with those People, he receiv'd 'em perfectly well, and was so much pleas'd with the Prize, that he gave them their Demand both for myself and *Sayda*.—We were plac'd in the Palace of the *Sultan's Women*, where he soon follow'd us ; and I had the Misfortune of affecting him in so extraordinary a Manner, that he seem'd to make his loving me an Affair of State.—I call that a Misfortune, which any one but me would have

have look'd on as the highest Felicity; for I owe the *Sultan* the Justice to say, that he is full of Merit, and adorn'd with the most heroic Virtues: But I was a Christian, and prepossess'd with a Passion, which left no Room for any other; I therefore consider'd his Affiduity as my worst of Troubles. This Prince perceiving my Regard for *Sayda*, gave her to me; (*Sayda* is a Name I made her assume, to conceal her own). He plac'd me in an Apartment different from those the rest of the Women were lodg'd in, and commanded I should be serv'd as Queen. All these Honours added to my Uneasiness; yet the Submission with which he treated me gave me sometimes a Hope he never would have Recourse to force that which I resolv'd never to grant; but, alas! this Prince at last, worn out with his own consuming Passion, and the continual Murmurs of his Subjects, who could ill endure he should express so much Consideration for a Christian, resolv'd to speak to me in stronger Terms than he had hitherto done. My Resistance had lasted a whole Year, and he thought he had sufficiently testified his Respect in allowing me so long a Time; he came to me therefore one Day, and finding me extremely melancholy, Madam, said he, 'tis with great Regret I find myself oblig'd to exceed the Bounds I had prescrib'd myself in gaining your Heart; but you must now either consent to marry me, or publicly abjure your Religion; all my Power cannot exempt you from the Laws which oblige the Women of the Seraglio to embrace our Faith.—I adore you, and tho' I ought to compel you to a Change so beneficial to you, yet I will not, since it is not your Desire.—I promise you the free Exercise of your Religion in private, provided you accept of the Crown I offer you;—my Subjects, and all my Court, will then believe you have chang'd your Religion, without seeking any further Proofs, and you will then be at Liberty to observe your own in secret.—This is the only Means to preserve you from the Fury of a People, who, when enrag'd, have no Regard even for their Sovereign. 'Twould have been more agreeable to me,

if my Love and Complaisance had engag'd you ; but I hope Time will inspire your Heart with those Sentiments that will be conducive to my Felicity, and your Repose. I could not refrain from Tears at this Discourse of the *Sultan*——the Choice appear'd terrible to me : Is it possible, my Lord ! replied I, that among the Number of Beauties who would be proud of the Honour you offer me, you cannot find one more worthy than myself ? —— If you had not distinguish'd me, your Subjects would have thought nothing of me. —— Consider, my Lord, what Glory you might gain by subduing your Passion, and suffering me to return to my native Country. —— What Felicity can it be to live with a Woman obtain'd but by Fear and Force, who will always be regretting her Parents and Liberty ?

THE *Sultan* smil'd at these Words ; I see, Madam, said he, that you are ignorant of your own Condition ; — you are in this Place for Life ; — when once a Woman is enter'd within these Walls, there is no Hope of ever getting out again ; Law and Custom have decreed it so : Therefore you are more oblig'd to me than you imagin'd, for the Respect I have paid you, being from the first Moment the Master of your Destiny. — I then intreated he would give me three Days to answer him ; he granted my Request, and I spent them in Prayers : But at length seeing myself without any Hope of Relief, or ever returning to my Country, that my Death there was thought certain, and that I had no Means of letting you know I was living, or if I had, could not promise myself that, since you had consented to my Death, the News would find a Welcome ; I look'd on myself as utterly abandon'd, and the Facility of following in private my own Devotions, determin'd me in submitting to the *Sultan's* Persuasions. The three Days being expir'd, he came to me again, and I then told him, that if he would swear never to force me to alter my Religion, I was ready to give him my Hand. His Joy at my Assent was inconceivable ; and tho' he saw plainly that what I did was out of Necessity, he assur'd me he thought

thought himself the happiest Man on Earth, and bound himself by an Oath sacred in their Law to suffer me to exercise my own Religion, provided I took Care not to be discover'd.

THIS News was soon blaz'd thro' all *Almeria*; and fated ever to be guilty of constrain'd Infidelities, I was proclaim'd and crown'd *Sultana* Queen, with a Magnificence that would have dazzled any one but the Princess *de Ponthieu*. During the whole Ceremony, the Image of *Thibault* never quitted me; I spoke to it, begg'd its Pardon; in short, I was so lost in Thought, that *Sayda* has since told me, I had more the Appearance of a Statue than a living Person. As for you, my Lord! I often reproach'd your Cruelty, that had brought me to the Precipice in which I found myself. There has not past one Day in the nine Years I have been married to the *Sultan*, on which I have not talk'd of my dear *Thibault* to the faithful *Sayda*, with a Torrent of Tears. The *Sultan* has kept his Word with me, all his Court thinks me a *Renegada*, he alone knows the Truth; and without reproaching me with my Melancholy, has done his utmost to disperse it. The same Respect and Complaisance has always accompanied his Actions, and you yourselves have been Witnesses of my Power, by his granting me without Hesitation your Lives. I knew you again the first Moment I saw your Faces, and should have discover'd myself Yesterday, but had a mind to know whether my Memory was yet dear. These are my unhappy Adventures; but this is not all I have to say: You must, my dear *Thibault*, in order to regain your Wife and Liberty, expose your Life to fresh Dangers: Speak, do you think me worthy of so great a Testimony of your continued Love and Tenderness? You cannot make a doubt of it, answered he, without being guilty of a greater Offence than all your Distraction made you act—— I swear to you, my dear Princess, by the Pleasure I had in obtaining you of your Father, by the Felicity I enjoy'd in being belov'd by you, by my Misfortune, and by the Joy I feel in seeing you again, that I never adored you with more Ardour than I now

do.—Fear not therefore to explain yourself, command me, dispose of me as you please. The fair *Sultaneſs* was charm'd with this tender Assurance; and there being nobody present that she suspected, she again embrac'd her much lov'd Husband, and then told him what she had propos'd to the *Sultan*. It is of the utmost Importance, added she, that you should gain his Confidence by some signal Service, that my Designs may the better succeed—he has already lost several Battles, through the ill Conduct of his Generals; but if you fight for him, I doubt not of the Victory:—He cannot then refuse you his Esteem, which will enable me to put my Project in Execution.

THE Count and *Thibault* approv'd of what she said; but the young Prince begg'd she would contrive it so, that he might accompany his Brother to the Army, his youthful Heart burning with Impatience to behold so noble a Sight; but the Queen told him she could not possibly gratify those Testimonies of so early a Courage, tho' she admir'd them, because she had given her Promise to the *Sultan*, that both he and his Father should remain at Court as Hostages for the Fidelity of *Thibault*. —After some further Discourse, and renew'd Embraces, she order'd them to retire, it growing towards the Hour in which the *Sultan* was us'd to visit her. They were scarce out of the Room, before that Prince enter'd; and having ask'd her if the valiant Captive agreed with her Intentions: Yes, my Lord, replied she, he is impatient to express by his Services the grateful Sense he has of his Obligations to us. The *Sultan* immediately command'd they should all three be brought before him, and observing them more heedfully than he had done before, was infinitely charm'd with their good Mien: The venerable Age, and commanding Aspect of the Prince of *Ponthieu*, excited his Respect; the Beauty and Vivacity of the young Prince, his Admiration; but in the noble Air, and manly Graces of the accomplish'd *Thibault*, he fancied he discover'd an Assurance he would be able to answer the Character the *Sultaneſs* had given of him.—The more he consider'd

der'd him, the more he found to love and esteem—the *Sultaneſs*, ſaid he, who has fav'd your Life, will needs out of Love for me, and Reſpect for you, have you expoſe it in my Service—I ſee nothing about you, but what ſerves to convince me I do not err, when I place an entire Confidence in you: Therefore you muſt prepare to ſet out To-morrow, I have in my Council declared you *General*. My Subjects are ſo fatigued and heartleſs with continual Loſſes, that they repine not I endeavour to repair them by extraordinary Methods; and tho' you are a *Chriſtian*, my Soldiers will with Joy obey you, if your Valour does but answer their Expectations, and the Character they have of you. After *Thibault* had in the moſt handsome and ſubmiſſive Manner aſſur'd him of his Zeal and Fidelity, that Prince proceeded to give him thoſe Inſtructions which were neceſſary: and retiring, left him to receive thoſe of the *Sultaneſs*.

He was no ſooner gone, than turning towards *Thibault*, You are going to fight againſt Infidels, ſaid ſhe, tho' you fight for one; but, my dear Husband! conſult my Repoſe as well as your own Courage, and fight to conquer, not to die;—remember I expoſe you, that I may the better ſave you. He thank'd her for her obliging Fears, and promis'd to combat only to preſerve his Honour, and gain the Opportunity to deliver her.—It being time to retire, they quitted the Queen's Apartment, and returning to their own, a Slave brought to *Thibault* a ſtately Veſt and Sabre, adorn'd with precious Stones, a Preſent to him from the *Sultan*; he put them on, and attended that Prince at Dinner, who ſaw him with Pleaſure. They diſcourſ'd on the different Methods of making War, and the *Sultan* found his new *General* ſo conſummate in the Art, that he aſſured himſelf of Victory: He then preſented him to the chief Men of his Court. The reſt of the Day was employ'd in reviewing the Troops that were in *Almeria*. As he was to go the next, he begg'd of the *Sultaneſs* by *Sayda*, that he might be permitted to bid her adieu without any Witneſſes; the fair Queen, who deſir'd it with equal

equal Ardour, appointed Night for the Interview:—so when all was quiet in the Palace, he was introduced by that faithful Slave into the Apartment of his dear Princess. Then it was, that this long separated Husband and Wife, now more in love, if possible, than ever, renew'd their Protestations of everlasting Affection, and, forgetting the rest of the World, gave a loose to the Raptures of being once more blest'd, and the soft Hope of re-uniting themselves, no more to be divided —The best part of the Night pass'd away in these Transports, and Day would have surprized them, had not *Sayda*, given them notice it was time to part. The *Sultaneſs* wept, and *Thibault* was extremely mov'd; but Reason re-assuming its Empire, they embracing, bid each other adieu, begging Heaven they might soon meet again. He went not to Bed, employing the remaining Hours in taking leave of the Count *de Ponthieu*, and the young Prince his Son.—He recommended his dear Princess to the former, entreating him to neglect no Opportunities of being with her. He then repair'd to the *Sultan*, to receive his last Commands, and set out with a Cheerfulness that seem'd to presage Success.

DURING his Absence, the watchful Policy of the fair *Sultaneſs* contriv'd to acquire a great number of Creatures, ready to undertake every thing to serve her; she caused several Favours to be conferr'd on them, thro' the Interest the Count had with the *Sultan*. He was now grown prodigiously in his Favour.—The *Sultan* used frequently to divert himself with hunting, it was an Exercise he extremely loved, and the Count understanding it perfectly, was always one of the Party.—The Expresses which were continually brought of the Victories *Thibault* had gain'd over the Enemies, increased the *Sultan's* Esteem of the two Hostages. Three Months pass'd thus, with creating new Friends on the Queen's Side, and Confidence on the *Sultan's*; but the Joy of both, tho' for different Reasons, was compleated, when a Courier arriv'd with the News that the conquering *Thibault* had entirely vanquish'd, cut the whole Army of the Foe in pieces, kill'd their Prince with his own

own Hand, and not only recover'd the Dominions they had taken from the *Sultan*, but also added that of the bold Invader to his Empire. — These glorious Actions were signaliz'd in *Almeria* by great Rejoycings; — nothing was talk'd of, but the Bravery of the Captive, and the Obligations both King and People had to him. As for him, when he found no more Enemies to combat, he made haste to garrison the conquer'd Places, and having deputed such Governors as he thought were faithful, return'd in Triumph to *Almeria*. The *Sultan* receiv'd him as his Guardian-Angel, restor'd him his Liberty, and press'd him to accept of the greatest Places in his Empire, if he would change his Religion; but the other gave him to understand, tho' with the greatest Respect, that he could not embrace his Favours, but assur'd him he would stay at his Court as long as he should be wanted. This Refusal was so far from incensing, that the *Sultan* gave him the greater Esteem for it; and this illustrious Warrior became so considerable at the Court of *Almeria*, that nothing was done but by his Advice. The *Sultaneſs* finding the Success of her Project, now thought it time to put the finishing Stroke to it. — She pretended to be with Child, and that the Air of *Almeria* did not agree with her: A *Renegado* Physician, that she had gain'd to her Interest, assur'd the *Sultan* that her Life would be in Danger, if she did not remove from where she was. That Prince, alarm'd by the Tenderneſs he had for her, begg'd her to make choice of any of his Houses of Pleasure to go and reside in. — The *Sultaneſs* pitch'd on one which was by the Sea-side, and the Way to which was by Sea. — The *Sultan* immediately gave Orders for the equipping a Galley, and the Queen took care to fill it with Persons entirely devoted to her Interest. — When every thing was ready, she begg'd the *Sultan* that she might be accompany'd thither by the *French Cavalier*, for the Security of her Person; as for the Count *de Ponthieu* and his Son, there was no Occasion for asking leave for their Attendance, because they belong'd immediately to her. — The *Sultan* made

no scruple of granting every thing she desired, and she embark'd with her Father, her Brother, and Husband, and the faithful *Sayda*; taking with her a Son of seven Years old, which she had by the *Sultan*, leaving in *Almeria* a Daughter that was still at the Breast. Heaven seem'd to favour their Designs, they were no sooner got to Sea, than our Warriors, seconded by the Queen's Creatures, oblig'd the Slaves of the Galley to row directly to *Brindes*, where they happily arrived. The Princess gave the *Christian* Slaves their Liberty, and put in their places all the *Saracens* she could purchase, with Orders to give the *Sultan* the following Letter.

The Princess of PONTHEU to the Sultan
of *Almeria*.

IF I had only your Generosity to have combated, I would have discover'd to you the Cause which urged me to this Flight—convinc'd, that you would rather have favour'd than oppos'd it; but your Love and Religion being insurmountable Obstacles, I was oblig'd to make use of Artifice to be just. — I quit you not, my Lord, thro' Inconstancy; I follow my Husband, my Father, and my Brother, who were the three Captives whose Lives you granted me; my Husband having expos'd his for your Glory, and the Security of your Dominions, has, in Part, acquitted me of the Obligations I owe you. — I am a Christian, and was a Sovereign before your Wife; judge therefore, whether my Rank and Religion did not demand this of me. — I shall always with Gratitude remember the Honour you have done me: I have left you my Daughter, being oblig'd to abandon her because of her Youth: Look on her, I treat you, with the Eyes of a Father. — I wish you all the Happiness you deserve, and shall with Feruency beg of Heaven to bless you with that divine Illumination, which is the only thing in which your Heroic Virtues are deficient.

PONTHEU.

THE

THE *Sultan* saw the Galley return, and receiv'd the Princess's Letter while she was prosecuting her Journey to *Rome*; he was inconceivably afflicted at the News, but his Reason at length getting the better of his Despair he endeavour'd to comfort himself, by transplanting all the Tenderneſs he had paid the Mother to the little Daughter. In the mean time, our illustrious Fugitives arriv'd at *Rome*, where they were receiv'd by the *Pope* with extraordinary Honours; and after having reconciled the Princess of *Sayda* to the Bosom of the Church, they departed, loaded with Presents and Favours, to *Ponthieu*, where the unanimous Joy of the People for their Return is not to be express'd. The Count dying some time after, his Son inherited his Dominions; but that young Prince not long surviving, he left the Sovereignty to the Princess his Sister, who, with her Husband, reign'd a long time in perfect Glory and happy Unity.——The Son she had by the *Sultan* married a rich Heiress of *Normandy*, from whom are descended the Lords of *Preau*; and the Princess who was left behind with the *Sultan*, was married to a *Saracen* Prince, and from a Daughter of that Princess was born the famous *Saladin*, *Sultan* of *Egypt*, so known and dreaded by all *Christianity*.

I OWN, said *Urania*, finding *Felicia* had done speaking, that this History has a great deal in it prodigiously surprizing, and I find no other Fault in it, than that it appears too marvellous to be Truth.——As for me, said *Florinda*, there are several Incidents in it, which at the same time both astonish'd and touch'd me. The manner of amiable *Florinda*'s repeating it, added *Thelamont*, has given Graces to the most terrible Parts of it. I vow, said *Orophanes*, the Adventure which the Princess met with in the Forest, was not the easiest to describe; and I more than once trembled for *Florinda* in going thro' it. You rally, said *Gamilla*; but setting Jestings apart, I do think she gave us to understand with a great deal of Delicacy that Misfortune of the unhappy Princess, and proved the most tender

tender Unions are not always exempt from Trouble. The History, added *Orophanes*, is really very beautiful, and well told; and it puts me in Mind of some Particulars in *Saladin's* Life, which I'll impart to you.

THE Hour for Dinner put an End to this Conversation; which being over, they repaired to the Library: but though they had laid themselves under a Law to read sometimes, they did not always strictly observe it—that charming Society having first establish'd Liberty, there were some Days in which their Wit and Memory furnish'd them with Subjects of Entertainment without the Help of Books. *Thelamont* was the first that began. Since, said he, I don't find you much dispos'd to observe that Silence which Reading exacts, and this Cabinet is appointed for relating Passages in History, I'll tell you one I found Yesterday in *Athenæus*, which I was very much pleas'd with, and I make no doubt but you will be so too.——Few Princes allow of their Ministers Ability, their Self-love making them lay their own Faults on them, and take to themselves those things which have succeeded. *Philip* of *Macedon* was not of this number; *Athenæus* reports, that in the very Crisis of his greatest Affairs, that Prince drinking hard with his Friends, gave an authentic Proof of the Esteem and Confidence he plac'd in his Minister; *Come, said that Monarch, let us drink, let us drink, 'tis sufficient that Antipater doth not drink.* This, in my Opinion, continued *Thelamont*, was as great a Testimony of Love, as a Prince could give a Subject; it is certain that *Philip* must have been persuad'd, that that Minister's Reason was more necessary to the State than his own. I was not a little pleas'd with reading it; there is, I think, something in it free and natural, and at the same time great and noble.——In the Heat of Wine, amidst the Licentiousness of the Feasts of those Times, to be sedate enough to account for his own Neglect, to those who might have blamed him, and to bestow Praises so full of Justice on his Minister, was a Proof, that he who could debauch in that manner, was incapable

pable of forgetting himself. *Philip* must have been as great a Prince, said *Florinda*, as *Antipater* was an excellent Statesman; which proves, that let a Prince be ever so great, he always stands in need of good Counsellors. Doubtless, reply'd *Thelamont*, if *Agrippa* had had only a common Genius, *Augustus* would never have been Master of the World. What *Thelamont* says, reply'd *Orophanes*, is very just; *Augustus* often fell from the Character of Great on the most important Occasions: There are some Passages in his Life, where he descends even to Meanness; for example, when he heard of the Defeat of his Army in *Germany* commanded by *Varro*, he tore his Hair, and beat his Head against the Wall, crying out, *Varro, restore me my Legion!* What Glory was this for *Arminius*, to have forced the Commander of the Universe to such an Extravagance? And in this Particular, observe the Difference between the Genius of *Augustus* and that of *Philip*. This, out of a Greatness of Soul, takes a Pleasure in doing Honour to the Merit of his Minister; the other, out of Weakness, adds to the Victory of his Enemy, by his fruitless Lamentations. Your Notice of these Passages is extremely just, said *Urania*, and I believe I can add another equally blameable. I have read in *Suetonius*, that when he heard of the Princess *Julia's* Behaviour, he condemn'd her to Death; but repenting of it the next Moment, he took the most ridiculous Method in the World; he sent a Memorial to the *Senate*, in which, in a pathetic Manner, he exposes the Shame and Infamy of his House.—His Reason once more returning, and getting the better of his Passion, he was sensible of the Error he had committed, and, *Seneca* says, fell into Tears, and cry'd out several times, *I had not thus proclaim'd my own Disgrace, if Agrippa, or Mecenas, had been living.*—This Contrariety of Sentiment, said *Florinda*, shews the want, indeed, he had of a prudent and understanding Minister; yet there are Princes who do not care to have about them Genius's superior to their own; of which, *Emanuel*, King of *Portugal*, is an Example. That Prince having a Letter of

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Importance to write, commission'd a Man of known Wit in his Court to do it: The Gentleman having acquitted himself of his Trust, waited on the King with it; that Monarch, after having read it, took one out of his Pocket, that he had wrote himself, and comparing them, confess'd that of the Courtier was the best, and that he would make use of it. The Gentleman having made some Reflections on the Adventure, went to one of his Friends, and told him, That he had settled his Affairs, and was come to take leave of him. His Friend having ask'd the Reason of his sudden Departure, There is no longer any Safety for me at Court, answer'd he, the King knows I have more Wit than he has. What follow'd, shew'd that he had taken the wisest Resolution; for *Emanuel* caus'd him to be search'd for, in order to sacrifice him to his Jealousy. It must be allow'd, said *Felicia*, that it is very difficult to know Mankind; the higher they are in Rank, the less possible it is to see into the Sincerity of their Hearts. An intimate Friend of *Cicero's*, ask'd him one Day what he thought of *Cesar*, after he had made himself Master of the Republic? Stay, reply'd that great Senator, till he is in peaceable Possession of it, and you shall then judge of him yourself: But remember, that the Pupil of *Aristotle*, so wise and knowing, became passionate, debauch'd, proud and cruel, when he no longer had any thing to fear. I think, said *Camilla*, 'twill be a Shame for me to be the only one that does not produce some Passage in History; and since you have all spoke, 'tis but just for me to take my Turn. What *Themistocles* seems to be most taken with, is the Justice *Philip* paid his Minister; but what pleases me most, is what I have read of the Manners of the *Ancients* in the Strictness of their Friendships; 'tis in that they most surpass us, and we give ourselves less Trouble in imitating them in that, than in any thing. If any one should attempt it, he would be made a Jest of: What Difference is there in our Behaviour, in regard to Friendship, and the religious Observation of it in *Xenophon's* Time? They look'd on it then as the most essential Qualification

ification of a Man of Honour, and they gain'd as much Fame by it, as by the most illustrious Virtues. They died, said that noble *Athenian*, speaking of the *Grecian* Captains that the *Persians* had so perfidiously massacred, they died, as they had liv'd, without Reproach either in War or Friendship.—Who would venture to make such an Encomium in the funeral Orations of the great Men of this Age? Is there one to be now met with, in whom such a Confidence could be put, as that which *Crates*, the famous Philosopher, placed in his two Friends when he was dying; who, in his Will, left to one of them the Care of providing for his Mother, and to the other, that of educating his Daughter, marrying her, and giving her a Portion; and in case one of them should die, he substituted the Survivor in his room, to take care of both his Mother and Daughter in the same Manner: The two Friends accepted of the Trust in full *Senate*, and express'd as much Satisfaction in those Marks of Confidence, as they were charm'd with being able to comply with them. This Remark, said *Thelamont*, which the agreeable *Camilla* has made, is the more to be admir'd, because I am convinc'd she speaks from her Heart; for it is certain, we cannot be touch'd with the Effects of a Virtue which we are not capable of practising. You reward me very gallantly, reply'd she, for the Silence I have observ'd, and the little I have said; but, I believe, continu'd she, that serious Matters have taken up enough of our Time, we had best now divert ourselves with walking. At these Words, the Company rose, and repair'd to the River-side.

OROPHANES, who always attack'd *Felicia* on the Passages that were quoted, now laid hold on Friendship. If Friendship, said he, is a Virtue, the Want of it must be a great Vice; and the beautiful Qualities of *Felicia* must be imperfect, since she has not that. Can you never complain, answer'd she smiling, without offending me? Do you confound Love with Friendship? If I have nothing to say to the first, I value myself very much upon the last; and if I were worthy of the Trouble of an Historian, should deserve the Elo-

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gium that *Xenophon* gives those *Grecians*. If so, said he, give me the Means of writing your History, and by some signal Mark of your Friendship for me, engage my Pen to chant your Praises; let me talk to you of Love, and do you entertain me with Friendship; by this Means you'll soften the Rigour of my Chains, without wounding your austere Virtue, and oblige me in Gratitude to make your Encomium. Indeed, said *Thelament*, 'tis my Opinion that *Orophanes* very well deserves to be treated with less Rigour; and if you have not more Humanity, you'll find that all your Friends will take his Part against you.—I'm certain, said *Florinda*, that *Orophanes's* Fate concerns us all; as for me, I declare myself on his Side. I do the same, cry'd *Camilla*, my gay Humour will not permit me to see any body suffer. This is too much, said *Felicia*, and I don't know how I shall come off in so unequal a Combat, if *Urania* does not take my Part. *Urania* smil'd, and made no other Answer than by singing the following Words:

*When with Passion we admire,
In vain the favourite Lover sues;
We fear to own the secret Fire,
Lest by yielding we should lose:
Trifling Affections are with Ease reveal'd,
But that's most fervent, which is most conceal'd.*

WHAT, said *Felicia*, do you compose off-hand against me? I did not expect such a Piece of Treason from dear *Urania*. The Company diverted themselves for some Time with *Felicia's* Confusion, and very much applauded *Urania's* Air, making her repeat it more than once; and, notwithstanding the Vexation of her amiable Friend, they agreed, that she had exquisitely laid open the Heart in these Lines; since nothing is more certain, than that an Apprehension of losing the Esteem of the Man they love, makes Women so often conceal their true Sentiments.

THEY

THEY were still reasoning on this, when they were inform'd of the Arrival of *Iphis* and *Acantes*, two Gentlemen who were nearly related to *Thelamont*. *Urania* knew them, but the rest of the Company did not. *Thelamont* having presented them to the Ladies, *Urania* ask'd them, if the Favour of their Visit was owing to Chance or Design? As Sincerity is a Mark of Respect, answer'd *Acantes* gaily, what we owe you, Madam, obliges us to own that Hunting has occasion'd us the Honour of waiting on you at this Time—that Exercise having led us to follow our Game on your Estate, we thought it our Duty, before we left it, to pay you our Respects. I find then, said *Thelamont*, that Hunting is still your darling Recreation. I am still the same, dear *Thelamont*, said he, in every thing, always free, gay, and easy, without Restraint or Passion, and I confess I find nothing capable of amusing me so agreeably as this Exercise. But, said *Urania*, I am surpriz'd that *Iphis* is complaisant enough to accompany you in it; for I know he is no Sportsman, his grave and serious Humour does not admit of any violent Exercises. You say true, Madam, replied *Iphis*, but we must sometimes oblige our Friends; I hunt with him, and in return he consents to *think* with me.

THEY laugh'd heartily at this Answer; and the Conformity that there was between the Humours of *Camilla* and *Florinda*, and *Acantes* and *Iphis*, occasion'd a good deal of sprightly Wit on all Sides. I believe, said *Florinda*, that *Acantes* would not be so complaisant to his Friend, he'd scarce miss a Party at Hunting to oblige *Iphis*. Upon my Word, answer'd *Acantes*, with a very pleasant Eagerness, 'tis well the Person that accuses me of so much Ingratitude is beautiful as you are, or I should very much resent it. What! does saying a Man is a very great Hunter, imply he is full of Defects?—Because I love that Sport, am I incapable of loving my Friends?—I have heard, reply'd *Florinda*, that a Man entirely given to Hunting can love nothing else; he is always ready to quit his dearest Friends, and the most agreeable Companies, to hunt

hunt a Stag, or chase a Hare. When he is in the Heat of his Sport he can think of nothing else.—At his Return, fatigued and wearied, he just gives himself time to gratify his Thirst and Hunger, then in the Arms of Sleep takes that Repose he so much wants.—The next Day resuming the same Amusement, 'tis absolutely impossible to have any Society with him, tho' he were the most amiable Man in the World: How can such a Man be depended on, who seems to forget Mankind for Brutes, and being always with them, oft contracts their Habits of Fierceness and Inconstancy? Upon my Word, Madam, said *Acantes*, you have drawn a fine Picture of a Hunter; if he has a mind to be universally disesteemed, 'tis but obliging the World to listen to you; but what gives me the greatest Concern is, that you speak with so much Wit and Grace, that you must infallibly be believ'd; therefore I will not aim at answering you with Reasons, but with Demonstration: I will, in Revenge, become furiously in Love with you, follow you every where, adore you, and sacrifice my most precious Time to you, and yet still continue a Sportsman; I will go out and hunt, and at my Return lay at your Feet the Animals I have subdu'd in the Woods; I'll only think of you, and the Pleasure of seeing you shall make me hasten home: And I will so well convince you that a Hunter can love with Ardour, that, perhaps, in your Turn, you will delight in Hunting too. The Dispute was so diverting, that they were unwilling to interrupt it; but *Orophanes* finding that *Florinda* was at a Loïs how to answer the Gallantry of *Acantes*, endeavour'd to draw *Camilla* into the same Nonplus. 'Twould be pleasant, said he, if *Acantes* should persuade *Florinda* to love Hunting, and *Iphis* learn *Camilla* to be Thoughtful. Don't bring me into the Dispute, said she, leave every body's Temper to themselves; I'll learn nothing that can interrupt my Gaiety, and all the Solidity of *Iphis*'s Mind shall not give a Check to the Vivacity of mine. As Heaven, answer'd *Iphis*, has not endow'd any one Person with all the different Accomplishments; since *Camilla* has not Gravity enough,

nor I Gaiety, in some sort to improve Nature's Handy-work; let us endeavour to unite our Minds and Hearts, that out of us two we may make one perfect one. The Proposal is very pretty, said *Urania*, and tho' extremely gallant, not at all contradictory to the Philosophy that *Iphis* professes. Tho' it may not disturb his Philosophy, it may my Repose, reply'd *Camilla* smiling, therefore I will not come into it. *Urania* seeing it was near Supper-time, invited the two Friends to stay, knowing that their Seat was near enough to go home at Night: They embrac'd her Offer with Pleasure; and this agreeable Society having walk'd a little longer, enter'd the House, and plac'd themselves at Table. *Acantes* said a thousand bright Things to *Florinda*, who answer'd him with a Mildness, mix'd with a Vivacity, which very much diverted. As *Iphis* had a fine Voice, they begg'd him to sing; he did not give them the Trouble to press him much, and finding it would be soon time to take leave, sung the following Words, addressing himself to *Camilla*:

*Love has for me no Charms,
Since from Iris I must part;
Fate tears me from your Arms,
Yet in Chains you hold my Heart:
O let that go, or keep me here,
As you and Heaven decide;
The Gods will own 'As too severe,
Me from myself thus to divide.*

IPHIS receiv'd a thousand Applauses for the Sweetness of his Voice, and the Words, which were his own. I assure you, said *Camilla*, that I would be glad to afford him some of my Mirth, but not deprive him of Thinking, since it is to that Quality we owe the Beauty of these Lines. I am persuaded, said *Florinda*, that they can never be wanting, where you are the Object. The Repast over, *Iphis* and *Acantes*, after embracing *Thelamont* and *Orophanes*, and saluting the Ladies, took Horse, and with Regret quitted this amiable Assembly.

The Moment of their Departure being that in which *Urania* was accusom'd to retire, she led *Camilla* and *Florinda* to their Apartment ; and *Thelamont* and *Orophanes*, having waited on her and *Felicia* to theirs, they all endeavour'd to take that Repose which usually attends on the Shades of Night.



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THE
FOURTH DAY.



URANIA was no sooner awake, than the Messenger she had sent to Geront return'd with a Letter, in which she found these Words:

GERONT to URANIA.

Whatever is the Motive that has favour'd me with some Marks of your Remembrance, I cannot help being sensible of them, tho' I am very well assur'd my Presence is not agreeable to you: I should have given myself the Satisfaction of waiting on you, had I not been prevented by the Hurry of Business, occasion'd by a considerable Law-suit, which a near Relation of Thelamont has commenc'd against me. — His Proceedings are so vigorous, that I am in Danger of losing no less than my whole Estate; — I would come to an Accommodation, but he will hearken to no Terms; so that in a

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very little Time you will be entirely satisfy'd, since my Ruin will inevitably take from me the Power of persecuting you with a Passion, which you never approv'd of from the

Unfortunate

GERONT.

THIS Letter occasion'd Reflections in *Urania*, which took her up some Hours ; but at length assuming a Resolution worthy of herself, she sent to desire *Thelamont* to come to her in her own Apartment. He was no sooner enter'd, than he took notice there appear'd an uncommon Concern in her Countenance, and eagerly ask'd, What was the Cause? *Urania*, whose Mind was still taken up with the Discourse she had to make to him, answer'd no otherwise than by presenting to him the Letter she had just receiv'd from *Geront*. He read it attentively ; and easily guessing, by the Knowledge of *Urania*'s Generosity, the Cause of her Chagrin, and sensible she was not ignorant how much it was in his Power to be serviceable to this unfortunate Gentleman, Is it possible, Madam, said he, that knowing the Authority you have over me, you should be embarras'd to declare your Sentiments ? — I read in your Eyes, that you demanded a signal Proof of my Love ; I am ready to sacrifice my Life for you : Can you question my being so, to obey any Commands you can lay upon me ? — I expected no less from your Generosity, said she, and I have prais'd a thousand times that happy Sympathy which makes us always think and act in the same Manner. — Then explaining herself more clearly, she begg'd him to use his Interest to serve *Geront* in this Affair, and to endeavour to bring his Kinsman, over whom she knew he had an Influence, to Terms of Accommodation. Lay aside, added she, the Interest of your Heart, and consult nothing but the Nobleness and Humanity of your Soul ; and by this Effort, force *Geront* to acknowledge, that nobody but

Thelamont

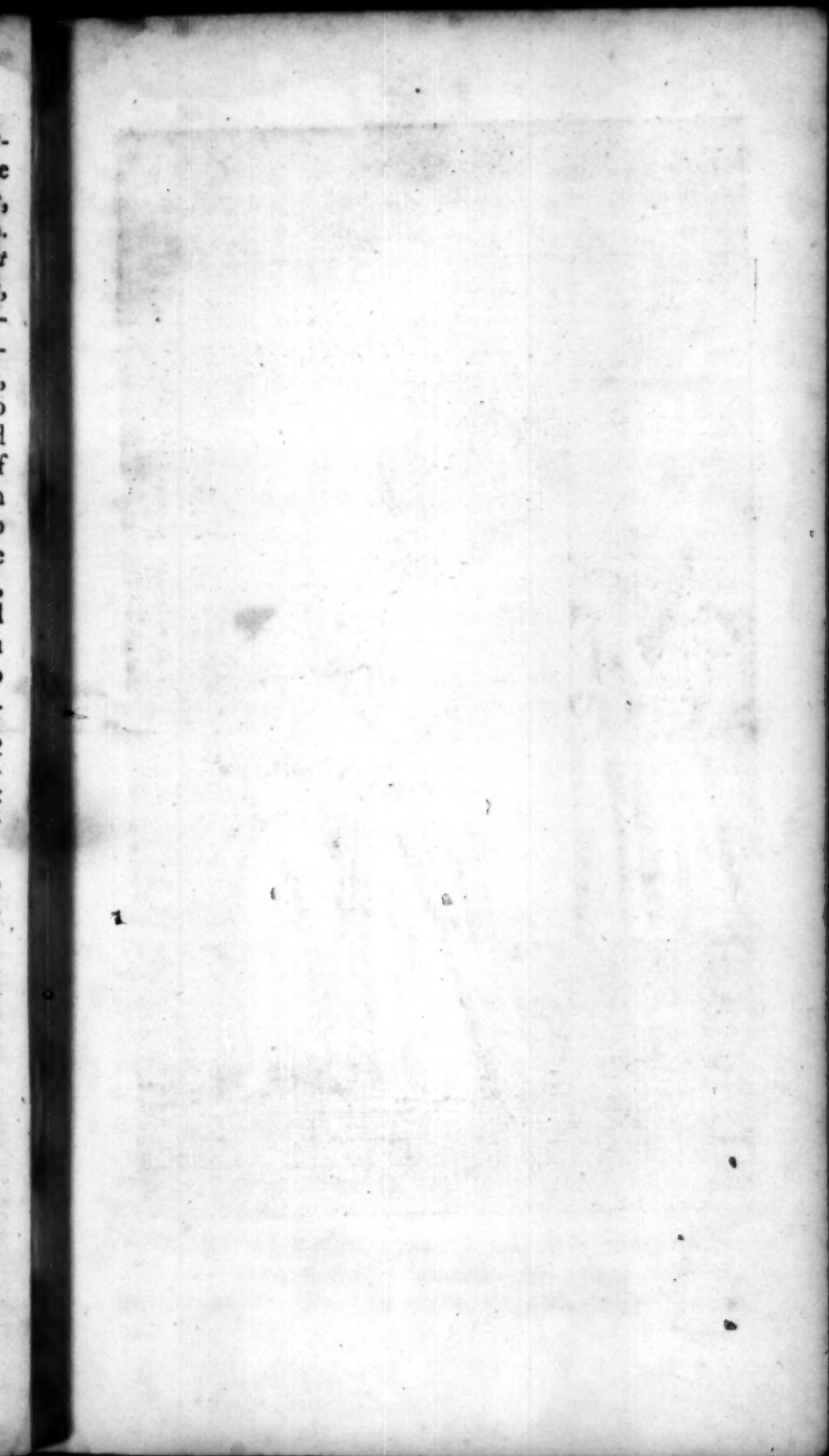
Thelamont can deserve *Urania*. Such engaging Persuasions had the Effect they merited; the enamour'd *Thelamont* promis'd to act with Vigour, and that if *Geront* should fail of confessing, as he ought, the Favour, yet by doing it he should think himself blest'd in convincing her of the Disinterestedness and Purity of his Affection. They then agreed that he should depart immediately about it; and whatever Grief it was to deprive themselves of the Pleasure of being together, the Greatness of their Souls permitted them not, on this Occasion, to express any Regret.

THE Family was soon appriz'd that *Thelamont* was about to depart; and *Camilla* and *Florinda* hastened, with *Orophanes*, to *Urania*'s Chamber, to learn the Occasion of it. *Felicia*, who had a mind to tease *Orophanes*, told them, that *Urania* found the Gentlemen prolong'd their Visit to a greater Space of Time than she desir'd, and had therefore desir'd them to withdraw for a little while. How! reply'd *Orophanes*, is not *Urania* satisfy'd with banishing my Friend, but must I be sent away too? Upon my word I shall not shew that implicit Obedience as *Thelamont* does; I shall not leave this Place willingly. *Camilla* and *Florinda*, who lov'd *Urania* tenderly, shew'd so much Uneasiness at this sudden Change, which, they imagin'd, had proceeded from some Misunderstanding between the Lovers, that she was obliged to acquaint them with the Truth.

WHILE she was doing this, *Felicia* took *Orophanes* aside, and begg'd him to accompany *Thelamont*. Charming *Felicia*, said he, I can be of no Service to him in this Affair he is undertaking, and my Presence is extremely so to that which is of the utmost Moment to myself. But, reply'd she, I am serious in what I now say to you, I cannot suffer you to continue here without *Thelamont*; you are not so indifferent to me, but that my Fame is frighted at it. This Acknowledgment, resum'd he, is too favourable not to soften the Rigour of your Command.—I'll obey you, since you'll have it so; — but, lovely *Felicia*, added he with a

Sigh, I can't tell how the Presence or Absence of *Thelamont* can be of any Consequence to your Fame, since here still remain Witnesses enough of your Prudence, and my Respect, to preserve it from any Suspicion. No matter, answer'd *Felicia*, *Urania* and *Thelamont* behave themselves with so much Wisdom and Virtue, that by them I am resolv'd to direct my Actions.— Tho' none of us but know they love each other tenderly, yet both preserve that Decorum and Reserve, that we admire their Passion, without being able to blame it.— Let us then imitate them, *Orophanes*, and by our Conduct render ourselves worthy the Esteem of two such extraordinary Friends. *Felicia* spoke this in so absolute a Manner, that *Orophanes* durst offer no more in Opposition; so joining with the rest of the Company, he said he would accompany *Thelamont*, and not return till he did. But, said *Camilla*, what will then become of the Adventures of *Saladin*, which you promised to tell us? for I am not at all inclinable to excuse you from keeping your Word. I can easily acquit myself of that, answer'd he, pulling out a Paper, and presenting to *Felicia*; I had writ them, that I might the more correctly inform you of them; but since I am depriv'd of so great a Pleasure, this Lady will oblige you with reading them.

By this time every thing being ready for the two Friends Departure, they took their Leave of the Charmers they left behind 'em, with Looks which sufficiently denoted the Pleasure they enjoy'd in their Company.—The Ladies express'd a Concern not much inferior; but having agreed to meet again at *Belisa's*, they separated, with the flattering Hopes of seeing each other soon again. Their Departure occasion'd a Melancholy in the Hearts of *Urania* and *Felicia*, which soon communicated itself to *Camilla* and *Florinda*; and there was such a Silence, as might have been taken for Grief: But *Urania* recollecting herself, and with an amiable Smile looking on her three Friends, I see, said she, the Thoughtfulness I have been in for a Moment has already been infectious;—your Friendship for
me





me has made you conform to my Humour ;—— but I beg you to excuse me, you know the Reason, and may the better pardon it. I assure you, said *Florinda*, we do not at all blamè you—we always find a Pleasure in following the Motions of your Heart, since in what Situation soever it be, it has always a thousand Charms. *Urania* thank'd her for so kindly excusing what she could look on no otherwise than as a Weakness : But, I believe, added she, till Dinner-time we may divert ourselves in hearing the Story of *Saladin*, if *Felicia* will give us the Pleasure of reading it to us. I am ready, reply'd she, on condition that, to prevent our being interrupted, we retire into the Wood. Her Friends approv'd of her Proposal, and being got thither, and all seated in the pleasantest Part of it, *Felicia* took out the Paper which *Orophanes* had left with her, and in the most graceful Manner read these Words.



*The Adventures of SALADIN, Sultan of
Ægypt.*

I Don't undertake to tell you the Life of *Saladin* ; you know by the History which *Florinda* has related to you, that he is descended from a *French* Princess. It seem'd as if Nature, notwithstanding the Superstitions of his Religion, which he imbibed with his Milk, had endow'd him with all the Virtues requisite to make him worthy of his illustrious Birth ; he was generous, magnificent, affable, friendly, a Lover of Virtue and great Actions, and more capable of performing 'em than a great many of those he endeavour'd to imitate : He was a good Soldier, great Captain, as able in Peace as in War, and a most refin'd Politician.— This is a small Sketch of the Character of that *Saladin*, of whose Life I shall give you but one Incident, as a

sufficient Testimony of the Greatness of his Soul and Generosity.

He had concluded a Truce with the Christians, and was willing to make use of it, by travelling *incognito* through *Europe*; and, in Person, to see and know the Strength of the Christian Princes in league against him. The Dangers of such an Enterprize could not deter him from endeavouring to make himself Master of the Advantages of it. He embark'd in the Habit of an *Armenian* Merchant, attended by fifteen of the principal Lords of his Court, all disguis'd in the same Manner, and provided with a great Number of Diamonds, which they expos'd to Sale, the better to appear for what they seem'd. They first landed at *Venice*, and from thence passing to *Bolonia* thro' a Wood, at the Close of the Evening they met with the Count of *Bentivoglio* returning from Hunting. This Lord seeing Strangers, without a Guide, ready to strike into the thickest Part of a Forest where Thieves every Day attack'd and murder'd Passengers, accosted 'em, made 'em sensible of the Danger they were in, and desired 'em for that Night to accept of his Castle, and in the Morning he would cause 'em to be conducted to *Bolonia*, and at the same time made known to 'em his Name and Quality. Our pretended *Armenians* embrac'd his Invitations. After many reciprocal Civilities on the Way, the Count took notice that the rest of the *Armenians* paid very great Respect to *Saladin*; and as his Person had a certain Air of Grandeur and Majesty, which Princes cannot hide, the Count conceiv'd a more than ordinary Regard for him, which increas'd in Proportion as he convers'd with him; for *Saladin* and his Retinue talking very good *Italian*, he easily discover'd his good Sense and Understanding. They soon arriv'd at the Castle, where the Countess being appriz'd of her Husband's Intentions, receiv'd 'em with a particular Civility.

AFTER Supper they were conducted to magnificent Apartments; but having an Inclination to find out who they were, from the first Moment believing they were of a Quality superior to what they pretended, he invited 'em to hunt with him the next Morning; which being assented

assented to, he had still the better Opportunity of discovering the Merits of his illustrious Guests. From one Amusement to another he diverted 'em for three Days, and was, in that Time, so charm'd with the Wit and graceful Behaviour of *Saladin*, that the Thoughts of being separated from him seem'd painful. The feign'd *Armenians* took also a particular Friendship for him, and express'd a great Tendernefs for the young Marquis of *Bentivolio*, the Count and Countess's Son: But *Saladin*, who had greater Views than Pleasure in his Head, was resolv'd to pursue his Journey; and not being willing to depart without giving his noble Hosts some Testimonies of his Esteem, he desired the Count to permit him to make a Present to his Lady, of something that might preserve him a Place in her Remembrance. This noble-minded Gentleman was very unwilling to consent, but being press'd, at last submitted; and *Saladin* gave her a Diamond of so great a Value, that she, who only expected a trifling Piece of Gallantry of no Consequence, refus'd it: But he assuring her, that he should take her Denial as an Affront, and that what seem'd to her as a magnificent Present, was nothing in comparison of what he would willingly have done in Return for their Civilities; and, in fine, insisted so handsomely on her taking it, that the Count was forc'd to make her accept it. She, on her Side, being willing to express the Gratitude and Esteem she had for *Saladin*, made him a Present of a magnificent Vest, embroider'd with Gold, and enrich'd with Pearls, which she herself had work'd, and design'd for the Count her Husband. *Saladin* was charm'd with it, and by his Manner of receiving it, plainly shew'd that the Friendship of the Giver was dearer to him than any thing.—At length, part they must, tho' with an equal Reluctance on both Sides.

THEIR taking leave of each other was moving: *Saladin* departed with his Retinue, to which the Count added a Gentleman and a Guard, to conduct them to *Bolonia* with Safety.—The feign'd Merchants desired their Guide to shew 'em the best Inn in the Town; the Gentleman assur'd them that he would, and led 'em

to a stately Palace, where they were regal'd with the utmost Magnificence.—*Saladin*, surpriz'd at this Adventure, ask'd the Meaning of it, but could get nothing out of the Gentleman, 'till it was explain'd by the Arrival of the Count and Countess of *Bentivolio*; who, willing to put him into a little pleasing Astonishment, had caus'd him to be carried to their Palace; the Castle where before they had been entertain'd, being only a retiring Place, which, at some Seasons of the Year, they chose to reside in, for the Benefit of the Air.

SALADIN was extremely delighted with this Piece of Gallantry, and express'd his Gratitude by a thousand Acknowledgments. The Count shew'd him all the Beauties of that great and opulent City. There happen'd to be a Tournament, in which *Saladin*, and the Lords of his Court, appear'd with so much Magnificence and Address, that they carried the greatest Honour of it; and nobody question'd, but that those illustrious Strangers were much above the Rank they would have pass'd for.

AFTER he had staid eight Days in *Bolonia*, he set forward on his Journey, vowing an eternal Friendship for the Count and Countess; who, on their Side, were sensibly touch'd at the Separation: And the more so, because they could not by all their Industry discover who he was, and had little Hope of ever seeing him again.

SALADIN repair'd to *Rome*, and from thence, thro' the Courts of all the *Christian* Princes, making himself a Judge of what he might expect from such powerful Enemies; this done, he return'd to his own Dominions, to prepare for War, where, with Firmness, he expected the *Christian* Army, which met with the unfortunate Success that History informs us of; our Forces being defeated and destroyed by that powerful and intrepid Foe. The Count of *Bentivolio*, who was one of those who had taken up the Cross, was made Prisoner, and on dividing the Slaves, he fell into the Hands of a Grandee of *Saladin's* Court; where, having conceal'd his Name and Quality, he was employ'd about the meanest Offices. As Hunting was the Count's favourite Diversion, he took notice that his Master, who was also extremely

tremely fond of it, had great Numbers of fine Dogs; but not being broke as our *European* Packs, they lost a great deal of their Merit. He undertook it, without mentioning it to any body, to break six of them; and succeeded so well, that his Master, to whom he presented them, was charm'd with the Change he found in them: —the Count told him, that if he would give him his Liberty, he would engage to make all his Hounds as much under Command as these six. The *Saracen* Lord promis'd he would, and set him to Work; the Count by this Means lessen'd the Severity of his Captivity, this Business appearing to him more noble than what he had formerly been employ'd in.—He acquitted himself in a very little Time of his Promise, having broke the whole beautiful Pack. The *Saracen* was so well pleas'd, that he gave him great Rewards, but assur'd him 'twas not in his Power to restore him to his Liberty. 'Tis easy to believe this News was a prodigious Shock to the Hopes that he had been flatter'd with, and that he stood in need of all his Reason and Philosophy, to enable him to submit to his Destiny; but there is nothing so much entitles one to the Assistance of Heaven, as patient suffering what the divine Decree is pleas'd to inflict: Such a Person rarely, if ever, is disappointed in his Hope of Redress. The Count reap'd the Benefit of his Resignation, and all the Afflictions he at present labour'd under, serv'd but to endear approaching Happiness.

SALADIN having heard great Talk of his Minister's fine Pack of Hounds, and under what a prodigious Discipline they were, order'd him to bring his Hunting-Equipage, that he might partake the Diversion with him: The Lord obey'd, and gave Orders to the Count that every thing might be ready. He had Reason to be satisfied, for the Dogs perform'd Wonders; and the *Sultan* being transported, would know by what Means he had render'd so numerous a Pack of Hounds so obedient. The *Saracen* Grandee own'd to him, that he had a *Christian* Slave, who, in hopes of his Liberty, had broke 'em for him; and that the first Time he had hunted with 'em, he had look'd on it as a Prodigy. *Saladin* begg'd

the Slave of him, that he might do the same Service for him, and commanded he should be brought to him. He came; but how great was his Astonishment, when, in the Person of the Slave, he found the Count of *Bentivoglio*! his Generosity and Friendship made him see him in Fetters with the utmost Concern.—— His first Thought was to catch him in his Arms, but reflecting on the Consequences of such an Action, he restrain'd himself, tho' not without Pain. The whole Court took notice that there was a vast Alteration in his Countenance, but none guess'd at the meaning of it; Chance having order'd it so, that not one of the Lords, who attended him in his Travels, was present. *Saladin* ask'd the Count in *Italian*, his Country, Quality, Age, and the Condition of his Family, and his own Estate: He satisfied him in every Particular, his Name and Quality excepted. The *Sultan* smiled at his Answers, and then ask'd him, if he would undertake to take care of his Pack of Hounds.—The Count trembled with Horror at the Proposal, foreseeing, that when he should be once the *Sultan's* Slave, there could be no further Hopes of regaining his Liberty, either by Ransom or Exchange. *Saladin*, who heedfully observed his every Motion, perceiv'd the Trouble he was in; and being willing to put an End to it, I promise you, said he, if you succeed as well as you have done, I will give you your Liberty. and I swear to it by *Mahomet*. The Count re-assur'd by that Oath, which is inviolable among the *Saracens*, told the *Sultan* he was ready to obey him.

SALADIN order'd him to be lodg'd in his own Palace; but the Amazement the Count was in, at seeing himself conducted into a magnificent Apartment, is not to be express'd. He was so far from being treated as a Slave, when he came there, that he found several at his Command, who attended on him after the *European* Manner. His Surprise was still increas'd, when going about to teach the Dogs, he found he had only the Trouble of disciplining them, as he might have done his own for his Diversion——twenty Slaves being always ready to wait on him, and obey him. He was eight Days in
this

this Situation, each of which was distinguish'd by some Present from the *Sultan*. So many Favours, and, as he thought, unmerited, made him tremble, lest they should be the Bribe to something, the Performance of which would have been worse than Slavery. In the mean time, the eight Days being expir'd, *Saladin* gave the fifteen Lords who had travelled with him, Notice to attend him, and order'd the Count to appear before him. He was introduc'd into the Royal Closet, where he found the *Sultan* alone, who looking fixedly on him, and perceiving his Eyes were cast down, as ruminating on the Sequel of this Adventure, Lift up your Eyes, said he to him, and see if you do not remember the Face of the *Sultan* of *Egypt*! Sir, replied the Count, with more Assurance, you have Features which are not unknown to me, and tho' there are but few Men of your august Presence, yet I have seen one who had the Honour to resemble you; but whether it be an Effect of my Memory, or Imagination only, you see at your Feet a *Christian*, a Slave perfectly sensible of your Goodness; the Reason of it is unknown to me, but my whole Ambition is to deserve and acknowledge it. That you may easily do, resum'd the *Sultan*, but first, added he, do you not know this Piece of Work? shewing him the Vest which he had receiv'd from the Countess. The Count felt something at his Heart at these Words, and the Sight of the Garment, which cannot be well accounted for: — A Confusion of *Ideas* rush'd at once upon him, and as he could not immediately distinguish which was real, or which illusive, so could he not assume Presence enough of Mind, to beg to be inform'd. At last, Alas! said he, how can I but know so precious a Work! I own, Sir, that Vest came from one who is united to me by Ties never to be dissolv'd; it was design'd for me, but with my Consent she presented it to an illustrious Stranger for whom we both had a particular Esteem.

SALADIN, at this Declaration, could no longer contain himself, but snatching the Count into his Arms, It is I, my dear Count, cried he, it is I who am that Stranger — know your Friend in the *Sultan* of *Egypt*,
who

who has never met with so great an Affliction, as the being ignorant of your Slavery; you should never have undergone it, my Gratitude and Friendship should have been the only Chains to have retain'd you.——

During this obliging Discourse, the Count express'd his Joy by a thousand Transports of Tenderness and Respect——this one Moment made him forget his Misfortunes, and he return'd the *Sultan's* Caresses as passionately as he bestow'd them on him. After having allow'd a sufficient Time to the testifying the mutual Friendship each had for the other, Receive, this Day, said *Saladin*, the Reward of that Generosity I found from you without knowing me, I restore you to your Liberty; but I won't suffer you to leave me, till I have loaded you with Honours and Riches in the Presence of my whole Court. Then having call'd in the Lords, who with Impatience expected the End of this Conference: Behold, said he to them, the generous Count of *Bentivoglio*, who entertain'd us at his Palaces so magnificently! shew by your Friendship to him, they of *Egypt* are not less hospitable and grateful than those of *Bolonia*. These Words were attended by a general Acclamation, each striving who should embrace him first; never was there a greater or sincerer Joy.

AFTER *Saladin* had publish'd to all his Court the Obligations he had to the Count, he order'd him sumptuous Equipages, and a stately Palace, and treated him in the most splendid Manner. I know, said the *Sultan* to him one Day, the Love you bear your illustrious Countess, and your Tenderness for your amiable Son; but give three Months to my Friendship, that Time expir'd, you shall depart, and I'll ask for your Ransom, added he, smiling, but one Favour, which will be easy for you to grant.

THE Count's extreme Desire to see his Family, would have made him glad to have had it in his Power to have refus'd him; but such Marks of Friendship, from so great a Prince, would not suffer him to disobey; and he yielded to his Entreaties. During this Time, the *Sultan* order'd a Vessel to be equipp'd, laden with immense Riches, and all Provisions necessary for rendring the
Voyage

Voyage commodious. The Hour for parting being come, *Saladin* said to the Count, all that Friendship could dictate to a generous Soul: Well, my dear Count added he, do you think yourself capable of a great Proof of your Regard? I ask it of you with all the Ardour that a true and perfect Friend can be sensible of; which is, that as soon as you have settled your Affairs in *Italy*, you will return, and bring me too the Countess, and your Son, that I may shew them, as well as you, some Marks of my Esteem: This is your Ransom, dear *Bentivolio*, do not refuse it to a Prince who loves you above all Mankind. The Count was charm'd with this new Piece of Generosity, and gave him his Honour to do what he desir'd of him; then *Saladin* told him, there was a Vessel ready, that there were some Presents for the Countess and her Son; the rest, added he, is for yourself—you may sail To-morrow, and may your Return be as expeditious as I wish it.

THE Count thus parted, and having a fair Wind, was soon at his desired Port.—But it is Fancy only, which must make known the Joy with which the Countess welcom'd her long absent Lord. The first tumultuous Transports of their Meeting over, he inform'd her of his Adventure and the Promise he had made *Saladin*; which she no sooner heard, than she was impatient he should make it good, that she might thank that Prince for all his Favours, and in particular, for restoring to her what was so dear, that Life without him seem'd only a lingering Death.

THEIR Affairs being adjusted, they embark'd with young *Bentivolio*, and arriv'd at the *Sultan's* Court, who receiv'd them with an inexpressible Joy.—He entertain'd the Countess in as elegant a Manner as he would have done the greatest Empress, only with more Tenderness; and the young Marquis receiv'd a thousand Marks of his Kindness. He made some modest Efforts to engage the Count and his Family to stay with him, and change their Religion, promising him the greatest Places in his Kingdom; but he made this Demand only as a Friend who wish'd it so, without
any

any Terms that might make the other suspect there was Danger in refusing; which obliged the Count to answer with the same Confidence. He thank'd him for his Offers, which he told him he knew were design'd only for his Advantage; and having let him see the Impossibility of what he desir'd, the *Sultan* press'd him no farther, and only employ'd himself in taking care to load him and his Family with rich Presents. He detain'd 'em as long as he could possibly; but having, at length, given 'em Leave to return to *Italy*, they came home with such excessive Riches, that they have since made their Descendants Sovereigns of *Bolonia*.

I ASSURE you, said *Camilla*, when she saw *Felicia* had done reading, that I am very sorry *Saladin* is not now living; I should flatter myself that so great a Man might shake of his Superstitions. I should have no Hopes, replied *Florinda*, that the Difference of Times could effect what Love could not; for I have read, that a great and beautiful Queen of our Religion held in Chains the Heart of that *Sultan*, and that he lov'd her without ceasing to follow the Law of *Mahomet*. However that be, said *Urania*, *Orophanes* has perfectly well acquitted himself of his Promise.

THE Hour for Dinner being come, they got up; and tho' the Repast was not attended with the usual Gaiety, it wanted not Delicacy. When it was over, not being willing to swerve from their accustom'd Diversions, they went into the Library; the Humour they were in made them prefer Reading to Conversing, each having pitch'd on a Book, there was for some time a profound Silence: But *Camilla*, who look'd on Melancholy as a Monster, endeavouring to drive away those Symptoms of it, which she began to feel in her Mind; Come, said she, throwing her Book down on the Table, let us put a Stop to our serious Amusements; I am ready to faint, I am dull and do not know why. Speak dear *Urania*, continued she, running to her, and embracing her, Reading makes me fall into moral Reflections; and if you don't help me, I am undone. *Urania* could not forbear

bear smiling at *Camilla's* Discourse; and returning her Caresses, laid aside her Book, *Felicia* and *Florinda* did the same, to please her: Since you are so complaisant, said *Camilla*, I should be glad to convince you, that the Diversions of the Mind are not distasteful to me, since I have with Pleasure and Attention read a Passage in *Philo* the Jew among his Embassies, which makes me extremely condemn those that cherish Adulation and Flattery: He mentions a Man, none of the Wisest, who said, that since they who take care of the Flocks are not Brutés, as those are, but of a more excellent Nature; of Consequence they who command over Men, and are so strictly obey'd by them, could not be only Men, but Gods. Is not this way of arguing, added *Camilla*, a most insolent Piece of Flattery? How many Princes do we meet with in History, adorn'd with great Virtues, but who were eclipsed by their Attention to Flattery; and may we not conclude, that to the Excess of this Flattery is owing the Apotheosis of so many *Pagan* Princes? Your Affliction, said *Urania*, is just, but Policy has oftner had a Hand in the Method among the Antients of deifying their Sovereigns, than the Flattery you talk of. This Sort of Adoration maintain'd the People within the Bounds of their Duty, and render'd the Monarch formidable even after his Death. In this, said *Felicia*, I admire the Sanctity and Force of our Religion; which not allowing of those Apotheoses, has otherwise as well establish'd the Authority of our Princes, that they may much more easily abuse it, if they please, than those deified Kings or Emperors could. We have some, tho' but few, Examples of Princes, said *Florinda*, that hated Flattery, and even some of the most vicious too in other things.

TIBERIUS, the most cruel of all the *Roman* Emperors, valued himself on being eloquent: The *Senate*, to please him, adjudged him the Prize; but that Prince, thinking the Flattery too gross, refused it, and by so doing, acquir'd more Honour, than the *Senate* offer'd him. *Alexander* did much the same thing, added *Camilla*, for a certain Person having writ his History fill'd

with

with Actions that were incredible, and a continued Scene of Flattery, making Virtues of his greatest Vices; and reading it to him as he pass'd the River *Araxis*, that Prince threw the Book into the Water with the greatest Indignation, and order'd the Author never more to appear before him. But *Cleantes*, the Historian, having wrote the Life of the same Prince with exact Truth, he receiv'd it with Pleasure, thank'd him, honour'd him with his Friendship, heaping Benefits on him, in return, he said, for having describ'd *Alexander* such as he really was. If every body, said *Urania*, would do themselves the same Justice, they would soon arrive at Perfection, the Knowledge of ourselves being the greatest Proof of Wisdom; and this puts me in mind of one who deserves to be chronicled among those of the most famous *Heroes*. One of our Kings designing to honour the *Sieur de Couffy* with the Sword of Constable of *France*, he refused it; representing to the King that for a Dignity of such vast Importance, it was not only requisite to be a Man of Vigour, but that Vigilance ought to be added to his other Abilities, and that his great Age having left him only his Zeal and Courage, he thought himself unworthy of it. The King, who knew him to be a faithful Subject, desir'd him to name some one whom he thought more worthy of the Post. *Couffy*, without hesitating, named his greatest Enemy. The King surpriz'd to hear him recommend a Man with whom he knew he was at enmity, told him, he thought he would have nam'd one that was his Relation, and who, I know, said he, deserves it. He does so, reply'd *Couffy*, but he's next to him I first mention'd. The whole Court admired this piece of Justice and Generosity, and it afterwards occasion'd the Reconciliation of these two illustrious Enemies. History, in making the Elogium of this *Hero*, places this Action of his above all his Exploits in War.

As she ended these Words, she was told, a Gentleman desired to speak with her from *Celimena*, a Lady of the same Village in which *Urania's* House was; and when she had order'd his Admittance, I come, Madam, said

said he, by *Celimena's* Command, to intreat, that you and your Friends will honour her with your Company at a Country Feast that is to be to-night at her House: I was to have ask'd the same Favour of *Thelamont* and *Orophanes*, but I understand that they are gone. As *Celimena* was a Woman of Merit, and Quality, *Urania* thank'd the Gentleman for the Trouble he had given himself, and desir'd him to assure that Lady, that she and her Company would immediately wait on her: If I had known, said she, that she had been now in the Country, I should have paid my *Devoirs* to her before. The Gentleman told her, she had been come but two Days, and if she had not been taken up about the Feast, she now invited her to, she would have been the first to have come and assur'd her of her Friendship.

AFTER these Compliments on both sides, he retir'd. I am charm'd, said *Urania*, at this Opportunity of diverting *Camilla*; Chance, agreeable to my Desires, will pass the Time in a more pleasant Manner than I could have hoped:—I protest, reply'd she, my Melancholy was dissipated, as soon as you had given me leave to speak. —I don't think, said *Florinda*, that the Conversation we have had, can be reckon'd among the Number of those that fatigue. —It is true, said *Felicia*, we have said good things enough to prove we know how to spend our Time. No matter, said *Urania*, smiling, Variety is sometimes pleasant.

AT these Words they all removed to their Toilets. —The Magnificence and Politeness of Dress, join'd to their natural Beauty, it might be said, there never was a more pleasing Sight than these four Ladies, who taking Coach repair'd to the Castle; where *Celimena* receiv'd them with a sincere Joy.

THEY found there a great deal of Company, and a great number of Shepherds and Shepherdesses scatter'd in the Gardens and Apartments; that beautiful Place, might, on that Day, have been compar'd to the Valley of *Tempe*, so famous for the Number of illustrious Persons who retired thither to enjoy the Pleasures of a solitary Life; the greatest Part of the Persons of Condition

tion of that Company, having taken up the Scrip and Hook, to do Honour to this rural Feast. — The Novelty of this amiable Spectacle, extremely delighted *Urania* and her Friends; in short, it seem'd as if Wit and Simplicity join'd to make this Condition appear preferable to the most exalted Rank. This Reflection was for some time the Subject of their Conversation; but *Celimena*, who had a particular Esteem for *Urania*, being willing she should be inform'd of the Occasion of this Feast, desir'd her to pass from a stately Hall, in which they then were, to her Apartment. *Camilla*, *Florinda*, *Felicia*, and part of the other Ladies, follow'd them. I intend, said *Celimena*, to shew you the Objects of this Day's Diversion—they deserve your Attention; and by them you'll find, that there are still Examples of Fidelity, tho' not common in this Age. As she ended these Words, they found themselves in a magnificent Apartment, fill'd with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who seem'd to be preparing to act some theatrical Piece. Among so many young Beauties that shone with Splendor in that Place, one only attracted *Urania's* Observation; she could not look on her without Admiration, and having extremely prais'd her to *Celimena*; Approach, *Hortensia*, said the Lady, come and salute that *Urania* you have so much desir'd to know. At these Words the lovely Shepherdess advanc'd, and embracing *Urania* with a most becoming and graceful Easiness, You'll be surpriz'd, Madam, said she, that such a one as I am should take this Liberty: But you see I am commanded to do so, and have learn'd nothing better in a Country Life, than to be perfectly obedient. You are so beautiful, answer'd *Urania*, returning her Caresses, and express yourself with so truly noble an Air, that whoever you are, I shall think myself happy in your Acquaintance. Then the rest of the Ladies having saluted her, *Urania* said to *Celimena*, that tho' that Shepherdess very much deserv'd to be preferr'd to the rest, yet she suppos'd there was some other particular Reason for her being the principal Subject of the Feast. It is a very extraordinary Adventure, answer'd she,

she, and I could wish that *Melintas*, who is here, pointing to a Shepherd perfectly well made, would relate it to you himself. The whole Company was charm'd with his good Mien, and the Address with which he enter'd the Room; and agreed, that *Hortensia* and he seem'd a Couple suited, as it were, by Heaven for each other: Neither has any thing been able to separate them, said *Celimensa*; but you shall have the Satisfaction of hearing their Story.—*Melintas* answer'd the Praises that were given him with so much Wit and Politeness, that the Surprise *Urania* had before been in, was very much heighten'd, and she could not comprehend how two Persons, who were presented to her only as Shepherds, should have an Air and Manner of Behaviour, rare even to be found in Courts; but thinking there was some Mystery in it, the Esteem she had conceiv'd for 'em, as well as Curiosity, made her, in very obliging Terms, press *Melintas* to satisfy her. The Company being seated, he began thus, by *Celimensa's* Order, addressing himself to *Urania*.



The History of MELINTAS and
HORTENSIA.

YOU'LL be surpriz'd, Madam, that plain Shepherds should have any thing in their Lives which merit your Attention, and to hear me relate serious Adventures in a Language, the Simplicity of which can have but few Graces for you; but I hope you will excuse my Faults, on the Account of my Obedience.

AMONG the many Shepherds in this Country, my Father has been always look'd upon as the richest; he is call'd *Ergastus*, and, if the Innocence of the Woods would allow me to be vain enough to go back to the Source of my Family, I should among the Number of my Relations, find Names considerable enough to satisfy those who respect Birth more than Virtue; but having

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inherited none of their Fortune, I shall only give myself for what I am. *Ergastus* never had any other Child than myself; I was two Years old (for it is now twenty Years ago) when a neighbouring Shepherd, a Friend of my Father's, saw arrive at his House a magnificent Equipage and Chariot, in which was a Man, who, by his Air and Dress, seem'd to be of a distinguish'd Rank. *Palemon*, for that was the Shepherd's Name, ask'd him, with great Respect, what had brought him thither. The Unknown took him aside, and told him, that knowing he was poor but honest, he had made choice of him to repose a Trust in, that should make his Fortune; then having caused one of his Attendants to approach, who held in his Arms an Infant not three Months old—This is the Charge, continu'd he, for which I confide in your Fidelity to educate with Care, either as your own, or a Relation of yours.—You shall call her *Hortensia*,—here is wherewith to defray the Expence you shall be at: (With these Words, he gave him a large Purse of Gold, and a Casket of Jewels.) If your Money fails, said he, before you see me, have recourse to these: But I will soon be with you again, and shall continue frequently to visit you, and when I take her from you, will reward you amply; all I desire is, that you will conceal by what means you came by her. Having said this without waiting for *Palemon*'s Answer, he got into his Chariot, his People on Horseback, and were immediately out of Sight.

THE amaz'd Shepherd, charg'd with the Child, a considerable Sum of Money, and the Means to raise much more, calls his Wife and tells her his Adventure; the dextrous Shepherdess presently thought of a Method to conceal her, saying, she should pass for her Niece, the Daughter of a Sister of hers, who liv'd a great way off, and that the Wife of one of their Herdsmen should suckle her. All these Expedients found out, they lock'd up the Gold and Jewels, very much caref'd the Infant, and gave her the intended Nurse.—*Palemon* and his Wife concealed her some Days, because she might not be thought to belong to the Equipage that had been
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seen at their House, telling those who were curious enough to enquire, that they knew not the Lord; but that wanting some Refreshment, Chance led him to their House, which they had, as well as they could, afforded him. At the end of eight Days, *Palemon* gave out, that he expected next Day to receive a Daughter of his Wife's Sister, that he had desired to have the bringing up of; the appointed Day being come, he said she was arriv'd, and shew'd her to all the Shepherds.

—Nothing of Moment happen'd till she was five Years old, I was then seven, and our Neighbourhood, as well as Youth, made us contract a Friendship. She was certainly the most beautiful Child that ever was seen, all the Shepherds admir'd her, *Palemon* and his Wife perfectly idoliz'd her, and I felt a Tenderness for her that far surpass'd my Age. In the mean time, no News coming from the Person who had left her, her suppos'd Uncle was too honest to misapply what he had receiv'd with her, and resolv'd to employ it in giving her an Education agreeable to what she was; and tho' she was brought up as a Shepherdess, he said his Fondness would not permit him to let her be ignorant of what Persons of superior Quality ought to know. — She had Masters to instruct her in Singing, Dancing, and playing on various Instruments. Such an Education bestow'd on a Shepherdess, and by a Man who was known not to be very rich, gave my Father a Jealousy; he thought it would be a Shame, if he, who was so much at Ease, and had no Child but me, should bring me up as an ordinary Shepherd, when his Neighbour went even beyond his Abilities to accomplish his Niece,

—These Reflections prevailed on my Father to give me the same Improvements as a Man, as *Hortensia* had as a Woman; I learned to ride, fence, shoot the Bow, and had all necessary Instructions in my Exercises as well as Studies——so I may say, I owe all that I am to my dear *Hortensia*, since had it not been for her, *Ergastus* would never have brought me up with so much Care and Expence. — Thus employ'd, did we arrive at that Age, when the Mind begins to expand
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itself, but still keeps within the Bounds of Innocence: — She excelling every body in Perfection, and I flatter'd with having some Advantage over the rest of the Shepherds, — we were unwilling ever to part; and when we met, it was with a Joy which shew'd itself in all our Actions. My Father, who lov'd me, could see no Imperfection in *Hortensia*, and observ'd with Pleasure my Attachment to her; but *Palemon* behav'd with more Reserve, and as she grew more amiable, the less he suffer'd her to be seen.

I REMEMBER this Management very much griev'd me, without knowing why I was so; and being one Day at one of our Country Feasts, where she carried away the Prize in Dancing, as I had done at Shooting, having receiv'd our Garlands at the same time, we reciprocally placed them on each other's Head in Exchange. This Action occasion'd an Acclamation of Joy through the whole Assembly, and they would have it, that we should keep together all the rest of the Day; which gave me an Opportunity of speaking to her, when nobody else could hear what I said. What is the Reason, beautiful *Hortensia*, cried I, that I can find no Charms in any body here but you? and that I think nobody else worthy of the Garland I have just now given you? I don't know that, answered she, but none of our Shepherds please me; and I thought, when I crown'd you, I did a Piece of Justice. — I see very well, resumed I, the Occasion of my paying you this Deference, none here is so lovely as yourself. If so, said she, then mine is also because there is nothing amiable in any body here but yourself.

PARDON me, Madam, that I relate such trifling Conversations; but they are necessary to let you know Love took Possession of our Hearts, even before our Minds were enlighten'd with Reason. From that Day, I let no Opportunity slip of shewing *Hortensia* how dear she was to me; and tho' she was extremely modest, she return'd my Cares with equal Tenderness. Our mutual Passion augmented to that Degree, that when she was arriv'd at the Age of fifteen, and I seventeen,

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it was not longer possible for us to know that a most violent Passion had possess'd our Souls; we had so often said that we lov'd one another more than all the World beside, and that Language was become so necessary to our Repose, that when Age inform'd me of the Respect I ow'd the Object of my Flame, and had taught her the Reservedness that became her Sex, we knew not how to submit to those rigorous Laws, but in Maturity repeated what we had said when Children, and, tho' we acted with more Circumspection, it was not with less Ardour.

ERGASTUS finding himself rich enough to give me the Satisfaction of marrying *Hortensia*, demanded her for me of *Palemon*. That Shepherd receiv'd his Proposal with Respect, but said, he cou'd not dispose of his Niece, because his Wife was resolv'd not to settle her in our Country. This Answer vex'd *Ergastus* to the Heart, and being piqued at *Palemon*, order'd me to think no more of *Hortensia*. I thought I should have died with Grief at this Command; but my Father being passionate and positive, I was forc'd to submit, tho', in doing so, I felt Pangs which a Person inspir'd with a less violent Passion cannot guess at—I contriv'd to inform *Hortensia* of our common Misfortune; she was equally sensible of it, and having vow'd eternal Love in spite of all the Obstacles we might meet with, we endeavour'd to comfort ourselves by reciprocal Assurances of never marrying but with each other.—The Coolness that was between my Father and *Palemon*, not permitting us to see each other often, we appointed private Interviews in the most unfrequented Parts of our Hamlet, and we employ'd the Hours of Absence in perfecting those things we were learning. The great Desire I had of becoming worthy of *Hortensia*, made me advance with incredible Expedition; and she has had the Goodness to own, that the Ambition of growing more amiable in my Eyes, occasioned her making the Application she did in her Improvements. We liv'd five Years in this Manner; she the most beautiful Shepherdess in the World, I the most faithful Shepherd.—

'Twas thought, that as we had improv'd in Reason, we had chang'd our Opinions, and no longer thought of each other: We still conceal'd our innocent Intelligence, till about eight Months ago my Father died, and left me the richest Shepherd in the Neighbourhood: His Death making me Master of myself, I publicly sought *Hortensia* in Marriage; and *Palemon* finding that in twenty Years he had heard nothing of the Person who had plac'd her with him, and knowing her Affection for me, thought he could not dispose of her better; and since she had been thus abandon'd, he might without Fear dispose of her. . About six Months ago, our Marriage was solemniz'd with all the Ceremonies that are necessary to make such an Union indissoluble.——

I made *Hortensia* Mistress of my Fortune, as she was before of my Heart; our Happiness was compleat, and it had all the Appearance of continuing so, when about fifteen Days ago, the same Lord that had entrusted *Palemon* with the Care of *Hortensia*, came to his House. Twenty Years* Absence did not hinder him from knowing him, and he was seiz'd with an extreme Dread; My Lord, said he, throwing himself at his Feet, your long Absence made me look on *Hortensia* as a Blessing Heaven had bestow'd on me; I have dispos'd of her, she is married, she is rich and contented, can you make her more happy? The Man of Quality seem'd surpriz'd at this News; but the Simplicity of the Shepherd, and his humble Posture, having touch'd him; I am sorry, said he, that you have pretended to dispose of *Hortensia*—'tis what you ought not to have done till you had heard from me;—but perhaps I may remedy it, and Power being on our Side, it may not be impossible to take *Hortensia* out of the Arms of a Man, whom she can no longer think deserves her, when she shall know who she is.

PALEMON taking Courage, told him of our Passion, spoke advantageously of my Person and Fortune, assur'd him, he had inviolably observ'd *Hortensia*'s Secret, and concluded with owning, that he foresaw there would be great Difficulty in separating us. The Lord order'd him to send for *Hortensia*; she went and appear'd

pear'd to him, as she is, the most beautiful Person in the World. The Unknown told her, before *Palemon*, in what Manner she had been plac'd in his Hands, and acquainted her, that she was of an illustrious Birth, that she must renounce a Country Life to assume a more exalted Rank, and quit a Husband who could not pretend to her; that he would find out a Method to dissolve such an ill-fort-ed Match, and that the Interest of her Family, her Parents not daring to own their Marriage till that Day, had not allow'd of her being inform'd of her Fate sooner: After which he exaggerated to her the Advantages of a splendid Fortune, and an exalted Condition; being charm'd that the Education *Palemon* had given her, supported with the Graces of her Person, had render'd her so very worthy of the Fortune that waited for her. You may easily judge of *Hortensia's* Surprise at being inform'd of so surprizing a Thing: She received the Caresses and Praises of that Lord with Respect; but immediately taking her Resolution, I can't but be sensible, my Lord, said she, with a charming Gracefulness, of the Goodness you say you have shewn me and that which you now express for me, and shall ever acknowledge it; but I most ingenuously confess, that if, to enjoy the Advantages you promise me, I must be separated from a Husband I passionately love, and who is a thousand times dearer to me than Life, I renounce them with all my Heart, and prefer to the most exalted Rank the Title of *Palemon's* Niece; since that gives me the Liberty of spending my Days with the only Man that pleases me.

THIS Discourse, spoke with an humble and modest Boldness, astonish'd the Lord as much as the News of her Marriage had done; he hoped, nevertheless, to succeed, by demonstrating to her what she would lose by continuing as she then was. He omitted nothing that might engage her to abandon me; but all the Promises he could make, had not the Power to stagger her Resolution. This Resistance making him apprehend more Danger than he had at first imagin'd, he order'd *Palemon's* Wife to secure *Hortensia*, and bid that Shepherd

himself lead him to my House. *Palemon* obey'd, and I was extremely astonish'd to see myself ask'd for, by a Man entirely unknown to me: I thought he seem'd surpriz'd in accosting me, but recovering himself, *Melintas*, said he, knowing you to be a Man of Sense, I make no doubt but you will, with Pleasure, come into a Proposal I have to make to you, and see into the ill Consequence that will attend the Refusal of it; and, as you would never have pretended to aspire to a Woman of exalted Condition, you will with less Difficulty part with *Hortensia*, who is not *Palemon*'s Niece, but a Person of Distinction, and who consequently can't remain yours. This Discourse had so very much shock'd me, that *Palemon*, by his order, told me the whole Adventure, and I heard it without speaking a Syllable; at last, recovering myself, I am very much concern'd, Sir, said I, at my having made *Hortensia* descend from an exalted Rank to mine, but Love makes every one equal, and mine will not permit me to give up a Blessing in which the Happiness of my Days consists; and whatever Dangers may follow the Denial, I will sooner part with my Life than *Hortensia*. I pronounc'd these Words with a Resolution that amaz'd him; but the Greatness of his Mind making him think it would be unjust to use Violence, he answer'd me with Mildness, That to atone for that Loss, he would load me with Wealth, and make me of a Fortune to be envied. Could you make me a King, Sir, said I, I would refuse the Crown to possess *Hortensia*. Greatness, Riches, Torments, nor Death itself, shall make me ever alter my Resolution.

As I spoke these Words, I saw *Hortensia* come in, follow'd by *Palemon*'s Wife, and the most considerable among our Shepherds: My dear *Hortensia*, said I, taking her by the Hand, they want to part us, will you agree to it? and does *Melintas* the Shepherd appear less amiable to you now, than when Love and *Hymen* made you prefer him to all Mankind? No, no, *Melintas*, said she, you are still the same to me, I come to assure you of it; I have snatch'd myself out of *Telama*'s Custody,

Custody, said she, shewing *Palemon's* Wife, and have call'd these Shepherds to our Assistance; and I will first arm the whole Country, and suffer Death, before I'll be separated from you. You see, Sir, said I, a Country Life does not corrupt generous Minds; Truth governs our Actions, let Justice direct yours; she is as much for Shepherds as other Men: Force ought not to overcome Right, neither can I think it possible for Men to sever the Knot that Heaven has in a lawful Manner ty'd.

COULD it be done, reply'd he, 'twould be a Cruelty to separate two such faithful Lovers; I no longer desire such a Disunion; only come along with me to *Celimena's*, where you shall both stay, till I can prevail on *Hortensia's* Parents to consent to your Happiness; and I promise you, before all these Witnesses, to employ my utmost Endeavours towards it, being thoroughly affected with the Sentiments I find in you both: Persons of the greatest Condition might glory in having the same. I no longer wonder that *Palemon* gave *Hortensia* to *Melintas*, his Merit was sufficient Recommendation; since, tho' I've been brought up my whole Life-time at Court, I don't remember ever to have seen his Superior in good Mien, Sense, and Greatness of Soul. These Words, spoke with infinite Goodness, remov'd *Hortensia's* and my Fears. I would have thrown myself at the Feet of our generous Protector, but he would not suffer it; and embracing us both tenderly, made us get into his Coach, and order'd *Palemon* and the other Shepherds to come to *Celimena's*; where we were receiv'd with so much Honour, that I cannot find Expressions strong enough to shew my Gratitude.

SHE was inform'd of our Adventure by the Gentleman that brought us to her, and was so mov'd with our Love and Constancy, that she resolv'd to join with him, in preventing the Laws both of God and Man being infring'd, by parting us. We staid at her House, waiting for her's, or the generous Nobleman's Return. They both set out at that Instant, and we were not long

in Suspence; for *Celimen*a return'd three Days ago with Letters from *Hortensia*'s Parents, in which they said, That not being willing to oppose Heaven's Decrees, they consented to our Marriage, and ratify'd it, on condition we should near them share the Splendor of their Fortune; and, for their Glory, quit a Life, in effect, more quiet, but not so honourable as that which they would prepare for us. This News fill'd us with Joy, and the Fortune we had scorn'd when to be separated for it, appear'd to us with all its Charms the Instant we were to enjoy it together. The Shepherds and the Shepherdesses of this Country, pleas'd at our Happiness, and knowing we were going to leave 'em, would give us a Mark of their Friendship, and celebrate the Victory our Constancy had gain'd, and have therefore begg'd *Celimen*a's Permission to give us a Feast at her House, in return for our having esteem'd the Innocence of their Life enough to prefer it to the Grandeur of a splendid Fortune: 'Tis upon that Account they are assembled: Most of *Celimen*a's Friends, and the Persons of the best Condition hereabouts, have given us the Honour of their Company, and drest themselves like us, to make the Feast the more compleat. This, Madam, continu'd *Melintas*, is what I have been commanded to inform you of, and shall think myself happy, if my Narration has not tir'd you, and if *Hortensia* and I may obtain a Place in your Esteem.

I ASSURE you, said *Urania*, that your Story has very sensibly affected me, and you have shew'd so much Understanding in your graceful Manner of telling it, that I shall think myself happy in being admitted into the Number of your Friends; and beg that you and *Hortensia* will accept of my House, whenever you have a mind, for a few Days, to taste the Pleasure of a Country Life. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* receiv'd *Urania*'s Marks of Esteem with great Tenderness, and the whole Company gave them the Praises they deserv'd. *Celimen*a receiv'd Notice that every thing was ready, and that they only waited for her, to begin; upon which she led *Urania* and the rest of the Company to a stately Gallery,

Gallery, at the one End of which was rais'd a Stage, on each side were Benches rising by degrees one above another, for the better Convenience of seeing. At the Front of the Stage there was a convenient Space rail'd in, where easy Chairs were placed for the most considerable of the Company. Behind the Rails, which were breast-high, there was left a large Space, which was fill'd with Spectators. The Place was illuminated with large Looking-glass Sconces fix'd round the Room, and in the Middle a vast Number of Crystal Branches loaded with Wax Flambeaux.

THE Assembly was numerous, and afforded a delightful Prospect, by the Mixture of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, of which it was compos'd. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* were plac'd between *Celimena* and *Urania*, fronting the Middle of the Stage; and every body being plac'd according to their Rank, the Entertainment began with a beautiful rural Symphony finely perform'd, which was follow'd by the noblest and tenderest Scenes in *Pastor-Fido*, represented with Success by the Shepherds and Shepherdesses. When this Diversion was over, it being Supper-time, the Company pass'd into the Gardens, which were now become ten thousand times more surprizingly beautiful, by an infinite Number of Lights with which the Trees were fill'd; whose Blaze reflecting among the verdant Leaves, dazzled the raptur'd Gazer's Eye, with the charming Novelty of an artificial Day. The feather'd Choristers of the Woods, again deceiv'd with this more than *Zeuxean* Art, welcom'd the quick-return'd imaginary Morn, with the soft Warblings of their enchanting Notes. Every thing conspir'd to heighten the agreeable Magnificence of *Celimena's* Gallantry. At the End of the principal Walk were pitch'd three large Pavilions, opening to as many different Vista's. In the Middle one was the Table design'd for *Celimena's* particular Friends, among whom were *Hortensia* and *Melintas*; in the two others were the most considerable Shepherdesses and Shepherds of the Country; the rest of the Gardens were fill'd with

Refreshments for those, whose Curiosity alone had brought 'em thither. The Repast was sumptuous; every Action and Word of *Melintas* or *Hortensia*, bespoke them worthy of the Regard was paid them. After Supper they return'd to the Gallery, where the Ball began. Here the Bride and Bridegroom again distinguish'd themselves by their Address in Dancing; Love, and all the Graces shone in their every Step. The Ball having continued long enough to divert the Assembly, there was let off a Fire-work, the Beauty of which perfectly corresponded with the rest of the Feast. Whilst this was doing, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses in Cadence pass'd by *Melintas* and *Hortensia*, saluting them, and wishing them eternal Happiness. This little Ceremony over, *Celimena* and all the Company led the Bride and Bridegroom to the Apartment that was design'd for them, leaving the Shepherds and Shepherdesses to continue the Ball. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* having caus'd *Palemon* and his Wife to follow them, presented them with the Casket of Jewels, which they had return'd to *Hortensia*, and through their Hands distributed to the rest of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses Presents considerable enough to preserve their Generosity in their Memories for some time.

THIS gallant Festival having inspir'd the whole Company with Joy, they resolv'd not to separate till 'twas very late; they form'd therefore a sort of Circle in *Hortensia's* Apartment, where the Conversation at first ran on the happy State they were going to quit. This Company was compos'd of a great many Persons of Wit, one of whom, a Man of Quality, Friend and Relation to *Celimena*, ask'd *Melintas*, if in the new sort of Life he was going to lead, he should have no Inclination for War. If there were nothing requisite but Courage, reply'd he, I might flatter myself with being able to serve my King; but so many Accomplishments are requisite towards compleating a Soldier, that my little Experience makes me apprehend I should not succeed according to my Wishes in that State. 'Tis true, said *Urania*, in all
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Conditions Experience is requir'd; it is not only necessary in War, but in less perilous Occasions. It is not till after a great many Years past in a Concourse of different Affairs in many Places, and with different Persons, and at Conjectures quite opposite to each other, out of all which we have with Prudence disentangled ourselves, that we can be properly said to have acquired Experience: But as all this cannot happen, but in a very large Space of Time, I believe the Life of Man is too short to obtain it in Perfection. Study, said *Celimenia*, supplies the Place of Experience, since that lays before us all the famous Actions of the past Ages. Doubtless, replied he that had spoke first, no Man ever made himself compleatly knowing by his own proper Experience; and without the Assistance of the Precepts and Instructions of others, he would go about what he undertakes but in a blind Manner. This may easily be conceiv'd, by examining the Rise and Progress of all Sciences. The first that laid the Foundation, and endeavour'd to give us a Notion of their Ideas, may be said only to have sketch'd them out, their Successors have work'd upon the same rough Draught, and by continual Improvements, have at length form'd those beautiful Maxims, which at present are the greatest Ornament of Mankind. Certainly, said *Felicia*, the Learning we acquire by Books, is more universal and more certain, than when we go by Experience only.

Good Historians relate to us what has past that is most remarkable, the Effects and Causes of them, and adorn their Writings with Conclusions and Judgments, the Consequences of which are absolutely useful through the whole Course of a Man's Life. I am convinced of that, replied *Melintas*, and that the Man who is guided by his own Experience alone, will be obliged always to have the Balance and Rule in his Hands to examine the Reason necessary for a great Affair, which will in its Circumstances very much differ from what he has before so well weighed and measured; which will make him be very often out in his Calculations.

THE wisest do not always distinguish justly, it is on these Occasions human Weakness most appears; for those whose Experience is not grounded on Learning, judging by the outside of Things, without being able to penetrate deeper, make false Steps by interpreting Things quite wrong; so that I believe I may conclude, that nobody can be truly said to have great Abilities without Learning, which is the only Compass we ought to steer by. I am charm'd with hearing *Melintas* discourse thus, said the Gentleman who had begun the Conversation, for Art implies a long Experience, being indeed a Collection of tried Maxims: So the Art of reigning, and making War, is found in Writings where every thing is aver'd to us to be true; the most part of those great Writers having been employ'd in what they relate to us, as *Herodotus*, *Xenophon*, *Thucydides*, *Josephus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and many others. No Science can be acquir'd but by Study; History is call'd the true Guide, and critic; Comment on great Affairs; human Experience is begot by Memory, and Books are the Registers of the Times: In them we may see, that the Experience of Numbers are liable to Errors, much more a single Man's. How dangerous therefore must it be for a Man to stake his Fortune, Honour, and Life, on his Notion, that the Counsel which has once succeeded, will always, let the Affairs be ever so different? What Occasions Perfection ought to be look'd on as most perfect: Experience is never so without Learning, but when with it, then forms the great Man, and enables him to give Laws to Nations, as have done *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, *Charondas*, and *Pittacus*. *Lucullus* became a great General by reading. But, said *Florinda*, Time makes daily Alterations in our Customs, the Interests of Princes differ, War is waged in a different Manner than it used to be, Things are on another Footing, Circumstances are changed, and so vastly, that as it was impossible for Historians to foresee it, so they could not leave any Instruction about it. Ancient Authors are therefore become useless, we must apply ourselves to modern Experiences. Give me leave, Madam, replied the Relation
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of *Celimena*, to say you are deceiv'd; the same Accidents that arriv'd heretofore, still happen; they are of the same Nature, tho' under different Forms. It is our Understanding that must unravel them; in which Case, he that has Learning and Experience join'd together, has very much the Advantage. Reason never fails, she always preserves herself entire: Time has no Power over her, she is Queen of Gods and Men. We know that Prosperity is always attended by Envy, that too much Confidence is dangerous, that the Glory of a Conqueror excites Jealousy, that the Advice or Request of him who may command absolutely, is in effect a positive Order; that it is prejudicial to a State to disturb its Neighbours, when it might remain in Peace; and an infinite Number of such general Rules, that have been always certain and true, that are now, and ever will be so.

ALL the Reasons you alledge against Experience without Study, said *Camilla*, smiling, very much please the amiable *Hortensia*, in the fear she's in of *Melintas's* embracing the Profession of War, if his Study was supported by Experience. She that would have arm'd the Country, said *Celimena*, to preserve her Husband, does not seem to me very much to fear War. The Occasions are very different, Madam, replied *Hortensia*: I fear'd nothing to prevent my parting with *Melintas*; but I own my Courage abandons me, when I think of his being in Dangers without my participating with him. As for me, said a Lady in Company, I would not on any Account be married to a Soldier; besides the continual Uneasiness I should be under for his Life, I can't help thinking it takes from their Humanity; the Slaughter, Blood, and Horror of Combats, accustoms them insensibly to Cruelty, and I should be apprehensive of my Conqueror's treating me as an Enemy. The Company could not help laughing at that Lady's Opinion; they oppos'd it with good Reasons, and at length persuaded her, that a Soldier might possess all the Qualities necessary to please; and that Humanity and Mercy were always the Attributes of a Hero. There have been Nations, said *Celimena's* Kinsman,

insolent in Prosperity, and who have treated those they have subdued with Cruelty. The *Roman* Politics were very different from those; they treated the Vanquish'd with Gentleness; they render'd them Inhabitants of their City, and gave them all the Privileges as *Romans*, and at length, even admitted them into Places of Trust. The *Antbuni*, the *Cenini*, and the others that were first subdued by them, were used in this Manner; and by this soft engaging Method, which they all along adhered to, they at length arrived at so powerful a State, that hitherto none ever was so solid, nor ever carried its Arms in Triumph into so many different Countries.

THE *Lacedæmonians*, said *Urania*, and the *Athenians* did not act so; they mortally hated those they had subdued, not thinking them any ways upon a Footing with themselves; which was a very great Prejudice, as well to them as their Imitators; for their Power was always kept within a narrow Compass, and they were at length a Prey to the *Macedonians* and the *Romans*. The Clemency these last-mention'd People shew'd in their Regard, had the same Effect on them as on others. *Philip* of *Macedon*, added *Felicia*, gain'd the Hearts of all *Greece*, when on the first Victory he gain'd over the *Athenians*, he set at Liberty all the Prisoners he had made; *Alexander* cover'd with his own Royal Robe the Body of *Darius* his greatest Enemy. It was of great Use to *Cyrus*, said *Celimena*, his having treated *Cræsus* mercifully and honourably, when he had vanquish'd him; that Prince was lov'd by all *Greece*, and had he been used rudely, several would have endeavour'd to have reveng'd him. The Senate of *Rome*, resum'd *Celimena*'s Relation, condemn'd the Cruelty of *Popilius* the Consul, in regard to the *Allobrogi*, and redress'd their Complaints as soon as made. The Honour of the Victory does not consist in exercising Cruelty over the Conquer'd: Glory consists chiefly in Clemency and Mildness. King *Antiochus* set free all the People he took about *Larissa*, which Humanity made those People submit themselves to his Dominion. *Papirius* the Dictator was, without doubt, a great Chief in War; but

but his Severity and Pride made him lose the Love of his Army to such a degree, that they on Purpose made him lose the most important Occasions, to mortify his Vanity, even to the Prejudice of the Public Good. I have read, said *Melintas*, that under *Appius*, the Consul, the Army carried their Hatred yet further; for to satisfy the Aversion his too great Severity had rais'd in the Hearts of his Soldiers, that, far from endeavouring to conquer, they desir'd ardently to be vanquish'd, if he commanded them to march swiftly, they went the slower; and with the utmost Encouragement, every thing they did was with Langour and Unwillingness. Happy is the General, said *Celimena*, who by his Courage, Humanity, and good Conduct, justly deserves the Title of Father of his Army, as we had a General once that did. But, continued she, it is Time to give *Melintas* and *Hortensia* the Pleasure of being together, and I believe Night is so far advanc'd as to make us all desirous of Rest. Upon this, *Urania*, *Felicia*, *Florinda*, and *Camilla*, return'd a thousand Thanks to *Celimena* for the Pleasure they had enjoyed with her: They embrac'd *Hortensia*, caress'd *Melintas*, and took Coach.

As the Castle was not far distant from *Celimena's* they soon arriv'd there, discoursing on the Adventures of these amiable Shepherds. I am not surpriz'd, said *Camilla*, that *Hortensia* is so witty and genteel, she is born beautiful, and of an exalted Rank, this is enough to give her good Impressions; but I own, *Melintas* astonishes me, and I cannot comprehend how being born a simple Shepherd he can have so much Merit. Nevertheless, this is not amazing, said *Urania*, Quality does not give personal Accomplishments, and Birth seldom does more than place our Virtues or Vices in a more conspicuous Light: The Shepherd therefore may be as valiant as the Hero, as witty as the Courtier, and as wise as the Philosopher. *Melintas* is born a Shepherd, but with the necessary Dispositions for being an amiable Man; his Father was able to cultivate his natural Genius, and Heaven, who design'd him for the Fortune he

is now going to enjoy, has made him worthy of it. Yet perhaps, said *Florinda*, all his good Qualities would have been buried for ever, had he not fallen in love with *Hortensia*. This shews us, said *Felicia*, that there are a thousand People of Merit, who only want Opportunity to display it.

DISCOURSING thus, they got home; and tho' the Diversion of the Day had very much pleas'd them, yet they were fatigu'd: They therefore immediately retired, to enjoy a Repose, that their secret Uneasinesses prevented from being perfect.





T H E F I F T H D A Y.

NIGHT was so far advanc'd, when the four fair Friends retired, that it was very late before they left their Beds, and did not assemble together till Dinner-time. Own, my Dear, said *Camilla* to *Urania*, accosting her as she came out of her Apartment, that Pleasure makes us lazy, and that many Days spent as Yesterday was, will give us but little Opportunity of enjoying the Solitude we propos'd to our selves when we left the Town. I don't know, said *Urania*, what your Thoughts are on it; but as for me, I assure you this little Sally makes me enjoy with a better Gust the Pleasure of being retired with my Friends. I am as sensible of it as you, said *Florinda*, and tho' I was very much diverted at *Celimena's*, I seem'd to be but half there; but here I am entire. The Expression is bold, said *Felicia*, but just; I am myself another Proof of it; I carried my Person to *Celimena's*, my Heart was still in this dear Mansion. The Distinction you make, answer'd *Urania*, is vastly obliging to me, since it shews you are as easy here, as if you were at home. I shall endeavour to make

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you

you so all the Time you do me the Favour to stay with me. As she spoke these Words, they placed themselves at Table; the Desart was just brought in, when a Lackey was sent to acquaint *Urania*, that *Celimena*, with *Hortensia* and *Melintas*, were coming to wait on her. This made them dispatch their Dinner, and pass into the Hall to be in Readiness to receive that Company; but before they arriv'd, a Valet de Chambre of *Thelamont's* came with a Packet of Letters directed to *Urania*; what was sent by him was of too much Consequence to her to be defer'd, therefore (after having ask'd her Friends Pardon) she open'd it, and read the following Letter.

THELAMONT TO URANIA. .

I*T seems an Age since I left you, sure Absence is the greatest of Misfortunes to one that loves as I do! and were I not persuaded that my being here is of Service to you, I should not be able to command my Grief. Pardon me, Madam! If I entertain you with the Emotions of my Heart, before I inform you of the Affairs entrusted to my Care: I hope they will terminate to the Advantage of Geront, and that I shall have the Honour of bringing you the Certainty at Belisa's, 'till which happy Moment, I beg Urania will allow some little Place in her Thoughts to him who is the tenderest and most faithful of Men.*

THELAMONT.

WHEN *Urania* had read this aloud, she look'd farther into the Packet, and finding a Letter from *Orophanes* to *Felicia*; Here is something, said she to her Friends, that will divert us, for I am sure *Felicia* will be obliging enough to communicate it to us. With these Words she gave it to that amiable Lady: I find, answer'd she, I must follow your Example, and that loving you so affectionately as I do, I ought to give you the same Marks of it in making nothing a Secret. — Pray listen, therefore,
con-

continu'd she, smiling, I doubt not but the Letter will very well deserve your Attention.

OROPHANES to the Adorable
FELICIA.

I WAS very much in the right, Madam, when I insisted on it, that I should be much happier when absent from you, than when present: When I was near you, I had not the Privilege of uttering the least Title of my Passion; I was ever cut off, either by a severe Look or sudden Flight: But now I write to you, I can, without Fear of Interruption, tell you, that I adore you,—that you engross all my Thoughts—that all my Happiness consists in your Idea;—this I dar'd not have said, tho' I had been languishing at your Feet these thousand Years—How great is my Happiness, charming Felicia! you'll resolve to silence me, to effect which, you'll write to me: Thus a Favour, which ever so long a continu'd Series of Love and Constancy wou'd never have obtain'd me, is all at once conferred by an Absence of only two Days;—let your Letter be as angry as you can possibly indite, I shall have the Consolation that you cou'd not write it, without thinking that I am

Your faithful

OROPHANES.

It must be own'd, said *Camilla*, that *Orophanes* is of a very amiable Humour. This Letter, added *Flo-rinda*, is of a particular Stamp, but of a Piece with his Character. I must own, reply'd *Felicia*, that I have no room to pretend to be offended at Declarations of Love made in this manner, nor even to deny returning them. The footing you are on with each other, said *Urania*, does not permit you to be severe, since every body knows you are to be married as soon as *Orophanes* hears from his Father. As she concluded these Words, they heard the Noise of Coaches. *Urania* immediately arose to meet *Celimena*; she was accompanied by *Hortensia*, *Melintas*, *Iphis*, and *Acantes*, who having been

been to wait on her, took this Opportunity of paying their respects again to *Urania*. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* were now dress'd like People of Quality: If that Lady was lovely as a Shepherdess, she certainly appear'd more beautiful in Ornaments worthy of her Charms; and *Melintas*, tho' he seem'd a most amiable Rustic, look'd more himself in the Habit of a Cavalier. The first Compliments being over, *Urania* led the Company into the Hall, the Sun being too high to admit of walking: We come, said *Celimena*, to dedicate to you the last Day that *Hortensia* and *Melintas* have to stay with us; they set out To-morrow, and are so sensible of the Honour you did them, that they thought they should be wanting in their Duty, if they had not come to return you Thanks. I am infinitely obliged to them, reply'd *Urania*, for they have no Thanks to pay me; for the Pleasure I receiv'd in them makes the Obligation wholly on my Side. Every body being now seated, at first the Conversation turned on the noble and easy Air of *Hortensia* and *Melintas*. It must be allow'd, said *Camilla*, that the Decrees of Providence are wonderful; for this amiable Couple were not form'd to live in Obscurity, and 'tis to be presum'd, that Heaven had not bestow'd so many Charms on these, but to make them what they now are. This Reflection is very much to our Advantage, Madam, reply'd *Melintas*, but it shall not make us vain: In imitation of the famous *Æsop*, I'll preserve the Marks of my past Condition, to prevent my committing Faults in the future. You are very prudent, said *Camilla*, and I do not doubt, but that good Quality will gain you as much Respect, as your others will do Love. Now you talk of Love, cry'd *Acantes*, one thing very much perplexes me in the Conduct *Melintas* ought to observe: 'Tis not customary in the *Beau Monde*, to see a Husband in love with his Wife, and he seems so deeply enamour'd with his, that I believe he will, with difficulty, get rid of that Habit. I assure you, replied *Melintas*, if I must be oblig'd to the Observance of such a Custom, I'll still refuse all the Advantages that can be offer'd me; for I
can't

can't comprehend why the Name of *Husband* should efface that of *Lover*; what seemed to me amiable and worthy of all my Care before Marriage, ought I to think less charming after that Ceremony.—No, doubtless, on the contrary; because that permits me to discover my Sentiments before the whole World, which one is ever painfully oblig'd to conceal before that Union. What *Melintas* says, reply'd *Urania*, is very just, and because the Generality of *Husbands* do not act in the same manner, is not a Reason for walking in the Path they do—the Irregularity of their Lives in behaving in that way, which is now become a Fashion, is much more scandalous than even the Extremity of Dotage for a Wife; and I advise him not to be carried away by the Croud, but to listen to the Dictates of his own Heart only. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, charming *Urania*! said *Hortensia* blushing, for the Counsel you give *Melintas*; 'tis very much for my Interest, that he should religiously observe it. As you will be always dear to me, answer'd he, I shall never cease from giving you Marks of your being so, in whatever State or Condition I am.

AFTER this they began to talk of the different Diversions he was going to enjoy: As for me, said *Iphis*, I believe nothing will have the Power of engaging *Hortensia*, or *Melintas*, so much as one another. All this agreeable Company were too much of his Mind to be able to offer any thing in Contradiction to what he said, and the Persons concern'd giving each other a tender Look, sufficiently evinc'd the Truth of his Opinion. The Sun being by this time a little lower, *Urania* propos'd a Walk in the *Terrass*; they consented, and being seated on the grassy Banks which surrounded it, the Prospect and happy Situation of the House were for some time the Subject of their Entertainment: I am not surpriz'd, said *Celimena*, that *Urania* often makes a Party to shut herself up here; her House, her Friends, and her Pen, are sufficient to supply the Want of every thing. 'Tis true, reply'd she, this Solitude has for me a thousand Charms; and if I could be persuaded,

persuaded, that the Persons who have done me the Favour to accompany me hither, would not be wearied with it, I should never think of quitting it. You ought to be persuaded of it, answer'd *Felicia*, by the Pleasure we enjoy here. I am a Proof of it, said *Camilla*, since having less a Gust for Retirement than any body, and far from an Inclination to bury myself alive, I have never so much as once wish'd to be in Town. This is not surprizing, beautiful *Camilla*, said *Iphis*, you are always in good Company; you have every Moment People coming here, who inform you of all public Affairs; and tho' in the Corner of a Country Village, are perfectly acquainted with all that passes, either in the Court or City.

Ah! said *Urania*, as for News we know none, it is not a thing agreeable to our Tastes; what one hears at a Distance, and from People either no way concern'd, or too much, is always enlarged, or lessen'd, and sometimes altogether fabulous: And I think no Society so ridiculous as that of News-mongers, whose only Business is to discourse on Affairs of State, and who very often make Princes speak in a Manner which private Men would be ashamed of: I always avoid such Companies with great Diligence; contented to be able to submit to my lov'd Sovereign's Commands, I obey without endeavouring to penetrate into his Secrets. I think indeed, added *Florinda*, it shews a want of Respect, to speak of those sort of Affairs; and Princes very often see their most important Designs miscarry, through the Indiscretion of their People: If they are at War, they talk of it as if it were a Game at Chess; the General, say they, ought to make his Attack on that Side; he will be infallibly repuls'd on the other:—If he commits such a Fault, he is undone; but if he makes use of such or such an Advantage, he cannot fail of conquering.—In short, all these Dispositions, Rumours and Inquiries, make so much the Entertainment of the People, that the Enemy is as well inform'd of all that passes, even in the Heart of his Adversary's Dominions, as if he were his Confidant. If Peace is made, then the
Motives

Motives of it are enquired into; and pretending to penetrate even into the Closets of their Prince, they vent their own Notions as Certainities.—Peace, say they, was only concluded on, out of such a Design.—The Alliance that is in question, is only on such an Account.—The King said thus.—The Prince seem'd discontented.—Strange Things are talk'd of.—But I guess the Event: In short, they seem some of them to make use of *Microscopes*, to pry into their Sovereign's Heart; and the rest of *Trumpets* to publish the Discovery their Fellows fancy they have gain'd.

I very much disapprove of such sort of Discourse, said *Acantes*, and I would have the common People know how to dissemble their Joy or Fear, as well as Kings, Princes, Generals, or Ministers of State ought to do: This is so disagreeable to the Taste of all Monarchs, who know the Art of Ruling, that *Julius Caesar* said, he could never too much admire the Policy of the Republic of the *Gauls*, in having forbid, upon Pain of Death, any News to be spoken of; and when any thing was to be told, they were obliged to address themselves to the Magistrates: Which Law appeared so wise, that it is continued to this Day in one Government, which is allow'd to be a very prudent one.

If such a Restraint, said *Iphis*, could be laid on the People, it is certain, the Secrets of Princes might be preserv'd; and if their Designs fail'd, it would at least afford them this Consolation, of knowing it happen'd not thro' Indiscretion. The least Reading, added *Urania*, will convince any one how necessary, in Affairs of State, Dissimulation is; —tho' *Scipio* was inform'd that *Siphax* had violated his Faith given to the *Romans*, and had gone over to the *Cartthaginians*, even while his Ambassadors were in his Camp, he very much caress'd them, and suffer'd them to depart, loaded with Marks of Honour and Friendship, immediately giving out among his People this false Piece of News, that they were gone to meet, and hasten the March of *Siphax's* Army, who were coming to join them, that he might deceive those who sought to penetrate into the Secrets
of

of State.—The Indiscretion of the Commonality, said *Acantes*, is so much to be dreaded, that *Alexander* forbade, on pain of Death, the making any mention of his having lost in an Action two thousand Foot, and three hundred Horse; being persuaded, that tho' the Number was inconsiderable, yet by passing thro' several People's Mouths, it might be enlarged so far, as to pass for a general Defeat. —It is equally dangerous to exaggerate either our Losses or Conquests, the evil Consequence being always to be apprehended; witness the Imprudence of *Terentius Varro*, who, after the Battle of *Cannæ*, at a Conference with the Embassadors of *Capua*, who were come to comfort him, and offer him their Assistance, he so much aggravated the Loss of the *Romans*, that after having heard him, they withdrew their Forces to *Hannibal*; and several of their Allies did the same. Neither is the Folly of *Furius Philus* to be forgot, said *Iphis*, who at the same time the *Roman* Senate were assembled to consult on what means to remedy that Misfortune, cry'd out before all the People, that all being lost Councils were in vain. I always thought, rejoined *Camilla*, that Dissimulation was necessary to those who rule over others; but I find by what you say, that it is equally so to those who obey. It is absolutely so for Generals, said *Acantes*; since a great Captain ought to conceal the Perplexities he is in, because the Eyes of the whole Army are on him, to find out the good or bad Condition of his Affairs; for when, by Misfortunes, the Soldiers perceive their Leader in Fear or Despair, they all abandon the common Cause, and endeavour to shift for themselves; which makes the Mischiefs they only apprehend, actually happen. —Those great Men who have had so much Command over themselves as to conceal their Doubts, can only be term'd *Heroes*. —How often has an unshaken Courage re-establish'd the most desperate Affairs! When the Chief maintains his Resolution, every body is proud, tho' with the Hazard of their Lives, to concur with him in his Designs. —Whether in a Battle, or a Siege, active or passive Dissimulation still is requisite.—

Polybini

Polybius says, a General ought to set a good Face on all Matters, and with Chearfulness disguise his Adversity. *Alexander* never appear'd so gay as before the Battle of *Arbela*; his Army therefore marched to the Combat as to an assured Victory, as indeed it prov'd. I have read, added *Melintas* modestly, that *Vircingentorix* comforted the *Gauls* for the Loss of *Avaricum*, tho' it was very considerable, by appearing not touch'd at it, and by reminding them that it had been his Advice to burn it, and abandon it. This shews, said *Celimena*, that it is not for ourselves we are oblig'd to dissemble, but in regard to the Prejudice that the Indiscretion of others may do us. For if the People could keep a Secret, the Sovereign would never conceal his Designs from them; but it being so, they ought never to endeavour to dive into them, and when any one has Penetration enough to do it, he ought also to have Prudence enough to be silent. But that's impossible, said *Iphis*, of which, what happen'd to Monsieur *Turenne*, is a Proof.——This great Man making good his Retreat from the Imperial Army, which consisted of sixty thousand Men, and his at most but of fourteen thousand, coming to the Foot of the Mountains of *Alsatia*, and finding that he could not enter into the Streights of them without being expos'd, he began to entrench himself on the Banks of a River, and whilst they were working, he riding along the Banks of the River, survey'd them, crying, Here's a Work that's as good as ten thousand Men; that there is Worth as much, those in the Centre are impracticable; those on the Right are not to be insulted; concluding from thence, that he was stronger than the *Imperialists*. A private Centinel, who saw into this way of Reasoning, that it was only to encourage his Army, and deceive the Enemy, had the Hardiness to say to him; You are in the right, my Lord, what we are now doing is only to amuse the *Germans*; for if they give us Time, we'll decamp to that Place; pointing with his Finger to the strongest part of the Mountain. Monsieur *de Turenne*, finding his Secret discovered by a common Soldier, contented

tented himself with replying, This Lad I find has some Notion, let him have four Pistoles to drink; and immediately rode away. The Man, however, guess'd right; for the *Germans* falling into the Trap, Monsieur *de Turenne* had Time to decamp the Night following, and gain the Place the Soldier had pointed to. The Consequence of this was so glorious for that great Captain, that of Sixty thousand *Germans* that had pass'd the *Rhine*, but eighteen thousand return'd, the rest being either kill'd or taken. You see, continu'd *Iphis*, by this Example, of what Consequence is Secrecy and Dissimulation, and how eager People are to shew their Penetration: By the Boldness of this Soldier, what would not have happen'd, if he had spoke before any one that had been capable of advertising the Enemy? The same *Vercingetorix* that *Melintas* has just now mention'd, sent some trusty People to meet the Soldiers that were saving themselves from *Avaricum*, who convey'd them to Places distant from the Army, that they might not carry the Alarm thither. Your talking of Dissimulation, said *Felicia*, puts me in mind of a Passage that very much pleas'd me when I read it; *Ischolaüs* being besieged, and seeing the Enemy approaching with a Battering-Ram to beat down the Walls, open'd himself a Breach, as much to animate his own Side, by persuading them that he fear'd nothing, as to terrify the Enemy, who indeed did never dare to venture to attempt an Entrance at the Door that he had open'd for them: But after having deliberated a long Time, retired from before the Place, leaving *Ischolaüs* cover'd with Glory. By such Wiles as these, if Ruin is not prevented, at least an immortal Reputation is gain'd.——This shews, said *Acantes*, that the greatest Affairs depend on the Prudence of the General. — A famous *Grecian* Captain was accusom'd to say, that he did not value having ten such Men as *Ajax*, but he wish'd very much to have ten such as the wise *Nestor*; making no doubt but that then he soon should be Master of all *Asia*, forasmuch as such extensive Designs were not always certain to succeed by Force, but never miscarried when Prudence

dence and good Counsel were made use of. The *Romans*, added *Iphis*, held *Fabius Maximus* in much greater Esteem than *Marcellus*, calling *Marcellus* the Sword of the Commonwealth, and *Fabius* the Shield; one being fit to *acquire*, the other to *preserve*: but the Preservation of the State being of most Consequence, they had much more Veneration for the *Wisdom* and *Prudence* of the one, than the *Valour* and *Courage* of the other. From hence, said *Celimena*, we may draw this just Conclusion, That it is more glorious to know how to *preserve* a Kingdom, than to conquer new ones; since often the Weakness of the Possessor contributes more to the Conquest, than the Courage of the Victor. —As War is a Trade, reply'd *Acantes*, where Fortune very much interests herself, and where the Fruit of several Campaigns may be lost in one Day, a Prince cannot make better use of his good Fortune, than in procuring Peace, which is a thousand times more glorious than all the Conquests his Courage or his Ambition can gain him. Doubtless, said *Iphis*, a Prince ought never to attempt any thing of Difficulty, when the Danger is evident; nor, tho' he be even assured of Victory, will it be prudent in him to refuse a good Peace; the Inconveniences of a long War ought to make him reflect on the unavoidable Misfortunes that befall an innocent People; the Land uncultivated, the Cities defenceless, the Villages plunder'd and burnt, the poor Peasants murder'd, or drove from their Homes, are irreparable Losses.

BUT, said *Urania*, suppose the Peace that is offer'd is on such hard Conditions, that they touch the Honour of the King and Kingdom? In that case, reply'd *Acantes*, War is preferable to a bad Peace, under which are often hid the Motives of a War still more terrible. What they call clapping up a Peace, is only to get Breath, and gain time till a more favourable Opportunity offers itself. Ministers that value themselves on being refined Politicians, always leave some Flaw in their Treaties of Peace, that they may not want an Opportunity to declare the War, on which they meditate,

even whilst they are signing; but when these Finesses are seen into, it is much better to continue the War; for a Peace that is made under the Auspices of Iniquity and Deceit, must be the Ruin of the People and Prince that signs it. The *Romans* asked the *Privernates*, of what Continuance the Peace they were then making with them would be? They reply'd, that if they granted them a good one, it should be inviolable and lasting; if not, it would be soon broke. *Herennius*, said *Iphis*, a Captain of the *Samnites*, being consulted with on what should be done with the *Romans* that they had shut up in the *Caudan* Streights, where they had them at their Mercy, advis'd that they should be courteously suffer'd to depart, to oblige them to a perpetual Friendship, or else that they should be every Man cut off, to give so great a shock to their Estate, that they might never recover it; but that one or the other must be done: For, said he, to let them go on certain Conditions, or by imposing certain Penalties on them, will not be the Way to make Friends of them, nor deliver ourselves from them as Enemies; because that in the State Fortune had thrown the *Romans*, they would certainly agree to every thing that was propos'd to them; but when they should be at Liberty, they would observe none of them, because they would not think themselves any ways obliged to do what Force and Necessity had made them promise.

CÆSAR was in the right, added *Acantes*, when he said that the true time for making a lasting Peace, was when the two Parties were of equal Strength; for then different Interests being weigh'd and consider'd with Justice, the Agreement became better and firmer. It is a pity, said *Camilla*, that *Acantes* and *Iphis* are not Generals or Ministers of State; they reason in a Manner that must make us believe they would succeed in either State. I assure you, Madam, reply'd *Acantes*, it is much easier to talk than to execute; and for all our *Theory*, we should be at a great Loss in the *Practic*. Besides, added *Iphis*, we are too much united, to possess great Posts together, and at the same time. How, said

said *Celimenæ*, would not your Union be of use to the State? It seems to me that the Friendship between the two Generals or Ministers, would make them join in every thing; and consequently Affairs succeed better. No, Madam, reply'd *Iphis*, too strict an Intelligence between two great Men, whether in a Monarchy or Republic, is always to be suspected, and oftentimes becomes dangerous, especially in Commonwealths that are govern'd by a Democracy or Aristocracy. We have several Examples in past times, that when a Man raises himself to any Pitch of Grandeur or Power, there is always some one or other, that is stirred up by Emulation to follow him closely, and often to surpass him; and when there has been a Union between these two, it has generally occasion'd the public Ruin; for Ambition, robed with Authority, seldom contents itself with living as a private Citizen. 'Twas this Reason that made *Cicero*, foreseeing the Dissention which would happen between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* by the Death of *Crassus* and *Julia*, cry out in open Senate, with a Spirit of Prophecy, those two great Men being present, I wish to the Gods there had never been any Intimacy or Friendship between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, or that it had been never interrupted! Time made good this Prediction; for *Cæsar*, who owed his extreme Greatness only to that Friendship, saw the Bands of it broke by the Death of *Julia* his Daughter, *Pompey's* Wife, and by that of *Crassus*, their common Mediator; and the Result of this strict Friendship was a dreadful War occasion'd by their Ambition; for *Cæsar* could not suffer *Pompey* to be his Superior, nor *Pompey* allow of *Cæsar's* being his Equal. *Cato of Utica*, added *Acanthes*, never approved of that Correspondence, and often said, in full Senate, that the Commonwealth would be ruin'd by those two Men. This Understanding between two great Ministers, in a Monarchy, ought to be as suspicious to the Prince. A great King, whose Memory will for ever by all the World be respected, knew so well this Truth, that, during the Life of two illustrious Ministers, one of the Army, the other

of the Finances, he had the Art of raising a Jealousy between each other; which animated them with so much Emulation, that 'twas who could best serve their Master; and to their very Death he drew such Services from them, as greatly contributed to his Triumphs. 'Tis true, said *Urania*, when those Dissentions do not proceed so far as Hatred, the Prince is always well served: But it is very dangerous when those Enmities are fomented by Ambition, as were those of *Pericles* and *Thucydides*, of *Marius* and *Sylla*, *Augustus* and *Mark Anthony*. Yet, said *Felicia*, *Cato* was charmed when he saw those Contentions between the leading Men, of the State; he fomented and kept them up, thereby preserving the Authority of the Commonwealth. Doubtless, answer'd *Iphis*, these Oppositions inspire good Men with Emulation, and excite them to Virtue, and retard the ill Designs of the Wicked. *Cincinnatus* added *Acantes*, remonstrated to *Appius*, who would not consent that the Number of the Tribunes of the People should be augmented, that it was for the Interest of the Republic that there should be a great many, far from lessening them; for, said he, the more there are, the less Power and Authority will they have, by their different Interests and Oppositions; for one alone will be sufficient to prevent the Resolutions of the rest. I think this an admirable Piece of Policy, said *Celimenena*, for there cannot be too much Constraint laid on them that govern the People, nor indeed, on the People themselves, who are without Discernment, diffident, scrupulous, Friends only to Fortune, always worshipping the rising Sun, following them whom they are in want of; yet do they no sooner obtain what they demand, than they forget the Benefit and the Benefactor. To prove the Truth of what *Celimenena* says, added *Urania*, you need only look on the People of *Athens* running to meet *Alcibiades* victorious, and singing Hymns in his Praise; and observe them another time, when his Affairs were not so fortunate, calling him Traitor to his Country, accusing him, seeking his Death, and imputing to him as Crimes, all that he had done for

for the Glory of the Commonwealth. Look back, says *Florinda*, on *Appius* accused; every body, great and small, declaim against him: He dies——the whole World runs to his House, will assist at his Funeral, honour his Obsequies, and listen to his Praises. Those of *Syracusa*, said *Ipbis*, crying out unanimously in the public Streets and Places, that the Death of their King ought to be revenged, one single Harangue changed them so much, that scarce would they bury him. It must be allowed, said *Celimena*, that the Presence of *Urania* has an absolute Power over our Minds, since it has made the Conversation fall on Subjects that one would scarce think should amuse Persons of our Sex.——True, added *Camilla*, every thing seems to agree with the Plan that we propos'd to follow here; but what charms me most, is, that we have not wanted the Assistance of *Urania's* Library, to form an engaging Conversation. When there's as much Wit in a Company as in this, answer'd *Urania*, nothing is wanting towards diverting themselves but one another; yet I believe a little Walk will be pleasing to *Celimena*. At these Words, the whole Company rising, she led them insensibly to a Summer-house, every way opening to different Prospects. There they found a Table set forth with every thing requisite for a magnificent Collation. *Celimena* seem'd surpriz'd at this Piece of Gallantry. But the three Friends of *Urania* seem'd the more so, because they had not seen her give any Orders, which oblig'd them to admire in secret the Manner she made herself be waited on; a Wink being sufficient for her to be obey'd. The Company was compleatly regaled, and return'd to Walking, after having greatly praised the Repast. They returned to the Terrass, where being seated, the Conversation began with the Sorrow *Celimena* express'd, that *Urania* was going to quit them for some Days. I know, *Belisa*, continued she, and am convinced, she will detain you as long as possible; we shall therefore, in all Probability, lose you for a longer Time than you imagine. Your obliging Fear, replied *Urania*, touches my Heart very sensibly; but I

hope, Madam, so far from staying there, I shall be able to persuade *Belisa*, to come and spend a few Days here: We only go to her, to be Witnesses of a Marriage, and to partake with her in the Joy she is going to have at uniting for ever two Persons that are extremely dear to her. I have heard talk of *Orsames* and *Julia*, said *Celimena*, and the Afflictions *Belisa* had suffer'd; and I assure you, I am very much pleas'd at the Satisfaction that *Orsames's* Return must have given her, since that terminates the Differences that were between two Families, which might have been equally prejudicial to them both. It must be allow'd, said *Acan-tes*, that *Hymen* has great Prerogatives. Alliances among private People, put an End to the cruellest Enmities, finish Law-suits, raise up ruin'd Families, or ennoble flourishing ones. Among Sovereigns, Marriages conclude Wars, appease dangerous Emotions; States are strengthen'd by those sort of Unions, they are supported, and often augmented in Honour and Power.—'Tis certain, said *Urania*, that we have seen Wars last thirty or forty Years, destroy whole Countries, the Inhabitants of them ruin'd, wandering from Province to Province, for the Safety of their Lives, dragging their miserable Families along with them, the Land uncultivated, all Commerce stop'd, Credit lost; Nations, at other times dreaded and respected by their Neighbours, become their Scorn, and in all Probability going to become a Prey to their Enemies; when he, who in his Hands holds the Hearts of Kings, has often appeased these furious Warriors by the Union of Princes, who were not even born when the War began. We have famous Examples of this in *France*, said *Iphis*, since the long Wars that we have had with *Spain*, *England*, and *Savoy*, have always been terminated by Marriages; the sacred Bands of which, have restored to the Provinces their Inhabitants, Sons to their Fathers; restored Commerce, by establishing Peace among Nations. May such Unions, cried *Acan-tes*, be ever happy, may the august Objects of them that produce so much Good, enjoy an everlasting Felicity; let Epithalamiums be sung, Bonfires lighted up,
and

and triumphal Arches erected, that their Names may be known and revered throughout the whole Earth. The Company could not help laughing at *Acantes's* Rapture, yet agreed that Alliances so necessary for the Good of the People, could not be too much celebrated. They have always, said *Florinda*, been the only Means to establish Peace. *Agas*, King of *Cyrene*, could not accommodate the Difference he had with his Brother *Ptolemy*, but by promising him his Daughter *Berenice* in Marriage for his Nephew. *Justin* reports, added *Felicia*, that *Darius*, after he had got Possession of the Empire of *Cyrus*, married his Daughter, that it might appear to the *Persians*, who had the Memory of that Hero in great Veneration, that his Scepter was rather continu'd in the Family, than put into the Hands of Strangers. *Tarquin*, King of the *Romans*, said *Camilla*, oblig'd the *Latins*, and gain'd their Friendship, by marrying his Daughter to *Octavius Manilius Tullulan*, one of the Principal Captains of the *Latin* Nation. All this proves, said *Iphis*, how very necessary Marriages are, and that without the Strength of those Bands, every thing would be in Confusion and Disorder. 'Tis that has made *Hortensia* and *Melintas* so happy, added *Celimena*; but whatever Pleasure we enjoy by being here, I believe it is Time to leave *Urania* at Liberty, to think of her Departure. On this, all the Company got up; *Urania* endeavour'd all she could to keep them to Supper; but *Celimena* telling her, she was oblig'd to be at home betimes, they were forced to part: After a thousand mutual Caresses, and Promises of meeting again, they bid each other adieu. *Celimena* was scarce gone, when a Man desir'd to speak with *Felicia*; being order'd to come in, he presented her with a Packet of Letters; she knew the Hand to be *Celia's*, her Niece, the Nun that had brought her acquainted with *Olympia*: She open'd it in a Hurry, and after having read it softly, Here is some News, said she to *Urania*, that concerns you, I shall now satisfy the Curiosity you express'd about *Olympia's* Story; she sends it me here, wrote in her own Hand: This is *Celia's*

Letter, which will inform you of what it is necessary you should know, before I read you what *Olympia* says.

CELIA to FELICIA.

CHARMING *Olympia*, Madam, is return'd hitber; her Friendship for me has made her pitch on this Place to dedicate herself to Retirement in: The Regard you express'd for her, makes me inform you of her Fate; she has just taken Vows, that deprive the World of the Expectation of her Return to it; as she is dead to it, she no longer makes a Difficulty in declaring who she is; she even thinks she shews her Humility in publishing her Adventures: And for that Reason, as well as out of Gratitude for the Affection you express'd for her, she has writ you her History, the Accidents in which will I believe appear worthy of your Attention. She desires you to communicate it to *Urania*, for Reasons you'll find in reading it: I'm convinced you will be very much touch'd with the Misfortunes and Virtue of *Olympia*, who joins with me in assuring you of our perfect good Wishes.

CELIA:

I vow, said *Camilla*, my Curiosity is very much rais'd; I burn with Impatience to hear this History. So do I, replied *Urania*, and the Reason, *Olympia* says, she has for my knowing it, augments my Inquisitiveness. As *Felicia* was going to read, Word was brought *Urania*, that a Valet belonging to *Orsames* was arriv'd, who had a Letter for her from *Belisa*; she order'd him to be brought in: This is a Day of Messengers, said she, laughing. Something tells me, said *Florinda*, that this has some relation to *Olympia*'s Affairs. The Valet coming in at these Words, and giving *Belisa*'s Letter to *Urania*, she immediately read it aloud.

BELISA

BELISA to URANIA.

DEAR Urania, the unfortunate Arimont is this Moment expir'd; the Affliction we are in at his Death, obliges us to marry Julia without any Marks of Rejoicing, and to beg you not to quit your agreeable Mansion, this being able to afford you nothing but Objects for your Tears. Our Lovers are to be united this Night, and To-morrow we set out for the Town. Arimont has left his whole Estate to Orsames, on Condition that he pays an Annuity to Olympia, whom Felicia mention'd to you: That beautiful Lady is the Cause of his Death. This is all I have at present Time to tell you. I embrace, dear Urania, you and your amiable Society.

BELISA.

THIS is a very extraordinary Accident, said *Florinda*. Then *Urania* ask'd the Valet if he was to go back to *Belisa's*. He answer'd, No; he was to go to the Town, to get Things in Readiness for the Reception of *Orsames* and *Julia*. If so, said *Urania*, you'll very much oblige me, if you will charge yourself with a Letter to *Thelamont*. He having assured her, that he would punctually acquit himself of such a Commission, she wrote *Thelamont* word of the Alteration that *Arimont's* Death had occasion'd. The Valet promised her to deliver him the Letter that very Night, and so took his Leave. The four Friends, foreseeing that they should not be any more interrupted, for some Time reflected on what they had heard; but being desirous to know more, *Urania* begg'd *Felicia* to begin *Olympia's* Story. She then open'd the Packet, and read as follows.



The History of OLYMPIA.

To the Amiable FELICIA.

I HAVE consecrated the Remainder of my Life to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe; and to you, Madam, I dedicate all the Accidents of it: Don't think yourself oblig'd to me, for could I excuse myself from publishing them, you still should remain ignorant of my strange Adventures. The Shame such a Relation gives me, is a Piece of Humiliation I impose on myself, to expiate my Crimes. You see, Madam, in what Situation my Mind is, whilst I inform you of that which your Friendship for me makes you desirous to know.

CLIDANOR and Cleontes were two Brothers, extremely rich; their Names cannot be unknown to you, since the strict Friendship there is between you and the prudent Urania, cannot let you be ignorant of any thing that relates to Belisa; and consequently you must know, that Cleontes was Husband to the beautiful Arsesne, and Father of Orsames. As for Clidanor, his elder Brother, his Fate (which none can avoid) married him to Armira, whose Alliance was necessary towards obtaining a Post of Importance, which was all the Fortune she brought him; having but little or no Estate, Part of that of Clidanor was settled on the first Child he should have, whether Male or Female. Armira was alarm'd to find herself without Children, after having been married a Year; her Ambition made her apprehensive of losing her Husband, without having an Heir to secure the Succession of the Estate to her. This Idea made such an Impression in her Mind, that she could not refrain from trusting her Fears with a Friend of hers, a Widow, who visited her constantly; and for whom Clidanor had a particular Esteem. This Lady, whose Name was Emilia, enter'd into Armira's Reasons,

sons, and offer'd to serve her, if she would follow her Advice; which was, to feign being big with Child, and at the Time appointed for her lying-in, she would supply her with a discreet trusty Midwife, and a counterfeit Child. *Armira* blinded by Interest, and certainly believing she should be left a Widow, readily embraced the Proposal, submitting herself entirely to the Direction of *Emilia's* Prudence. A Month after this Resolution was taken, *Armira* said, she was with Child, and pretended daily to suffer the Disorders proper to give Credit to her Fiction. The Time appointed for her Delivery being come, *Emilia* sent her the Woman she had promised her; and her Labour being concerted to be in the Night-time, they took their Measures so well, that *Armira* was brought to bed about three a-Clock in the Morning of a Daughter, who, I must inform you, is the unfortunate Person now writing to you. The thing pass'd perfectly well, the Execution was crown'd with an inviolable Secrecy, which *Armira* rewarded magnificently; and she had no other Trouble in the Management of the Affair, than in not having *Emilia's* Company: But she being seiz'd with a Fever, the Night before *Armira's* Labour, they were prevented from diverting themselves together with the Success of their Project. *Emilia's* real Sickness lasted longer than *Armira's* feigned one; but at length being both perfectly recover'd, they were inseparable. I was nurs'd at home, so that *Clidanor* saw me every Day; his Tenderness for me grew so great, that his Wife was surpriz'd at it, and often, in private Discourse with *Emilia*, said, that Nature certainly chiefly consisted in Prepossession, since *Clidanor* believing himself my Father, seem'd to have the Bowels and Affection of one; whereas she being acquainted with the Truth, had no regard for me. *Emilia* answered her, that Sympathy had sometimes the same Effect as Consanguinity; and that it was no wonder *Clidanor*, prepossess'd with the Idea of being my Father, should love me as his Daughter, if there was that Sympathy between us; and if so, it would have the same Effect on me, and I should love him in the same Manner.

A YEAR pass'd away in these Discourses and Reflections, *Armira* being perfectly well satisfied in having foreseen and prevented the Misfortunes which otherwise might have befallen her, on the Death of her Husband, who had but an indifferent State of Health, and was but of a tender Complexion: But the Divine Director of all Things, thought fit to punish *Armira* for her criminal Precautions, in permitting her to be big with Child in reality, and to be deliver'd of a Son; her affectionate Tendernefs for whom was so great, that 'twas a mortal Affliction to her to have brought into the Family a suppos'd Child, who would supplant her own, and rob him of the greatest Part of his Fortune. But *Clidanor*, charm'd with the Increase of his Family, had a greater Regard for *Armira*, and employed all his Care in the bringing up *Arimont* and me; (for 'tis He and I, Madam, who are the mournful Objects of this melancholy History.) The extravagant Grief of *Armira*, and the Hatred she conceiv'd for me, are not to be express'd; she was a thousand times tempted to discover the Stratagem to *Clidanor*, and had done it, had it not been for *Emilia*, who perswaded her off of it, by shewing her the ill Consequences of such a Confession; and by making her sensible that *Clidanor*'s Love would be immediately changed to an Aversion for her; and that at least she ought to wait for a more favourable Opportunity for making such a Declaration.

THE ambitious *Armira* yielded to the Counsels of the cunning *Emilia*; and disguis'd, as well as she possibly could, both her Affliction and her Hatred. As for *Clidanor*, his Affection was equally divided between my Brother and me, and our Love for him compleated his Happiness. *Arimont* lov'd me fondly, and I him; and it seem'd as if paternal and fraternal Love had conspir'd to add to the Astonishment of *Armira*, who could not comprehend, what she call'd an odd Effect of the Power of Prepossession.

As *Arimont* and I were brought up with the Notion of being Brother and Sister, our Fondness, guided by the Prejudices of Infancy, and Reason, did not exceed the

the Bounds that the Nearness of our Blood and the Laws of Nature set us. *Clidanor* blest'd Heaven for the Union of his Children, at the same time that *Armira* accused it of Injustice: *Emilia* was not like her; she shew'd so tender a Regard for me, that I found myself a thousand times more inclin'd to love her than *Armira*; whose Severity made me tremble. We liv'd thus to the Age of fourteen or fifteen, when *Armira* was attack'd by a very violent and dangerous Distemper: She was reduc'd to such an Extremity, that believing she had but a few Moments to live, she resolv'd to declare her Secret to *Clidanor*. You may guess, Madam, his Astonishment at such a Piece of News; he was sensible of all the Horror of it; and tho' his Prudence made him hide it from *Armira*, and comfort her, by assuring her he pardon'd her, yet he could not overcome the Aversion her Confession had given him for her. *Armira* thinking herself greatly oblig'd to *Emilia*, would not own the Part she had acted in the Adventure; so that my Father remain'd ignorant of her having advised her to it.

IN the mean time *Clidanor*, after having publicly declared, that I was not his Daughter, but a Child, from whom his Friendship should never lessen, ordered *Arimont* and me to be brought to him. My Son, said he to *Arimont*, *Olympia* is neither my Daughter, nor your Sister; the mutual Affection you have for each other, makes me hope that you will, without Difficulty conform yourselves to my Intentions; you, *Arimont*, out of the Obedience you owe me; and you *Olympia*, out of Gratitude to me, which the Education I have given you, and the Friendship I have shewn you, demands of you: I am not your Father, but desire to be so, and to repair the Unhappiness of your Destiny, by giving you *Arimont* for a Husband; let your Brotherly Affection become conjugal, 'tis my Desire; and let the richest, and the most powerful Matches be offer'd for my Son, I will not alter my Resolution. Tho' we were very young, yet we were perfectly sensible of the Alteration of our Condition: As for me, who was a
Year

Year older than *Arimont*, I was so touch'd with *Clidanor's* Goodness, that I threw myself at his Feet to thank him; the Shame the being born of unknown Parents gave me, seem'd to be sufficiently repair'd to me, by becoming Wife to *Arimont*; so that I took all the Pains I could to render myself beloved. Alas! I succeeded but too well! our Reason not opposing itself to the Sentiments which they endeavoured to inspire us with: We conceived a Passion for each other, so much the more violent, inasmuch as the Force of Blood created a Sympathy between us; but that is a Mystery which the following Narration will soon enough discover.

ARMIRA recovered, and was very well pleas'd with having discover'd her Secret. *Emilia*, who was one of the first that knew what she had done, trembled for herself; but was still more surpriz'd at the Resolution that *Clidanor* had taken, of marrying *Arimont* and me; she represented to him, with all the Freedom of a faithful and intimate Friend, the Disproportion of such a Match, and the Dishonour he would do his Family. But he continued firm in his Design, and vow'd to put it in Execution as soon as *Arimont* should attain to the Age of twenty. But there being five Years yet to come, before that Time, it lessened the secret Uneasiness that tormented *Emilia*; she hoping that in that Time some Accidents might happen to break off the Marriage which she had just Reasons to apprehend.

We being now brought up, not as Brother and Sister, but as being to be married together, Years roll'd away insensibly, our Love still increasing. Heavens! Where is Divine Justice? Victims to the Crimes of our Mothers, we became so guilty, that they appear'd innocent, in Comparison to us: We for ever banish'd the Names of Brother and Sister, Terms too feeble to express what we felt: We changed our Expressions of fraternal Friendship, into the tenderest Vows of inviolate Love, even till Death; and our Passion grew so violent, that *Clidanor* thought himself obliged to marry us a Year sooner than he had intended. What transporting News was this for passionate Lovers! We were
waiting

waiting for the happy Day with an Impatience proportionable to our Love, when *Emilia* sent to desire *Clidanor* to come to her, on an Affair of the utmost Importance. He went, and did not return till late, with the utmost Melancholy painted in his Countenance. A Fore-knowledge of our Misfortune made us tremble at seeing *Clidanor* in that Condition; I did not dare to approach him, but *Arimont*, more hardy than I, follow'd him into his Apartment: He continu'd for some time in a melancholy Silence; but at length, looking upon his Son, *Arimont*, said he to him, arm yourself with all the Virtue I have endeavour'd to inspire you with since your Birth, subdue your eagerest Wishes, and let Honour be your only Guide in all your Actions; I have a Secret to discover to you, which makes these Perfections requisite: If it were possible for you to remain ignorant of it, I would spare giving you the dreadful Stroke; but, my dear Son, you must know it, to preserve you from committing a Crime; *Olympia* cannot be your Wife, she is your Sister, and my Daughter. I read in your Eyes the Excess of your Grief, said he to him, seeing *Arimont* turn pale; but listen to me, my Son, and let my Example help you, to avoid the Misfortunes I have drawn upon myself; I did not espouse your Mother out of Love, Interest was the only Motive of my Marriage, I was passionately in love, and equally beloved; we have carried on our Affairs ever since I was married, without your Mother's ever perceiving it: In the mean time the Person I lov'd grew big with Child, and perswaded your Mother that she would never have any Children, and therefore, to make sure to herself my Estate, she ought to produce a pretended Child. Your Mother, whose Ambition is boundless, approv'd of her Counsel; so that the Time for that Lady's Labour being come, she contriv'd to give her the Child she was just brought to Bed of, which is this same *Olympia* my Ignorance had like to have made you marry. You may easily judge, my dear Son, that they with Care hid from me so criminal a Contrivance: So that I, for some time, brought up *Olympia* as my own Daughter: You know, that your Mother, thinking herself at the Point

of Death, declar'd to me Part of what I now tell you ; but not knowing who *Olympia's* Mother was, she could not inform me of that. It not being possible for Nature to be deceiv'd, I could not look on *Olympia* with any other Eyes than those of a Father: I at that Time thought myself inspired with those Sentiments by the Pity which her Beauty, her Youth, and the Misfortune of her Birth, rais'd in my Breast ; so that to satisfy, in some Measure, the Tendernefs I had for her, I resolv'd to marry her to you: 'Twas I that gave Birth to your Passion, I alone am guilty, and I beg Heaven, that the Punishment may fall on me only. But now I am inform'd of the Truth, 'tis your Part, my dear *Arimont*, to assist me to expiate the Crimes any other Persons, as well as you and I, might have committed on the same Occasion. This is what I had to inform you of, and what Honour and Probity forces me to confess to you: Your Silence and Astonishment is a Proof to me of your Affliction; but I cannot help *Olympia's* being your Sister now. *Clidanor* left off speaking; but *Arimont* was so struck, that he fell down in a Swoon at his Father's Feet, without being able to speak one Word. *Clidanor*, with the utmost Grief and Surprize, call'd for Help. As I was uneasy at the Length of their Conversation, I was one of the first that ran: As soon as *Clidanor* saw me, Child, said he, your Brother will be the Death of me. These Words struck me with Horror; but the Condition in which I saw *Arimont*, prevented me from asking an Explanation of them. He was, with a great deal of Difficulty brought to himself, and put to Bed in a burning Fever; I was at his Bed's head, and my extreme Tendernefs for him having made me forget *Clidanor's* Words, I took my unhappy Brother by the Hand: My dear *Arimont*, said I to him, what can be the Misfortunes that have put you into this Condition? Can any thing be one to you, since I love you, and will never love any other? This Discourse cover'd him with Blushes. *Olympia*, said he, you shall not from me know the Thunder-clap that has overwhelm'd me, I wish you may have more Strength to bear it than I; but be not surpriz'd, if I cannot
cease

cease adoring you. *Arimont* pronounced these Words with so much Earnestness, that I attributed them to his Fever; and thought that had made him light-headed; for I could not perceive why he should excuse himself to me for being faithful, when he knew I placed all my Happiness in his Love. I was preparing to answer him, when I was sent for by *Armira*: The cruel Woman had hid herself in a Closet, where she had heard all *Clidanor's* Discourse to her Son, and took a malicious Pleasure in telling me my Misfortune, without extenuating it. I was no sooner near her, but she painted it to me, with all the Colours that could add to the Horror of it, accompanied with the most opprobrious Names; and concluded her Discourse, with ordering me to get out of her House, the Purity of which was defil'd by my Birth and Passion. No Expressions, Madam, are strong enough to describe the Emotion of my Heart at that Instant; I still tremble when I recall it to Mind. Nevertheless the ungenerous Behaviour of *Armira*, inspir'd me with a Rage, 'till then unknown to me. Madam, said I to her, since I neither am, nor can be, attach'd to you, by any Ties which might oblige me to respect you, don't be surpriz'd if I tell you, that you are a thousand times more to blame than I; that 'tis you, who, by your unjust Designs, have dishonour'd your House; and that since *Clidanor* is my Father, let it be which way it will, 'tis he that shall dispose of my Fate; and therefore from him will I go and seek the Consolation and Counsels I can no ways expect from you. At these Words I left her, and, pierced with the most cruel Despair, I went to *Clidanor's* Apartment: I found him in a deep Muse, from which I waked him, by throwing myself at his Feet; Alas! Sir, said I to him, melting into Tears, what have I been hearing of, and into what a dreadful Precipice am I fallen! And what, said he, embracing me, and mingling his Tears with mine, has your Brother had Courage enough to inform you of——No, Sir, interrupted I, *Arimont* has told me nothing, but *Armira* has let me know all. *Armira*! said he: And from
whence

whence had she learn'd the Secret? then I told him every thing that had past: You see Sir, continued I, the Effects of *Armira's* Hatred; I could easily justify myself for the fatal Passion which consumes my Soul, since 'twas you that rais'd it: But I neither can, nor will reproach you with any thing; the only Favour I dare beg, is to shew me you are my Father, by taking me hence and shutting me in a Cloister, for the rest of my Life; that Absence, Time, my Tears, and my Reason may assist me in extracting the Height of Virtue out of the very Source of my Crime. Ah! cry'd *Clidanor*, again embracing me, this Demand is already a Mark of the Virtue to which you aspire? Yes, my dear Daughter, I will grant your Request, and you shall find, that never Father lov'd more tenderly than I do. Then I begg'd him not to oblige me to see *Emilia*, apprehending the losing my Resolution at the Sight of her. He granted me every thing, and that very Day had me conducted to a Nunnery, the Lady Abbess of which was a Relation of his. All this was done with so much Precipitation, that I had not time to know myself; but when I found myself without so much as the Hopes of ever seeing *Arimont* again, all my Love blaz'd up afresh, I forgot what I ow'd to the Place I was in, and what I ow'd to myself; I thought all that had pass'd, had only been an Artifice to separate me from what I lov'd, the Condition that I had left him in, redoubled my Despair. I accused myself of the utmost Cruelty, and there never sure was Affliction like mine.

My Father's Relation enter'd with Concern into all my Sorrows, and was so far from encreasing them by an ill-tim'd Severity, that she only endeavour'd to soften them by an extreme Tenderness, and endless Civilities. This Goodness calm'd my Transports, but did not free me from my unhappy Passion; I, without ceasing, demanded News of *Arimont*: The Silence they observ'd, in relation to his Health, making me conclude him to be in extreme Danger, threw me into Despair. Such continual Affliction at length oblig'd my Father's Relation to inform me of the Truth. She told me that *Ari-*

mont was well, that *Emilia* was dead, and in return for Services, she said she had receiv'd from *Clidanor*, she had left a considerable Sum of Money to my Brother : That her Death had been so sudden, that *Clidanor* imputed it to Hatred and Artifice, and that the Thoughts of it had made him fall sick himself, and that there were but little Hopes of his Life. I then was thoroughly sensible of all my Misfortunes ; I did not doubt but *Emilia* had been poison'd, and I was convinced that the Death of *Clidanor* would deprive me of the only Friend I wanted : But admire, Madam, the Weakness of Mankind ! In the midst of my Troubles on such just Accounts, I found my self a thousand times more sensible of *Arimont*'s seeming to have forgot me ; and what ought to have cured my Passion, only increased it. You will, without doubt, Madam, be surpriz'd to find me persist in my Tenderness, when I knew it must be criminal, *Arimont* being my Brother ; but when you reflect with Coolness on the principal Causes of Things, you'll find that 'tis much easier to pass from fraternal Friendship to Love, than to change Love into a Tenderness of Blood : Nature by stirring up our Inclinations, seems to prepare a Way for something greater ; the Prejudice of Infancy alone puts Bounds to it. That Prejudice once overcome, the remaining Fund of Tenderness has but a Step to take to become Love : Desires and Hopes add to it, and nourish it ; and this Passion, join'd to the Strength of Blood, becomes so strong, that Reason cannot overcome it but with the utmost Difficulty ; neither have I the Vanity to think that mine has arriv'd to that. I attribute the present State of my Heart only to Heaven, which finding in my Will what I wanted in Power, has been pleas'd to supply it with a superior Strength to restore me to my Innocence : But I should not so soon inform you of what I am at present, having still to tell you what I was for a long time.

I PASS'D five Months in Sorrow and Affliction, and if I dared to say it, in Jealousy ; always believing that some other Object had banish'd me out the Heart of *Arimont* : At the End of that time, they thought themselves

selves obliged to inform we that *Clidanor* was dead, and that both *Armira* and *Arimont* were ignorant of the Place of my Retreat; and equally made Enquiries after it, doubtless with different Intentions. This News waked my sleeping Virtue, convinced that *Arimont* still loved me, since he endeavour'd to find me out. My Jealousy vanished, and my Reason made me, with Terror, see the Danger of falling either into his Hands, or those of *Armira*. I ask'd Advice of the Lady Abbess, to whose Care I was committed: She assured me, she would never deliver me up either to one or the other; that my Father, just before his Death, had begg'd her to take as great Care of me as of herself, and had sent her by a secret Conveyance, more than enough to make me easy in the State I was in; but that she did not think proper to keep me with her, because that House was too near *Armira*, and that sooner or later she would discover me. Therefore to avoid the ill Effects of her Hatred, she had resolv'd to send me to a Sister of hers, who governed such another House as hers: That she had writ to her to inform her of all the Consequences of the Trust she was going to repose in her, and that she only waited for her Answer before she sent me. What she told me was a great Comfort to me, and having tenderly thanked her for her Goodness to me, I begg'd her to continue it, assuring her that my most earnest Endeavours should be to deserve it. As she had always found me of a gentle Disposition, which had made her treat me in my melancholy Condition without Rigour, so she made no Scruple to believe the Sincerity of my Promises.

I WAITED with Impatience for the Moment which was to carry me from a Place inhabited by *Armira* and *Arimont*. When one Day walking in the Gardens belonging to the House, and amusing myself in seeing a Wall rebuilt, which join'd to a Door, that opened upon a great Road, I perceiv'd several Men on horseback going along. As the Door was taken off the Hinges, and the Breach in the Wall very large, they as easily saw me as I them; upon which one of them ordered the rest to stop.—These Words made me resolve to fly, but I could

could not do it soon enough to prevent two of them from being so near as to seize me; one of them took me in his Arms, and, notwithstanding my Cries, regained the high Road; I heard several Pistols go off behind me, and had given over any Hopes of Assistance, when I found him that held me and his Company attack'd by an equal Number of Men. He that was at the Head of them, with Pistol in Hand, commanded my Ravisher to release me; who answer'd him by firing his: But having miss'd his Blow, my valiant Deliverer seiz'd on the Bridle of his Horse, and clapping his Pistol close to his Head, dispatched him. He no sooner saw him stagger, than snatching me from him, he placed me before him, making a Sign to his Attendants to follow him: They had engag'd the rest of them, but seeing their Leader with his Prey, making off with full Speed, they join'd him, and did the same. As for me, their Combat had so terrified me, that I was in a Swoon when my Deliverer took me in his Arms: He did not endeavour to bring me to myself, but made the best of his way to a House, which in all Probability he was assured of. My Ravishers pursued him for some time, but having lost Sight of him, and their Leader being dead, they did not think proper to venture another Combat, for Interests entirely indifferent to them; so that the Unknown, who had freed me, got thither without Danger. I had forgot to tell you, Madam, that the Leader of my Ravishers was bare-faced, but entirely unknown to me; and that my Deliverer being mask'd, I could not discover who he was. As soon as he was in Safety, he employed all his Cares to fetch me to myself; in which he succeeded, and I recovered my Senses: As he cry'd *Olympia*, my dear *Olympia*, am I then once more permitted to see you! the Sound of his Voice made me open my Eyes, and I knew the unfortunate *Arimont*. Joy, Fear and Shame, had like to have made me relapse, but making an Effort on myself, and disentangling myself from the Arms of *Arimont*; Add not to the Horror of our Fate, Sir, said I to him, by Transportsequally offensive to Honour and Nature; if you would have me
take

take as an Obligation, the Service you have just done me, convince me that I rather owe it to the Tenderness of a Brother, than to the blind Passion of a Lover ; for I cannot think you would take the Title of a Ravisher with regard to me ; your Virtue and mine convinces me of the contrary. You do me Justice, answer'd he, and tho' I cannot drive from my Heart Sentiments that make me shudder, yet my Passion does not deprive me of my Reason so far, as to make me desirous of rendering you an Accomplish'd of my Crime ; I don't seek to offend you, but to guard you from an Enemy, which the Laws of Nature prevent my freeing you from. Would to Heaven, I could in every thing observe them. I have neglected nothing these three Months to find out where you were, not with a Design of entertaining you with a Passion which we ought for ever to subdue, but to restore you what I can't but know *Emilia* design'd for you since she left it to me, convinc'd that my Father had it not in his Power to do as much for you as he would have done. I was willing to contribute to your Ease in that point, by adding my Estate to what *Emilia* had left you ; and had made all possible Enquiries after you, but to no effect ; when the Day before Yesterday a Man belonging to me, whose Fidelity I have experienced, came and gave me notice that *Armira* had prevailed on her Steward, with the Promise of a great Reward, to run away with you ; and that he being pretty well acquainted with my Informer, had propos'd to him to be one of those who were to support him in that Enterprize ; to which he had consented on purpose that he might have it in his Power to serve me : That he had endeavour'd to have got out of him at what place you was, but that was what the Steward would not discover, assuring him he had not told it to any that was to accompany him, and that he had taken that Precaution, that it might not be in the Power of any one's Indiscretion to prejudice his Design, and that the Execution of it was fix'd for this Day. I gave Heaven Thanks for this Discovery ; encouraging the Man to be faithful to me ; and having told him that I would follow him near enough
not

not to miss of him, he returned to *Armira's* Steward. As for me, I provided myself with as many Friends as he had Men; and this Morning having notice that he was setting out, I went out alone, and repair'd to a neighbouring House where my People waited for me, and from whence I could see the Road your Ravishers were to take: Every thing happened as I intended it should, I saw my Man with the Steward at the Head of his Troop; I follow'd with mine, and observ'd his Motions so well, that by By-roads I pursued him to the Cloister, where I saw them stop. As they halted, so did we, but far enough off to prevent their discovering us: I had not waited a quarter of an Hour, when I saw the Steward making off full Speed, and my Man by his side; I made no doubt but that he had got you in his Power, so without losing time, we mask'd ourselves, and pursued them so diligently, your Cries still guiding us, that at length we overtook you: You know the rest, dear *Olympia*, and I have nothing more to add, than to assure you, that I will attempt nothing contrary to your Glory, which is a thousand times dearer to me than my own Life, and that my Virtue is as great as my Love.

I COULD not hear the latter End of *Arimont's* Discourse without shedding Tears: His Virtue weaken'd mine, which I believe would have been stronger, had his been less: I would have ceas'd loving him, but apprehended, with Dread, his loving me no more; nevertheless I had Command enough over myself, to hide from him such extraordinary Sentiments. I thank'd him for the Succour he had given me, and for his Goodness in being willing to provide for me with regard to my Fortune: I begg'd him not to strip himself of his own Estate; that what *Emilia* had left him, would be sufficient to enable me to spend my Days in a Cloister, and that the last Favour I had to beg of him, was to carry me back again to that from whence I had been taken.

THE House in which we were, belonging to a Friend of his, one of my Deliverers, he order'd a Coach to be got ready, and putting me into it, himself and his Friends attending on horseback, I return'd safe, without

out any Accident to the Nunnery. All this Adventure had happen'd in five Hours, so that I found the House still alarm'd with the Loss of me: *Arimont* led me to the Lady Abbess, who was extremely rejoiced to see me. I inform'd her of what had pass'd, and found so much Satisfaction in praising *Arimont*, that I extol'd his Virtue to her in such a Manner, that she easily perceiv'd, he was not so indifferent to me as he ought to have been; nevertheless she thank'd him, and prais'd his Generosity. They then concerted Measures proper to secure to me the Wealth he was desirous of restoring; and the Conversation turn'd upon Interest entirely, without any Mention of the Sentiments of our Hearts; but when we were to part, they then waked with so much Impetuosity, that there was no Mark left of the Virtue I had so much boasted of. *Arimont's* Despair was so great, that it occasion'd mine; and never was any one so much embarrass'd as the Lady Abbess, at seeing the Excess of our Sorrow; but yet she did not fall from her Character, but by Discourses, full of true Wisdom, calm'd our Transports. *Arimont* begg'd her to tell him, where I was to go when I left her House; but she refus'd him, promising him, that he should hear News of me, through her: Thus we parted, between Hope and Fear of never meeting more. The next Day I set out for the Place, where the Sister to *Clidanor's* Relation was Governess, and it was there I contracted a Friendship with the amiable *Julia*, your Niece; the Affection I had for her made me, without Difficulty, consent to be seen by you, tho' I knew you came from a Town where you might have heard mention of me. I was in that House treated with the same Gentleness, and had the same Regard shewn me, as at the other: The Lady Abbess alone knew my Adventures and Birth. But whatever Care was taken to conceal me, *Arimont*, once more, discover'd my Place of Refuge; and I was forced to seek a Retreat absolutely unknown, lest, being expos'd to the Sight of him, I might lose the Fruit I expected, from the Efforts my Reason every Day made on my Tenderness. I left therefore this Nunnery, and shut myself up in a

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Solitude,

Solitude, where I was well assured I should not be sought for; it was a Farm, belonging to a Lady that was retir'd into the House from whence I came; it was inhabited only by the Farmer and his Wife, who rented it of her. This Place seem'd to have been made on purpose to be unknown to the rest of the World: The House was in the middle of a thick Forest, more like an Hermitage than a Farm, surrounded with Rocks and Mountains. I repair'd to this Place with two young Women Attendants that the Lady Abbess had allotted me; and pretended to be a Relation of hers. I spent four Years in this Retreat, with a great deal more Tranquility than I could have expected. I often heard from both the Houses where I had been; they inform'd me of the Death of *Armira*, and the Confession she had made at her Death, of the carrying away of *Orsames*. I admired her boundless Ambition, and *Arimont's* Probity; but what was most surprizing to me, was my own Sentiments: For, Madam, *Arimont's* Proceeding with *Belisa* charm'd me; not as an interested Lover, but as a Sister attentive to his Glory. I read his Name in the Letters I receiv'd, and could even pronounce it without blushing, as I used to do. This Alteration strengthen'd my Reflections, and I at length repented my having had so long time contrary Sentiments: I gave Thanks to Heaven, and finding myself strong enough to persist in my Resolutions, and having nothing more to fear from *Armira*, I desired to return to the Nunnery where *Celia* was; but they would not as yet admit me, that I might be still better fortified.

I CONTINUED six Months longer in my Retreat; when, as a last piece of News to crown all, they sent me word that *Orsames* was returned, and of the Friendship between him and *Arimont*: And as this took up the Time of the latter very much, I might embrace this Opportunity of returning. I readily complied, and re-enter'd into my Nunnery with extreme Joy, and I was receiv'd with the same: And as *Arimont* and *Clidanor's* Relation had secured to me what *Emilia* had left, and that I could dispose of it where I pleased, I resolv'd to

bestow it on the Nunnery where I was, and to enter into their Way of Living, by taking Vows, which might for ever hide me from the rest of the World: I had now pass'd my Year of Probation, during which time, my Resolution and Reason improved, and I got Strength enough even to see the unhappy *Arimont*, who desir'd it so earnestly, that it was not thought proper to refuse him such a Satisfaction, especially as there was nothing to be fear'd on my side. I received him as a Brother, who was entirely dear to me, and to whom I was infinitely obliged; but I did not dare to express too much Tenderness, lest I should have given him an Opportunity to have shewn his. He saw the Constraint I put upon myself, and regulating his Behaviour accordingly, he hid from me as much as possible the Affliction of his Soul: He told me the History of *Orsames* and *Julia*, and I entertain'd him with the Satisfaction I enjoy'd in my Retreat. Thus our Interview pass'd in a mutual Confidence in each other, notwithstanding the Constraint we both put upon ourselves. *Arimont* desired me to let him know the Day I was to make my Vows on; which I promis'd him, and so we parted.

As the Part I acted was very proper for me as well in regard to the Misfortune of my Birth, as to the Error I had been guilty of; so I should have been very well pleas'd if my Brother would have enter'd into some Engagement, which might have taken from him, as well as me, all past Remembrance of our unhappy Adventures; but it was not decent for me to propose such a thing to him; it might have drawn upon me an Answer perhaps offensive to my Intentions, and I was not so well-assured of myself, but that I apprehended his Refusal might either give me Satisfaction, or else his Consent be an Affliction to me: So I got his Relation to propose it to him, and she even offer'd him a very advantageous Match. But he begg'd her not to press him on that Head; Content yourself Madam, said he to her, with what Reason has made me do, in relation to *Olympia*; my Heart cannot admit of any other Object; I admire her Virtue, and esteem her a thousand times

times the more for it: I praise her Change, and her Resolution; but it is impossible for me to imitate her; all that I can do, is not to let her discover any Tokens of my Despair. This is all that could be got from him. I was extremely touch'd at the Situation his Mind was in; but as the State of mine was a Work of five Years, my Concern did not retard my Resolution. It is now eight Days since I put my happy Design in Execution, by dedicating myself for ever to him, on whom alone depends the Felicity of Mankind. I gave *Arimont* notice of it, according to my Promise; but hearing no News of him, I apprehend something that is dreadful: I pray incessantly to Heaven for him, and pour forth my most ardent Vows for the Return of his Reason and Tranquility.

You see, Madam, the State of my Heart at present; you have known it so full of Grief and Uneasiness, that I thought myself oblig'd to acquaint you with the Alteration; at the same time assuring you, that there is not the least in the Esteem and Friendship with which you have inspired

OLYMPIA.

I DON'T believe, said *Urania*, seeing *Felicia* had done reading, there was ever any Adventure more surprizing than this of *Olympia*. It is the more so, added *Florinda*, because it inspires us with compassionate Admiration. True, said *Camilla*, so much Virtue shines throughout it, notwithstanding the most passionate and least pardonable Passion, that we cannot but pity *Olympia* and *Arimont* as two unfortunate Lovers. I am so affected with it, said *Felicia*, that I almost accuse Fate with Injustice; I would have given any thing, that they had at last prov'd not Brother and Sister. I was in hopes that it might have ended so, reply'd *Urania*; but as *Olympia* does not relate a Fiction, we must be contented with the Truth of it as it is. What troubles me most, said *Camilla*, is *Arimont's* Death; it is plain *Olympia* does not know it, because she takes no notice of it; and I am pierc'd with Grief when I think of the

Heart-breaking News that it will be to her; but I cannot comprehend why she desired *Urania* should be inform'd of her Adventures. Her Reason is very easy to be guess'd, reply'd she: *Olympia* knows of my Intimacy with *Belisa*, that *Arimont* being at her House, I might with Ease find an Opportunity to tell him of what I knew concerning her; the Fear of expressing too much Sensibility, prevented her mentioning it in her Narration. As for informing her of his Death, It must be done by some body else, for I shall not charge myself with so melancholy a Commission.

PERHAPS, said *Felicia*, *Olympia* had that in View, but I rather believe she had some stronger Motive; for knowing *Urania* to be an Acquaintance of *Belisa*, she thought it very probable that she might know *Arimont*'s History, and consequently her pretended Crime; which made her be willing to inform her of the Truth of the Matter, that she might recover the Esteem so extraordinary a Passion might have made her forfeit. The Circumstances, reply'd *Urania*, take off from the Horror of it; and I think *Olympia* as worthy of Admiration in her Change, as she was of Pity, where she was blinded with her Love. There have been such Passions heretofore, added *Florinda*, but they could only raise up Indignation, as they ow'd their Birth to Vice. There is something in this natural, and yet uncommon, that we hear it without Horror, and can't help being touch'd at it. Here you see the Strength of Virtue, said *Felicia*. Yet, said *Camilla*, what now appears to be a monstrous Crime, was in former Times the Custom. The *Egyptians* thought no Alliances so agreeable, as what were in their own Families; and great Numbers of their Kings were married to their Sisters.

WHAT you say is very true, said *Felicia*; but as there is no Law, or Religion, but what Time refines, under the Reign of *Ptolemy* the Great, the same People detested what their Predecessors allow'd of: That Prince having a long time winked at the wicked Inclinations of *Ceraunus*, his eldest Son, could not stifle the Horror, his ravishing the Princess his Sister, filled him with;
and

and this last Crime determined him in the Resolution of crowning *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, his second Son, during his Life-time. It is certain, said *Camilla*, that most of those who have made Laws, have rather followed their Passions than Justice. Ambition, Hatred, and Love, have been the Law-givers among Men. I don't condemn your Idea, reply'd *Urania*; but as there have been Men truly wise, whose Conduct has been intirely regulated by Justice and Equity, we must listen to what they have prescribed, and not hearken to those who have strayed from the Paths they had shewn them. This is what ought to be, said *Florinda*, but when the Laws in force are found repugnant to our Inclinations, we then look up to past Ages, for favourable Examples that may authorize our Passions and Weaknesses.——Have not the Heathens great Reason to believe that very Thing was allowable in them, in reading the Works of *Ovid*, and may not they with Justice imagine, that the Disorderliness of the Gods excuses that of Men? This might have been, answer'd *Felicia*, if the Heathens had been Masters of that Understanding they have boasted since; but they had enough, especially in the time of that illustrious *Roman*, to know that his Metamorphoses contain'd divine Morals, and that in playing upon their Gods, he ridiculed much more the Credulity of Men. Now you have mention'd *Ovid*, interrupted *Camilla*, I must read a Letter directed to him: I don't know whether it is a Translation or an Invention, but I think it worthy of your Attention. I had it from a Person of Learning, who very much esteem'd it. This is it, added she.

CIPARISSA to OVID.

I Am surprized, *Ovid*, that so fine an Understanding, and sublime a Genius as yours, should make Gods more vicious than Men. If it is designed as a Satire on the Worship that is paid them at Rome and in Greece, I do not think it becomes a Roman Knight to censure his Religion, only to shew us the Extent and Depth of his

Wit. Cannot you give us more venerable Divinities than those of your Metamorphoses? But especially ought you not to be favourable to your own Sentiments in the Fable of Venus? Is it possible that so great a Man as Ovid, who so well understands the Art of Pleasing, and has so perfectly well treated on that of Loving, should make the Mother of Love, the Divinity of his imaginary Heaven, the most abandon'd of her Sex? Would not your Pen have acquir'd as much Glory, in speaking the Truth, or at least Probabilities? Were the Charms of the Fable requisite towards enchanting us? Why did not you rather pretend that Venus was Daughter to one of the first Kings of the Earth; that the Men of that Age, having nothing but the Dictates of Nature, were ignorant of what Choice or a Taste was; but that gratifying their Necessities without Delicacy, like the Brutes they were at war with, mixing without Distinction, and multiplying blindly, the Fathers did not know their Children, nor the Women their Husbands. This Venus, whom Heaven had endowed with a most divine Beauty, finding in herself different Notions than were in her Contemporaries, had form'd the Design of teaching them a Union much more perfect than what they had. That this Princess; inspired by the Supreme Beings, had assembled together the Women that possessed the most Charms, and that knowing her own Sex more easy to be persuaded than the Men, had began publishing her Precepts to them, convinced that Men should soon learn if they would but give themselves the Trouble of instructing them. That Princess set forth the Horror of giving themselves up to the Laws of Nature, without the Heart's being any ways concern'd; which being the noblest Part of Man ought to govern all the Actions of their Lives: That since that inspired them with Courage, Generosity, and a Thirst for Fame, it might also give them a softer Passion, which would compleat their Felicity. In order to which, they must each of them make a Choice, but with Caution and Taste, governed by the natural Sympathy that should make them incline to one Object sooner than another; that this Sympathy would soon form Sentiments
which

which should be called Love, which Love would produce Delicacy, which was alone the Source of all Pleasures. That she imagined Wit, and Beauty, sufficient to captivate those they should pitch on; with which Assistance they would give more certain and lively Wounds to the Men, than their Arrows did to the Brutes. That if the Men should not approve of this Union, they should immediately refuse them their Company, persuaded that since the World could not subsist without them, they would be forced to obey what Larus they should please to lay on them, rather than not possess them. That these Lessons, being often repeated, had been attended with as sudden an Effect as Venus had promised herself; and in concert with her beautiful Disciples, they attacked the Men with Charms that fired their Souls, who found themselves animated with an Ardour, not for Glory or Ambition, but with something that comprehended both those Passions: That the same Sympathy governing their Hearts, as well as they that attacked them, each made their Choice according as they had been wounded; from which Moment, Mortals began to know no greater Felicity than Loving, and being beloved. That this Princess Venus, being Inventress of this delicate Notion, which she had named Love, was looked upon as the Mother of it; and of the Graces, because she was assisted by the most beautiful Women of her Time. That this mutual Engagement had been found so beautiful, that they who embraced it made a God of it, with a Bandage before it's Eyes, to shew that it is a Sentiment, the Force of which is invincible; and made a Goddess of her, that had first drawn the Heart out of the Chaos it was wrapped in. By this probable Story, O gallant Ovid, you would have made the Deity you have so often sacrificed, to be respected; and perhaps the Delicacy would have had such an Effect upon you, as to prevent your being the most inconstant of Men. If you could have been a Lover, without being a Debauchee, you would have formed a Venus, and Mother of Love, without painting her vicious. Forgive, illustrious Roman, the Criticism of a Woman, whom you have not scorned to

teach; and who has, by reading your divine Works, become more learned and nice, than by all the Care that Augustus and Livia took of her Education.

THIS Work, said *Urania*, is of a very singular Goust; the Idea of it appears to me to be entirely new: She that compos'd it seems to accuse *Ovid* for following his own Temper more than Reason, and would persuade us, that in all Writings there enters a vast deal of the Humours and Inclinations of the Author. It is impossible it should be otherwise, answer'd *Felicia*: Yet, when a Writer describes Ambition, Cruelty, or Love; it does not follow of certain Consequence, that he himself is ambitious, cruel, or in love. No certainly, said *Camilla* smiling, for I have very often wrote Verses extremely tender, yet love nothing. This Proof, reply'd *Florinda*, is not sufficient; your Verses shew the Disposition of your Mind, tho' it has met with no worthy Object; which we may reasonably imagine is the Reason you do not employ the Stock of Tenderness that is in your Soul. It is true, said *Urania*, that we do sometimes discover ourselves in our Writings; but it is not a general Rule: There are Men who know perfectly well how to describe beautiful Actions, without being capable of performing them. An Author often attributes to his Hero Virtues he knows nothing of; yet if I had the Talent of Writing, I should sooner lay open and describe my own Sentiments, than to owe to my Invention what my Heart is ignorant of. There are few People of that Character, reply'd *Camilla*; we every Day meet with Numbers, who pretend to be excessively modest, in regard to their Wit, Beauty, or Talents; yet with a great deal of Boldness make Elogiums on their Hearts: If one were to listen to them, they are all generous, good-natur'd, sincere, faithful; in short, endow'd with all the Qualities that we know they ought to have; when nobody allows them but themselves. I find, said *Urania*, we have put *Camilla* into a Humour to moralize, and that we insensibly forget it is time to go to Supper. Saying this, she led her Friends
into

into the Hall, who placed themselves at Table. Supper being over, they resumed their Walk, and usual Conversation.

I THINK, said *Camilla*, a fine *Night* is preferable to the finest *Day*. So do I, replied *Urania*, but I am surprized to find you of that Opinion; your Heart and Mind being free from all Engagements.—I thought the Moon and Stars had been admir'd only by those in love. That Stock of *Tenderness*, resumed *Camilla*, smiling, with which you just now reproach'd me, may be, perhaps, the Occasion of it. I am persuaded indeed, cried *Florinda*, that when the Heart is in that Situation *Urania* speaks of, *Night* has Charms which are not to be found in *Day*; the Soul recollects its Vigour, without being taken off, or distracted.——

When one loves tenderly, that is certainly the best Time to think of the beloved Object. Ah! rejoind'd *Urania*, my dear *Florinda*, there is no Time fixed for that.

——The dazzling Glories of the *Sun*, or the soft gentle Shades of *Night*, are equally employ'd by those truly touch'd with that engrossing Passion. Nothing can be more certain than this, added *Felicia*; when we are affected with a piercing Grief, or great *Tenderness*, the Imagination is taken up with it both *Night* and *Day*, and sometimes too we are so lost in Contemplation, we know not the Difference between them;——so little is any thing else capable of interrupting. This is as much as to tell us, said *Camilla*, embracing *Urania* and *Felicia*, the Situation of both your Minds; but I hope a happy Return of *Orophanes* and *Thelament* will soon permit you to taste the Pleasures of both *Night* and *Day*: In the mean time I advise you to take the Repose I wish you. I find, said *Urania*, smiling, the indifferent *Camilla* is inclined to go to Bed, and only invites us to take the Repose she wants herself. You are in the right, added *Florinda*, how great an Admirer soever she may pretend to be of the *Night*, I believe she had much rather enjoy the Beauties of it asleep, than waking. However that be, replied that agreeable Lady, we will not carry our Reflections any farther;

for I am sure *Urania* is tired with talking and hearing it; it is Time to leave her at Liberty to enjoy her own Thoughts. I never am happier than when with my Friends, said *Urania*; but I think, at present, we will come into your Proposal. At these Words, they all walk'd back to the House; *Urania* and *Felicia* waited on *Camilla* and *Florinda* to their Apartment; and afterwards, retiring to their own, pass'd the Night with the pleasing Hopes, that *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* would soon, by their Presence, restore that Joy to their Hearts, which their Absence had deprived them of.





T H E S I X T H D A Y.



L E E P did not take so entire a Domi-
 nion over the four beautiful Friends, as to
 make them rise later than usual. *Urania*
 and *Felicia* were scarce out of their
 Apartments, before they perceived *Flori-
 rinda* and *Camilla* coming to enjoy the
 finest Morning in the World; they repaired to the Banks
 of the River, and followed the Course of it a long Time,
 discoursing of common Things, which occasionally pre-
 sented themselves to their View.—But when the Soul
 is naturally inclined to great Things, it never wants Op-
 portunities to exert itself.—*Florinda* observing the
 beautiful Meads, that bordered the other Side of the Ri-
 ver, covered with Sheep, those meek and innocent Crea-
 tures, feeding in Tranquillity, under the Eye of a Shep-
 herd, and the Guard of his Dog; cried out in a sort of
 Rapture, How happy would Mankind be, if they had
 Leaders as watchful of their Necessities and Safety! and
 how great would be the Felicity of Princes, if their
 Subjects lived in the same Union, Peace and Concord,

that these Animals do!—This Reflection, answer'd *Urania*, is wise and judicious, and puts me in mind of a Passage I read last Night, in *Dennis of Halicarnassus*: He says that a Deputy from the *Dalmatians*, named *Batto*, being sent to *Rome*, to treat with the Emperor *Tiberius*, on the Revolt of *Dalmatia*, was asked by that Prince, Why those Nations so much endeavour'd to shake off the *Roman Yoke*? *Cæsar*, answer'd *Batto*, I will satisfy your Curiosity with all the Frankness of a *Dalmatian Soldier*, who knows not how to disguise the Truth. The *Romans* are alone the Cause of the frequent Revolts of our Provinces; for, instead of sending us a wise, prudent, and courageous Shepherd to lead our Flock, and Dogs to defend them, they only send us ravaging Wolves, to murder and tear us to Pieces: This has made our Despair often change us from Lambs to roaring Lions, who have sometimes devoured the *Roman Eagle*. It is natural, said *Felicia*, to desire to shake off Chains that are too heavy: Slavery is of itself grievous enough, the Imposers of it need not add to the Weight of it. In my Opinion, a Prince cannot shew Humanity enough to People, over whom he reigns only by Right of Conquest. Thus acted *Julius Cæsar*, added *Camilla*; he made such modest Use of his Victory, that the Conquered were often as well contented as the Conquerors: This Gentleness gain'd him such Numbers of Friends, and so considerably augmented his Party, that he overcame every thing that opposed him; and nothing but Treason could have made that great Man fall; a Treason so fatal to the Actors in it, that they all died soon after, of a violent Death. It is certain, said *Florinda*, that *Cæsar* was one of the greatest Men among the Antients; and I can't conceive, how any one can place *Alexander* before him. *Alexander*, interrupted *Felicia*, under the Eyes of *Leonidas*, his Governor, and *Aristotle*, his Preceptor, was just, mild, temperate, generous, and so liberal, that he gave away every thing in his Power: I have read, that *Leonidas* telling him, one Day, that if he went on in his Liberalities, he would leave himself nothing: Fear

it not, replied that Monarch; I have an inexhaustible Treasure, that will always supply me with sufficient to acquit myself of the Promises I have made to *Aristotle*. Yet, said *Urania*, after his Conquests, from being wise and virtuous, he became debauch'd, and cruel enough to kill, with his own Hands, his dearest Friends, abandoning himself to the most detestable Vices, exposing some to wild Beasts, and putting others to Death on the least Suspicion, without having any Regard to those to whom he was the most obliged. The Mourning that he enjoin'd for the Death of *Hephestion*, which he made extend to the vilest Animals, shew'd his Vice and Folly, in their utmost Extent. On the contrary *Julius Cæsar* always possess'd the Virtues that *Alexander* was once adorn'd with. This last resum'd his Virtue only at his Death, *Cæsar* never laid it aside: He had so few human Infirmities, or, at least, so well conceal'd them, that his greatest Enemies could not find enough to tarnish his Glory. The greatest Pleasure he could have, was in rendring others happy; and in Proportion, as Fortune declar'd itself on his Behalf, he made his Friends partake with him, and even sought them out in their most hidden Retirements. *Alexander* vaunted, that he held Fortune in Chains. *Cæsar* knew her, and mistrusted her, aiming at the Accomplishment of his Designs with Deliberation, not being willing to expose himself to the Caprices of so uncertain a Goddess. I find, said *Urania*, that our Conversation is not like to end here, and therefore let us take our Places, till the Sun and Dinner-time interrupt us.

EVERY body being therefore seated, *Florinda*, who, by her Reflection, had given Birth to this Discourse, turning herself to *Urania*; You see, said she, the Effect of your Presence; associating with you makes us endeavour, even to think as you do: Since my being here, my Mind aims at nothing but what may improve it. What you say, reply'd *Urania*, is very much to my Advantage; but I should be very much concern'd, if you thought I intended so much to confine your Imaginations, as not to let you say, or think of any thing,
but

but what favours of Learning; you know me well enough, to be sensible, that there is nothing I so much endeavour to avoid, as to be thought to aim at the Character of being Learned: I am not so, but I endeavour to inform myself; and if I had not found you in a Humour to amuse yourselves with exalted Matters, I should have endeavour'd to have diverted your Minds from any thing that might have fatigu'd them. There is no Need, answer'd *Felicia*, for your justifying yourself thus; we take a great Pleasure in shewing, that our Ideas are conformable to yours: *Florinda* is, I am sure, of my Opinion; since, by her Reflection, she drew you into repeating so curious a Passage; and *Camilla* has shew'd the Brightness of her Genius, in the Difference she has remark'd between *Cæsar* and *Alexander*. As for me, said *Camilla*, I know very well that I am not learned, neither have I the Ambition of appearing so; but I give up myself with Attention to what I read, that I may remember it again on Occasion, and make Reflections on it, according to my Capacity: As for Example, I think I can never make enough on the Ruin of so many great Empires, the Names of which are so much celebrated in History; and yet there are now no other Remains of them; their Change of Masters has been their Ruin: The Ambition of some, and the Weakness of others, have occasioned those Revolutions, which have at length reduced them to nothing. *Arbaces* having exterminated *Sardanapalus*, King of the *Assyrians*, transfer'd the Empire to the *Medes*: *Cyrus* transported it from the *Medes* to the *Persians*; and *Alexander*, from the *Persians* to the *Macedonians*. Thus in several Ages happen'd these different Changes, which being attended with that of their Customs, Manners, and Religions, have quite extinguish'd even the Names of those that were once so renowned. The *Romans*, said *Florinda*, had a much more refined Piece of Policy; they always depriv'd of their Dignities all the States and Kingdoms they could join to their own Dominions, leaving the Name of King to none, but their most intimate Allies; which was not

very glorious Title for them; for the least *Roman* valued himself far above the greatest Monarch. What happen'd to *Ptolemy*, surnamed the *Piper*, added *Urania*, is a Proof of what *Florinda* says: This *Ptolemy* was Father of the famous *Cleopatra*, and was driven from his Dominions, by a general Revolt of his Subjects; this Prince having the good Fortune to escape, took the Resolution of going to *Rome*, to beg their Assistance. In going thither he touch'd at *Rhodes*, where he learn'd that *Cato* was lately arriv'd; he sent a Compliment to him, and begg'd the Favour of an Interview. *Cato* sent him back Word, that he might come to him, for his House was always open to those who were in Alliance, or had any Affairs to transact, with the *Roman* Republic. The King was surpriz'd at so rough an Answer, and was, for some time, in doubt what he should do; but his Interest, at length, determining him, he went to *Cato*: But his Astonishment was very much increas'd, when he heard that *Roman*, without so much as rising, ask him, if he came to *Cato*, or to a *Roman* Senator. The Greatness of *Ptolemy's* Surprise, made him, for some time, silent. This Prince, accusom'd to see every body on their Knees who spoke to him, thought it very extraordinary, that a Man plain dress'd, and who shew'd no Marks of that Grandeur, which the *Romans* so well knew how to dazzle the Eyes of Strangers with, should treat him in that Manner. Nevertheless he replied, that he came as an Ally of the *Romans*, to see a great Man, whose Reputation was spread all over the Earth. Let that alone, interrupted the fierce Senator, and come to the Alliance. *Ptolemy* was almost disconcerted at this Answer; but at length told him, he was an Ally of the *Romans*, and that that Alliance had been sworn to on the Altar of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, which had rendred it inviolable; that he was going to *Rome* to demand Assistance from the Senate, against his Subjects that had deposed him, and placed his eldest Son in his Throne. Believe me, *Ptolemy*, cried *Cato*, turn back again to *Egypt*, I'll embark with you, and will, myself alone, re-establish you: But if you go to *Rome*, to *Pompey's*
House,

House, where I know your Lodging is appointed, you will be the Prey of the different Parties that will be form'd on your Affairs. 'Tis known, that you are powerful in ready Money, and the Corruption of most of the Senators, have made them already look on your Treasures as their own: You must, in Person, solicit from Door to Door, and debase the Royal Majesty; and after these Submissions, and Expence, you will be at last obliged to return, without effecting any thing. *Pro- lemy* could not but admire that great Man; his Counsel was prudent, and he inclined to follow it: But the Persons that *Pompey* had placed about him, determin'd to go on to *Rome*, which he had Reason to repent, for every thing that *Cato* foretold, happen'd. Judge by this Passage, continued *Urania*, in what Manner the *Romans* were wont to treat Kings. There are great Numbers of the like Examples, said *Felicia*; but to return to what *Camilla* said, on the Revolutions of Empires: I believe their Ruin is always occasion'd by the Want of a lawful Heir. The Dominions that a Prince possesses in right of Conquest or Election cannot be so well supported, as those that are hereditary. If an Empire be invaded by Force of Arms, another Conqueror seeks to destroy the first; thus successively the People become a Prey to the most fortunate Conqueror. If it is by Election, the different Parties of the Pretenders cause a Trouble difficult to be calm'd; he that is excluded, never desists from endeavouring to supplant him that is chosen: Which tumultuous Dissentions must infallibly destroy the most flourishing Empires. Instead of which, hereditary Kingdoms support themselves by the Number of their Princes, who are by Birth alone called up to the Throne. Then you are of *Plato's* Opinion, said *Florinda*, who says, that every Change in a State is to be fear'd, whether it is by Conquest or Election. We may therefore boldly conclude, that hereditary States are the most permanent; since when a lawful Heir succeeds, the whole Kingdom submits, and acknowledges him without any Dispute.

It is true, added *Camilla*, that elective Kingdoms are subject to great Revolutions, witness what has happened in our time to *Poland*. We have since the Death of *John Sobieski*, seen that Kingdom become a Prey to Strangers; the *Germans*, *Swedes*, and *Muscovites*, have ravaged those beautiful Provinces, and have, in their turns, look'd upon them as an Enemy's Country. In-somuch, that *Poland* may be now look'd for even in *Poland* herself. Whereas, had they had an assured Successor, there would have been no Door left open to all those Pretenders, nor no Room for their Cabals and Intrigues. *Alexander*, said *Urania*, being on his Death-bed, answered his Courtiers, when they asked him who should succeed him, *The most worthy*. Then Self-Love shewed itself, each thought themselves the design'd Person; some endeavour'd to gain the Soldiers, others the great Men and the People, but the Instant it was known that *Alexander* had given the Royal Ring to *Perdiccas*, all their caballing stopt. 'The *Romans*, said *Felicia*, made Demi-gods of those Emperors that left them a lawful Successor; and I find, the Imperial Constitutions have wisely establish'd the Election of a King of the *Romans*, who is the appointed Successor to the Empire. Antiently, added *Florinda*, the *Persians* did not suffer their King to go in Person on any warlike Expedition, without first appointing who should succeed him. *Livia*, said *Urania*, had the Address to conceal the Death of *Augustus* so well, that *Tiberius* was in Possession of the Empire before that Loss was known. The *Roman* Senate concealed that of the Emperor *Claudius*, and assembled every Day on pretence of praying to the Gods for the Health of that Prince; but in reality, to secure the Empire to his Successor. Queen *Tanaquilla*, added *Camilla*, concealed the Death of *Tarquin*, till *Servius* was installed King of the *Romans*.

ALL this proves, said *Urania*, that hereditary Empires have, and always will support themselves in prejudice to all others. Saying thus, they walked towards the House, and being come into the Hall, and every thing ready to be served up, they placed themselves at Table.

After

After the Repast, *Urania* asked *Camilla* jestingly, if she was of a Humour to go to the Library. That beautiful Lady answered her, in the same Tone, that, that Day Reading would be agreeable to her, and that she should not want a rural Feast to prevent her being melancholy. So saying, they enter'd the Library, where they resum'd their usual Entertainment. After some time spent in Silence, *Florinda* breaking it the first, I cannot enough admire, said she, the Confidence of *Charles* the Fifth, and the Moderation of *Francis* the First, when the Emperor pass'd thro' *France* to suppress the Rebellion in *Ghent*. The History of our Nation, which I have met with, has call'd it to my mind. 'Tis indeed, said *Urania*, a very remarkable Passage: That Emperor ask'd leave of the King to pass through his Dominions; he obtain'd it, and when he was at *Paris*, it was represented to the King, that he ought to lay hold of the Opportunity of revenging himself on that Prince, who had several times broke his Faith, in the Treaties that had been made between them; particularly in that relating to the Investiture of the Duchy of *Milan*, which belong'd so justly to *France*. *Francis* the First knew all the Importance of that Affair, but he knew better that the Royal Word was sacred; and repulsing such Counsels, he ordered them to mention it no more. Pledged Faith ought always to be regarded, said *Felicia*; thro' that the *Romans* possessed the greatest Empire in the World; their Friends and Allies were so satisfy'd with the exact Regard they had to their Treaties, that their Word was sufficient to them; all sorts of Treason were detestable to them. The *Faliscans* found it sufficiently; for whilst the *Romans* were besieging their City, a School-Master contrived to lead the Children of the principal Men of the City into the *Roman* Camp. The Novelty of such a Baseness surpriz'd them, and they so much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the Arms of the Traitor to be ty'd, gave each of the Scholars Rods, and bid them whip him back to the City, and return to their Parents. They did so accordingly, and in so rigorous a Manner, that

that the Wretch died under their Blows, as they enter'd the City. This Generosity of the *Romans* touch'd the *Faliscans* so sensibly, that the next Day, on honourable Terms, they submitted themselves to the *Romans*. *Scipio*, added *Camilla*, having met and taken a *Carthaginian* Vessel richly laden, the Captain of which telling him that he was carrying the Ambassadors, and the Presents which the Common-wealth was sending to *Greece*, he let them go, tho' he thought it was a Pretence; chusing rather to lose his Booty, than run the Risque of violating the Rights of Nations in the Persons of Ambassadors, tho' he believed them to be feign'd ones. *Cæsar Augustus*, said *Florinda*, might have chastised *Caracolas*, the most famous Robber of his time, and for whose Head there was a Reward put out; but he having the Temerity to deliver himself up to *Augustus* himself, and to ask the promised Reward, that Prince, who found something great in what he had done, ordered the Money to be paid him, and gave him his Life; thinking he ought to recompense the Confidence he had placed in him.

THE famous Pyrate *Callicratus*, said *Felicia*, refused a considerable Sum of Money, that was offer'd him to kill a Man to whom he had given his Protection. Since there is no body, said *Urania*, who does not endeavour to be believ'd in what he says, much more ought a Prince; he who ought to have more Honour in his Soul, and Truth in his Mouth than any of his Subjects; if he were allowed to promise and not observe, who could be simple enough to give credit to him? He that religiously keeps his Word, obliges the Person with whom he treats to do the same; he that breaks it, on the contrary, deserves the same to be done by him. In vain would Princes bind their Subjects by Oaths of Allegiance, in vain would they conclude Treaties with their Allies; all these Precautions would be useless, if they did not punctually keep their own Words. All Contracts are in Justice relative, the two Contractants ought reciprocally to execute the Articles agreed on, the Engagement is otherwise void. Much more ought
a Prince,

a Prince, whose Presence supplies all other Solemnities, whose Word is Law, and whose Letters-Patents give full Assurance. How much stronger does an Oath bind him? He cannot infringe it, without particularly offending the Author of his Being, who is Truth itself, and whom Kings ought to imitate, since they represent him here below. Doubtless, said *Felicia*, God has made Agreements with Men, which he has exactly observ'd; nay, he has often testify'd how much he was offended, at their not observing their Promises. The Children of *Saul* put to death the *Gibeonites*, contrary to the Faith that *Jeshua* had given them: God revenged this, in afflicting *Israel* with a Famine for the Space of three Years; and tho', according to Human Laws, the Promise of *Jeshua* ought not to have been binding, being extorted by an Artifice; yet having been given under the Seal of God, it was become sacred, authentic, and inviolable. These are great Examples, said *Camilla*, and noble Lessons for such as falsify their Promises.

IF Men, in every thing, observ'd that Golden Rule, to do as they would be done unto, added *Florinda*, they would not need Examples, nor Laws; in their own Bosoms would they find what they ought to do, without having recourse to Laws established by others: But since it is not so, and there is a Necessity for Laws, I think they who violate them cannot be too severely punish'd. You are a *Roman*, in that Point, reply'd *Urania*; that famous Nation never failing to punish, with the utmost Rigour, the Violation of their Laws.

A PRINCE is obliged, said *Felicia*, to chastize the Wicked, when they are found out; if he forgives, or winks at them, he is guilty, towards God and Man, of the Crimes they shall afterwards commit: For this Reason, were the Axes and Rods carry'd before the *Roman* Emperors and Consuls, that they might, by them, be put in mind of their Duty, and keep the World in awe. During the Censorship of *Cato*, said *Florinda*, the Artificers were always employ'd, without daring to quit their Shops, till the Hours for Work were over, for fear of meeting that rigid Censor, who, Day and Night,

Night, observ'd both the Little and the Great ones; and when he found them in a Fault, he treated the Patricians in the same Manner as the Meanest of the People: A remarkable Example for those in Authority! *Seneca* says, added *Urania*, that he who can prevent a Mischief, and does not, is as much guilty of it, as he that commits it. But yet, said *Camilla*, too much Severity in a Prince is a Fault. Too great Indulgence, cry'd *Florinda*, is a much greater. Was not the *Roman* Empire running to Ruin, by the Disorders that the Goodness, or rather the Indolence, of the Emperor *Pertinax* suffer'd to be introduc'd? And what would have been the Consequence of it, had the severe *Alexander*, who succeeded him, remedied them, by restoring the Laws to their full Vigour, and putting them in Force? *Cicero* maintains, added *Urania*, that nothing is so offensive to the Good, as to see the Wicked supported; and that nothing so much encourages the committing of Crimes, as Impunity. What happened at *Rome*, said *Felicia*, under the Pontificate of *Innocent* XI. may prove what we have been saying; his Predecessors had, for a long time, neglected to clear the Province of *Romania*, of an infinite Number of those sort of Robbers, whom the *Italians* call *Sgberri*, whose Profession it is, to lend their Hands to all sorts of Crimes, and particularly to Murders. The *Italians* are naturally inclin'd to Vengeance, but, to satisfy it, seldom care for running any Danger; and therefore make use of a third Hand: You may easily imagine those Ministers of Iniquity are most abandon'd Villains, since they lend their Hands to any one, without Distinction. The Nobility, aiming at being formidable, keep in pay great Numbers of these *Sgberri*, which makes the Governors of Princes, who are but for a certain time, tolerate these Broods of Murderers, for fear of irritating the Nobles who support them. *Romania* suffered prodigiously through these Wretches, when *Innocent* XI. being sensible of it, thought himself oblig'd, in Duty, to apply a Remedy to these Disorders, and pitch'd upon Cardinal *Cibo* for that Legateship: He sent for him, and told him, that knowing him to
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be a Prince by Birth, and of Consequence incapable of Fear, or sordid Interest, which oftentimes ties the Hands of those in Authority, and blunts the Sword of Justice, he begg'd him to accept of that Government, and to free the Holy Chair from the Scandal that from thence reflected on it; assuring him, that he would endow him with a Power so unlimited, in the Execution of the severest Justice, that no Interest or Recommendation should suspend, or interfere with his Judgments. The Cardinal, who was of a mild and gentle Disposition, would rather have excused himself from accepting of this Commission: But seeing that the Pope gave it, attended with Conditions that had never been granted to any of his Predecessors, he accepted of it, and repair'd to *Ravenna*, the Capital of the Province. The Magistrates, and Nobility, coming to congratulate him on his Arrival, the Cardinal told them, in a weak and feeble Tone, that he was sorry he was pitch'd upon to fill a Place, the Authority of which might have been much better exercis'd by some other; that he was weak, both in Body and Mind, that he lov'd Peace and Quietness, that he should refer every thing to their Management, only begg'd them to have God before their Eyes, in the Execution of Justice. The Inhabitants of *Ravenna* were charm'd, at having a Legate so humble and gentle; the *Banditti* in particular, rejoic'd at the Impunity they promis'd themselves, under so mild a Government. But the artful Legate, had no sooner dismiss'd the Magistrates and Nobility, than sending for the *Barigello* or Captain of the Archers, he told him, with a resolute and bold Voice, that the first Person guilty of Murder, or any other Crimes, that he suffer'd to escape, he should answer it with his Life; and that he would infallibly hang him, if he was guilty of Neglect, or Collusion, with any one whatever. The *Barigello* represented to him, that if it happen'd, as was the Custom, that the Persons accus'd should be pardon'd, by the Intercession of the Nobility, he should certainly, by some or other of them, be assassinated; the Cardinal assur'd him that he would take such care, that no

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Hurt should happen to him, for doing his Duty: And so dismiss'd him without giving him leave to answer. Three Days afterwards a Man was assassinated; the *Barigello* did as he ought, the Murderer not so much as absconding, in certain Confidence of Impunity. The Cardinal was immediately surrounded by the Nobility, who begg'd his Pardon for a Man, who, they all assur'd him, had not given the Blow, 'till he was forc'd to it by the intolerable Outrages he received from his Adversary. He heard coolly, and with Patience, all that could be said in behalf of the Murderer, and answered them mildly, that he was as sorry as they were for the Accident; but that the Pope having commanded him to execute Justice, he could not prevent the Law taking its course; so sent the Offender to the Gibbet.

THE Intercessors took Patience this first time, flattering themselves, that their new Legate had done this by way of Example, on his first entring into his Office, and that another time he would be more tractable. Soon after, a second Murder was committed, the guilty Persons taken up and thrown into Irons: The Intercessors renew'd the Attack, but could, by all their Prayers, only obtain a Delay for a few Days, during which they had recourse to the Pope, to beg the Pardon of an only Son, who was, they said, the Support of an afflicted Mother, who begg'd her Son's Life; work'd up by the Fire of his Youth, into a Passion, which had unfortunately, and contrary to his Intentions, caus'd the Death of a Villain, who had deserv'd the greatest Punishments, and had, unprovoked, attack'd him first. The Pope heard all, but told them, Justice was necessary, to preserve Order and Tranquility, and forbid any body to speak to him any more on the Behalf of the Criminal, or of any other, in the Legateship of *Ravenna*. These two Executions so exasperated those of *Ravenna*, that resolving to try their Strength with the Legate, they every Day committed new Disorders: But Cardinal *Cibo*, without being discompos'd, executed, with Rigour, the Offenders. Almost all the Nobility were involv'd in the Crimes of these Wretches; the Executioner

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was so much employ'd, that scarce a Day pass'd, but three or four were seen hanging at a time, to the great Astonishment of the People, who had never seen so much Severity: Here it was so usefully employ'd, that not one of those wicked Race of Men could be seen, either Night or Day, in the City. But the Cardinal's Zeal did not stop here; for being inform'd, that great Numbers of them retir'd, every Night, to a certain Inn in the open Country, not daring to appear in *Ravenna*, he gave secret Orders, that he might be supported in his Design, and repair'd to the Place, disguis'd like a Country Curate: He enter'd it at Midnight, begging a Lodging because it was too late to pass further: He was soon encompass'd by an infinite Number of those Assassins, who not knowing him, took him for what he seem'd to be; they oblig'd him to wait on them, and the courageous Prelate was turning the Spit, the Instant the House was invested, by his Orders, by the Archers and City Militia: Then the Cardinal, clapping on his red Hat, and speaking with an Air of Authority, commanded them all to be tied and bound together, with the Master of the House, and his Servants, and as soon as it was Day he had them all hang'd, and the House rased. This necessary Severity has made the Name of Cardinal *Cibo* so terrible in *Romania*, that to this Day they tremble, if his Name be but so much as mentioned; and the Nobility are so reduced, by Confiscations, that most of them are now in the utmost Misery.

THIS, said *Urania*, is not dissembling with the Wicked: God often permits them that spare them to be punished in their stead: Does he not tell *Achab*, that for suffering a Man to escape, who had deserv'd Death, he and his People should answer for it? *Pausanias*, added *Florinda*, kill'd *Philip*, *Alexander's* Father, because he would not do him Justice, tho' he had often demanded it; on the contrary, that Prince turn'd him into ridicule before all his Court, and rais'd his Enemy to the greatest Honours. The *Romans*, said *Camilla*, are immortal Examples of severe Justice: *Horatius Tergeminus* had like to have paid with his Life, for the

the Anger and Indignation of the Senate, tho' he was crown'd with Glory, by a famous Victory which he had just gain'd, the glorious Marks of which he still wore. Another Instance of their Justice, said *Urania*, comes into my Mind, in the punishing the Sons of *Brutus*; so much the more remarkable, because the executing it fell on their own Father, and the Sentence was pronounced out of his Mouth, who, on any other Occasion, would have trembled with Horror at the Sight of the Execution of it. They never punished any body so severely as *Meticus*, for Breach of Faith. *Julius Cæsar*, said *Florinda*, was no great Punisher of Crimes; but for a seditious Soldier, or a Deserter, he had no Mercy, and spar'd neither Nobles nor Plebeians. All this shews, added *Urania*, that a Prince ought not to fear being tax'd with Cruelty, in executing Justice, and putting rigorously in Force the Laws of the State; 'tis a Father chastizing his Children. A Surgeon, who, to save his Friend and Patient's Life, puts him to incredible Pain, cannot pass for Cruel: So that, provided a Prince does nothing contrary to the public Good, he ought always to be praised for punishing the Wicked, and for cutting off from the Body of his People the putrefy'd Members, to preserve those that are whole and sound. But, continu'd she, the Sun will now give us leave to walk, and since we have paid our Tribute to the Library, let us now on the Banks of the River seek to diversify our Reflections. Accordingly they repaired to the Terrass, where having walked some time, they at length seated themselves on the grassy Banks with which it was adorned. Indeed, said *Camilla*, I cannot enough admire *Urania*; she loves us, and with Goodness lets us into her Secrets; she knows too, how much we are concerned at what touches her, yet we may see she is afraid of letting us partake in the Uneasiness which doubtless she's in for the Success of *Thelamont's* Voyage.

I own, reply'd *Urania*, I should reproach myself if I entertained you with my Thoughts, when they cannot possibly be agreeable or diverting to you: But since

you desire it, I won't deny but that I very much apprehend all the Cares of *Thelamont* will be in vain. We are not in an Age that thinks itself obliged to regard Generosity, and I with Justice believe, his Kinsman will not admit of any Accommodation with *Geront*, because the Question is about a very considerable Estate. For me, said *Florinda*, I conjecture better for you in this Affair, not imagining that a Relation of *Thelamont* can possibly refuse him any thing; since Persons to whom he is no ways related, cannot hinder themselves from granting him every thing he desires. What you say is very obliging to him, said *Urania*; I can easily agree with you that *Thelamont* possesses every thing necessary to Persuasion; but should he succeed with his Relation, what can he expect from *Geront*? The liveliest Gratitude, said *Felicia*; and were he a hundred times more odd-tempered than he is, I am convinced he would be sensible of a Service of such Importance. Question it not, said *Camilla*; *Geront* is in nothing blameable, except his Love for you, but that Passion does not blind his Eyes towards his Friends: What other Fault has he, but his designing to force you to marry him, or not to marry at all during his Life? In every thing else he is an honest Man, and his Gratitude will carry him further Lengths than perhaps you expect. You flatter me, said *Urania*, with pleasing Hopes; and as I very much wish it, and as it is you that insinuate it into my Heart, I give way to it so much the easier. As for me, said *Camilla*, I believe the Proverb, *A good turn is never lost*: If he to whom we do it is ungrateful, Heaven rewards us; sooner or later we meet with our Recompence.

I THINK, to divert your Ideas and amuse you, I must tell you a Story to this purpose, which will lead us to the Moral this Proverb contains. I tell it you only as a Fable, but I think these sort of Amusements are not entirely unworthy of great Minds, especially when by that we gain Lights that lead us to Truth. What you say is very just, reply'd *Urania*: A Fable often includes a severe Moral; and it has the greater Effect on us, because

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cause it is introduced to us under the Disguise of Pleasure. I'm of your Opinion, said *Felicia*: *Phædrus*, *Hygin*, and the famous *Æsop*, sufficiently warrant what you say. When from a Tale or Fable, added *Camilla*, good Reflections may be taken, it becomes as useful as History. I may venture then to tell you what I mentioned, without fear of fatiguing you; for tho' it is a Romance and a Fable, it leads us to that Solidity you mention; and tho' it were only to divert you for an Hour, and to put me upon a footing with *Florinda*, who has so much recommended to us the Princess of *Ponthieu*, I should think my Time very well employ'd. I see, said *Urania* smiling, that the Inclination you have of telling a Story, has some little Effect upon you; but no matter, we will with Pleasure embrace all Opportunities of listening to you. Upon this, *Camilla* began thus:



The History of JOHN of Calais.

WHAT I am going to tell you, is taken out of a Book called *The fabulous History of the House of the Kings of Portugal*. I shall make no Alteration in it, nor pretend to embellish it. On the North of *France*, bordering on the Sea, is a City, call'd *Calais*. One of the chiefest Men, and greatest Merchants of this City, had an only Son, on whom he had bestowed all the Education necessary for forming his Mind and Body: Nature had endow'd him with the Charms of the one, and the Graces of the other; insomuch that he soon outwent his Master's Hopes. He applied himself in particular to the Art of Navigation; and when he had join'd the *Practic* Part to *Theory*, he was the most valiant and excellent Sailor of his Time: His youthful Courage not letting him languish in slothful Ease, he persuaded his Father to equip him a Vessel of Strength

sufficient to clear the Coast of an infinite Number of Pirates, drawn thither by the great Trade of the Inhabitants of *Calais*, and who committed a thousand Outrages on those Seas. His Father praised his Courage, and furnished him with every thing in Abundance, that could be necessary for so noble a Design. All Things being ready, he set sail; and his Valour, supported by his Prudence, succeeded so well, that having overcome those Sea-Robbers in several Engagements, he so entirely destroy'd them, that there was not one to be seen. This News filled the Inhabitants of the City of *Calais* with so much Gratitude, that they prepared for him triumphal Arches, adding to his Name that of their City, as owing to him its Tranquility, and the Security of its Commerce: This it is that has made the Historian distinguish him by no other Name but that of *John of Calais*. This young Hero was ready by his Return to have enjoyed the Honours that waited for him, when his Ship was attacked by a violent Storm, that carried him into Seas out of his Knowledge. The Tempest being over, and *John of Calais* having made use of all that Art or Experience had taught him to find Land, he at length discover'd an Island; he made towards it, and having put out his Boat, he and seven of his Men landed by the Side of a Wood, into which he and his Soldiers entered. He was very much surprized to find it cut into large and beautiful Walks; such a thing seeming very extraordinary to him, in a Country that he thought uninhabited or barbarous. But his Astonishment very much augmented, when, on going further, he heard somebody talking in *Flemish*; a Language to which he was much accusom'd. He directed his Steps to the Place where he heard the Voice, and saw three Men richly dress'd, who came up to him in a polite Manner. *John of Calais* begged them to tell him in what Country he was, and whether he and his Company might find Safety. Whoever you are, reply'd one who seem'd to be the Chief amongst them, I am surpriz'd that you should not know you are in *Otimania*, a flourishing State, where reigns the justest King

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in the World, whose Wisdom has constituted the Laws to which he himself submits, and in the religious Observation of which the Happiness of this Empire consists; Regret not that you are arrived, you will be in Safety. Get upon that Height, added he, which hides from you the great and stately City of *Palmania*, Capital to these rich Dominions, you'll see a noble River, which forms the finest Port in the Universe, where Ships of all Nations are now riding in Security. *John of Calais* thank'd him; and charm'd with his good Fortune, he advanced to the Top of the Hill, from whence he discovered a most delicious Country, and descending, enter'd into that Capital; but being come to a large square, he saw the Body of a Man tearing in Pieces by Dogs. This Object struck him with Horror, and he repented that he had engaged himself so far. Nevertheless he asked, why in so great a City, the Laws of which had been represented to him as most wise, there was no one to be found that had Charity enough to bestow Burial on that unfortunate Corps. He was answer'd, that it underwent the Law, which ordered that the Bodies of all who died without paying their Debts, should be thrown out to the Dogs, and their Souls remain wandering, without being suffer'd to enjoy the Repose reserv'd for the Just. That this Punishment was inflict'd thus publicly, because oftentimes there were found People generous enough to pay those Wretches Debts, and bury their Bodies. This was enough to excite the Compassion of the noble Soul of *John of Calais*; he immediately caused to be publish'd by Sound of Trumpet throughout the City, that if the Creditors of that Man would come to him and make out their Debts, he would pay them. The next Day having caused his Ship to enter the Port, he took Money sufficient to perform his Promise, and having paid them all exactly, he buried the Debtor's Corps in an honourable Manner.

AFTER having received the Praises such an Action merited from the supreme Magistrate and People, he set himself about taking the Longitude and Latitude of this delightful Region, that he might make it known

to his Country, and open a Way to a Commerce that might be useful to both Nations. One Evening that he was retiring pretty early to his Ship, he saw another Vessel come and cast Anchor close to his, on the Deck of which he saw two Ladies drown'd in Tears; they were magnificently dress'd, and their Air made *John of Calais* judge them to be of distinguish'd Birth. Upon Enquiry he found the Ship belonged to a *Corfsair*, just arrived, and that those two Persons were Slaves, whom he would sell the next Day. The tender Heart of *John of Calais* was touch'd with their Misfortune, he immediately resolved to free them from their Distress. Accordingly he sent to the Pirate, and without haggling gave him what he asked for them, and brought them on board his own Vessel. But how was he surprized, when, they having thrown aside their Veils, he saw two young Beauties capable of moving the most savage Soul! Their Tears added to their Charms, and seem'd to serve them for Arms to conquer the Hearts of their Beholders; one of them made the most lively Impression on that of *John of Calais*. After having given some time to the Admiration which his dawning Love had rais'd in him, he comforted them, told them they were free, that he had the greatest Respect imaginable for them, and had taken them out of the Hands of the Pirate, only to restore them to their Parents without any Ransom. These generous Words encouraged the beautiful Captives. The noble Air of *John of Calais*, and the Gracefulness that accompanied all his Actions, touch'd their Hearts, and in the most obliging Terms they express'd their Gratitude. Soon after he set sail, and arriv'd happily on the Coast of *Albion*, where he was forced, by Stress of Weather, to put in: During the Voyage he was constantly with his Slaves, and being young, insinuating, and form'd to please, he soon found the Way to the Heart of her that had charmed him. Love had wounded them so deeply with the same Arrow, that they could no long time conceal it; they loved, confess'd it to each other, and only consulting the Vivacity of their Sentiments, they vow'd an eternal Passion.

Passion. When *John* of *Calais* was assured of his Happiness, he begg'd that young Beauty to tell him who she was, and by what Accident she and her Companion had been taken by the Pirate: Think not, added he, that my Curiosity has any disobliging Motive; whosoever you are, there is nothing but what I think beneath you; and to convince you of what I say, I this Moment, without knowing any thing more, promise you, if you'll accept of me, to be your Husband. I receive with Pleasure, replied the beautiful Slave, the Faith you offer me; I give you mine, and shall place my whole Happiness in being united to you for ever; but for my Birth, give me leave to conceal it, because it is necessary for my Repose. Let it suffice that Heaven has not made me unworthy of you; my Name is *Constance*, and my Companion's *Isabella*. I am no ways offended at your Curiosity, neither be you at my Silence; our Love requires it of me. I ought to conceal myself, that I may be yours, and I will endeavour to forget every thing that may hinder me from following an Inclination stronger than my Reason.

JOHN of *Calais* was too much in love to press the charming *Constance* any further, after such a Confession; he promised he would never more mention it; and without farther Consultation they were immediately married.

ISABELLA, who had been Witness of their Love and Union, took the Opportunity, whilst *John* of *Calais* was busied in giving Directions about the Ship, to testify to *Constance* the Surprise she was in at what she had done: What! Madam, said she, can Love have so far blinded you, as to make you forget who you are? Do you expect always to be conceal'd; and will not the Bands you have just tied be dissolv'd, the Moment 'tis discover'd where you are? I speak not on my own Account; in whatever Obscurity you cause me to live, attach'd to you, I shall be pleas'd; your Glory, alone, touches me, and I cannot, without Grief, see you abandon the most splendid Expectations to follow your Passion. I am not angry, dear *Isabella*, reply'd *Con-*

stance, at your Discourse, I have a thousand times said the same Thing to myself; but Love governs: The glorious Fate you mention is dreadful to me, since I cannot share it with the Man I love; and I think the Obscurity you complain of preferable to the most exalted State, since it enables me to follow my Inclinations. My Marriage cannot be broken whilst I conceal myself, and I will always do so, till I find it cannot be made null, without a far greater Reflection on my Honour, than my marrying the most amiable Man living; and since you love me well enough not to quit me, carry your Tenderneſs ſo far as to cheriſh my Eaſe, and never to diſcover the Secret on which it depends. Thus ſhe enjoin'd Silence on her Companion; who ſeeing no Remedy for what ſhe term'd a Miſfortune, ſhe reſolv'd to obey.

HAPPY *John of Calais*, charm'd with the Poſſeſſion of *Conſtance*, thank'd Heaven for the Bleſſing; and loaded with the Favours of Love and Fortune, he embark'd, and the Winds, favourable to his Wiſhes, carried him ſafe into the Port of *Calais*. The News of his Return was ſoon ſpread; his Father, and all the Inhabitants of the City, met and received him, paying him all the Honours his heroic Actions merited. But how was that young Hero afflicted, to find that his Father did not approve of his Marriage with *Conſtance*! The ſincere Account he gave him how he found her, irritated his Anger; and however great a Deſcription he gave him of her Virtues, and his Paſſion, that ſevere Father could not forgive him for entering into an Engagement apparently ſo much beneath him: He did his utmoſt to make him quit her; but he declared he would ſooner die; that he had given his Faith to the Perſon in the World he thought the moſt deſerving, and that he would keep it to his Grave. The old Man, more and more provoked at this Reſiſtance, baniſhed him his Houſe, notwithſtanding all the Sollicitations of the chief Men of the City, who interceded in his Behalf, and ordered him never to appear before him again. *John of Calais*, ſenſibly affected at the Wrong his Father did his dear *Conſtance*,

stance, retired to a House near the Port with her and her faithful Companion. The Quarrel between the Father and Son could not be conceal'd from her; her Pride was alarm'd; and notwithstanding all her Love, she was sensible of the Contempt her Husband's Father shew'd her. Yet it did not alter her, still tender and faithful, she endeavour'd to comfort *John* of *Calais*; scarce had she been married a Year, when she was brought to bed of a Son, who engaged all the Attention of that dear Husband for several Years, that were spent without his being able to soften his Father. But at length, pressed by their common Friends, he consented to equip *John* of *Calais* with a second Ship, to establish a Commerce with the Nations he had discover'd, hoping that Absence would make him forget *Constance* and her Son. The Vessel was soon ready, and tho' it flatter'd *John* of *Calais* with the Hopes of acquiring new Fame, he could not see the Day of his Departure draw near without the utmost Affliction, for being obliged to part from a Wife and Child he lov'd tenderly. *Constance*, on her Side, was not more easy; the Dangers *John* of *Calais* was going to expose himself to, and the Fear of being forgot by him, equally afflicted her; she shed Tears on the Bosom of her dear *Isabella*, who shar'd her Grief with a Zeal worthy of them both. But at length, Love inspired *Constance* with the Means of retaining her Husband's Affections, and of obliging her Father to blush at his cruel Usage of her. She hid her Design from the faithful *Isabella*; apprehending that she would not approve of it; but finding that the Time for *John* of *Calais*'s Departure was arriv'd, she threw herself at his Feet, and begg'd him not to refuse her two Favours she had to ask of him. Her fond Husband raised her up, and embracing her with all the liveliest Marks of an extreme Passion, assured her that there was nothing he would not grant her. I beg you then, replied she, to let there be drawn a Picture of me, my Son, and *Isabella*, and let it be hung in your Cabin; this done, and the Day for your setting Sail come, I will tell you the second Favour I demand of your Tenderness. *John*

of *Calais* finding nothing in this Request but what flatter'd his Passion by giving him an Opportunity to have always before his Eyes what was dearest to him, consented to it with Pleasure; he employ'd the ablest Painters he could meet with, who worked with so much Expedition, that they did not delay *John* of *Calais*'s Voyage, who seeing the Wind favourable, was willing to make use of it. Then the generous *Constance*, accompanying him to his very Ship, This is the Day, said she, her Eyes bath'd in Tears, whereon you are to grant me my second Request; refuse it not therefore, since you have promised me: Steer your Course to *Lisbon*; and anchor as near as possible to the Castle; you will there see how I love you, and what Sacrifices my Passion has made to you. Tho' *John* of *Calais* could not comprehend the Meaning of her Discourse, yet he promised to obey her punctually: They embraced each other, and with the greatest Difficulty parted. He at length set sail, his Soul filled with Love, Hope, and Grief. He kept his Word with *Constance*, and his Voyage being happy, he cast anchor directly under the Castle of *Lisbon*. The Arrival and Beauty of his Vessel attracted almost all the City on board of him. Even the King of *Portugal*'s Curiosity was raised, and being willing to gratify it, he descended from his Castle, attended by a numerous Court.

JOHN of *Calais* receiv'd him with all the Honours due to his Royal Majesty. That Prince was charm'd with his good Mien, his Wit, and the Air of Grandeur which appeared in all his Actions. He carefully examined the Construction of his Ship, but when he had cast his Eyes on the Picture that adorned the Cabin, he could not help shewing his Astonishment by a Cry that drew the Eyes of all the Court on the same Object: They all seem'd as much concerned as the King; but he keeping Silence, they did not dare to do otherwise, but kept their Thoughts concealed. *John* of *Calais* surprized at the Alteration he saw in the King's Countenance, with the greatest Respect, ask'd him the Occasion of it, and begg'd to know if any thing in his Ship
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had been so unfortunate as to displease him. No, reply'd the King, endeavouring to recover himself, I'm charm'd at your coming hither; you shall be receiv'd as you deserve, but I forbid your Departure without my Leave. At these Words he retired, and his Court followed him without venturing to open their Mouths at what they had seen; the King retired to his Closet, his Soul fluctuating with so many different Emotions, that he could scarce himself dis-intricate them: He saw plainly, that they who were with him had the same Ideas; he therefore resolv'd to inform himself of the Truth as soon as possible, that his Courtiers might not divulge what he was willing no body should know but himself. He therefore sent for *John of Calais*. This young Warriour was not easier than the King, he could not imaginewhat had occasion'd the Concern he shew'd at the Sight of the Picture. The last Words of that dear Wife came into his Mind, and comparing them with the King's Behaviour, he was endeavouring to penetrate into the Mystery, when he receiv'd the King's Commands: He obey'd, leaving to Heaven the clearing up of an Affair, which at present seem'd so mysterious.

THE King took him with him into his Closet; and after having commanded his Attendants to withdraw, looking graciously on him; I am persuaded, said he, that what past just now, has given you some Uneasiness; it has me, I confess: But it is in your Power to free me from it without Difficulty.—I find in myself an Inclination to favour you, and will spare nothing to convince you of it, if you deal with me with that Sincerity I desire.

AN Ambition for Glory, reply'd *John of Calais*, bowing with profound Respect, never entred into a Mind less capable of Diffimulation; — Honour and Probity have ever been the Guide of all my Words and Actions — I would not fail in them to my worst Enemies. Judge then, great Prince, if I can be base to a Monarch, whose Virtues are my Admiration. Well then, said the King, you may with Ease resolve me who these two Women and Child are, whom I saw painted in your Cabin. One of them, Sir, reply'd *John of Calais*, is

my Wife, the Child is hers and mine ; —the other is a Friend of hers, who, with her, I redeemed from Slavery. — The King of *Portugal* fetched a deep Sigh at these Words, and shedding some Tears, which he could not restrain, Which of them, cry'd he, is your Wife ? — The most beautiful, reply'd *John of Calais*. What is her Name? resum'd the impatient Monarch. *Constance*, answer'd he, and that of her Companion is *Isabella*. Ah! cry'd the King, it is no longer to be doubted! But, added he, be still sincere, and tell me at what Time, and by what Means, they came into your Hands, and what occasion'd your marrying with *Constance*? *John of Calais*, without any Hesitation, told the King of *Portugal* all that had ever happen'd to him, during his whole Life; and tho' he spoke with great Modesty, he said enough to let him see of how much Use to his Country his Valour had been: He then told of his being driven on the Coasts of *Otimania*, his Adventure about the dead Body, and the Manner in which he had found *Constance* and *Isabella*. I adored *Constance*, said he, from the first Moment I saw her, but when I had a little convers'd with her, I admired her Courage and Virtue in supporting her Misfortunes, and I thought it my greatest Happiness to be united to her for ever: I was happy enough to please her, she accepted my Faith, but has with Care concealed from me who she is; 'tis true indeed, I never press'd her much on that Point. My Heart pleas'd with her Virtue, disdained to inform itself of what least pleases generous Minds; Mine, preferring the *Slave* that merited Crowns, to Queens whose Sentiments correspond not with the Grandeur of their Birth. I have a Son, in whom consists mine, and his Mother's Happiness; it is in Obedience to her I am come hither; I am ignorant of her Design in it, as I am of yours in the Recital you have exacted from me. — But this I know, that nothing shall ever alter my Passion for my dear *Constance*, or separate me from her.

THIS, most worthy Prince, is the exact Truth of what you have desired to know; and I shall think myself most fortunate, if by it I gain the Esteem I wish for,

for, among the Nations where *Chance* or *Design* may carry me. Yes, reply'd the King, your Virtue has found the Way to my Heart; and in return for your Sincerity, know, that the Wife so dear to you is the Princess my Daughter, only Heiress of this Kingdom; and that her Companion, *Isabella*, is the Daughter to the Duke of *Casca*. O Heaven! cry'd *John of Calais*, what Glory is it for me to have preserved this Treasure for you! but alas, in what Afflictions will not this Adventure overwhelm me! No, no, reply'd the King, apprehend nothing, I am as generous as you are: Without knowing my Daughter for any thing but a *Slave*, you have not disdain'd to marry her, and have not attack'd her Virtue by a criminal Passion, tho' she was entirely in your Power; but have freed her from a Condition in which her Virtue might have been triumph'd over. You love her, and are dear to her: Her Care, in concealing her Birth from you, convinces me of it; for without doubt she apprehended, if she were discovered, that I might hinder a Match which my Ignorance of your Worth might make me think unequal. —She begg'd you to come hither with her Picture, sure of my knowing it, and that your Merit would touch my Soul as it had done hers. Besides, having brought you a Son, her Glory requires now as much that she should be your Wife, as before it would have forbid such an Alliance. I accept of you therefore as my Son-in-Law, and, continued that great Prince, I adopt your Son as my own. *John of Calais* could not here forbear interrupting him. — He threw himself at his Feet, and in the most touching Expressions acknowledg'd the Sense he had of his Goodness for him, and his Love for the Princess. The King rais'd him up with Tenderness: My Consent is not enough, added that Prince, dear *John of Calais*, my Council must approve of it; but I shall let them know that it is my Will and Pleasure it should be so: And the Joy my People will have in once more seeing that Princess, will make them agree to every thing. Then that Monarch told him, that about the Time mention'd in his Account, *Constance*
and

and *Isabella* had been carried away by *Corfairs*, who, apprised of their Custom of walking by the Sea-shore with a slender Retinue, had hid themselves behind a Rock, and rushing on them, forced them into their Boat, before the Guards, who waited at some Distance, could come to their Relief: — That he had for five Years done his utmost to discover where they were, but in vain; which had thrown him into a deep Melancholy, out of which, nothing but the Noise of his Arrival could have raised him: — I thank Heaven it did, since by that I am restored to what is most dear to me.

AFTER this the Nobles were called in, who had attended him on board the Ship of *John of Calais*; and having ask'd them what they thought of the Picture they had seen, they all cry'd, that it was that of their lost Princess *Constance*, and the Duke of *Casca's* Daughter. The King told them the whole Matter, and as *John of Calais* had entertained them with the greatest Magnificence, they all agreed that he was worthy of possessing what he had preserved. The King assembled his Council, and propos'd the thing to them, as what was very much at his Heart. They all consented; only Don *John*, first Prince of the Blood, oppos'd strongly the Succession of the Son of *John of Calais*: But tho' his Eloquence was animated by secret and powerful Reasons, yet he was forced to yield to so great a Majority. The King thinking he had spoken out of his Regard to the Glory and Interest of the Kingdom, was not at all angry with him; but as it was resolv'd that a Fleet should be equipp'd to go and fetch this Princess, he gave the Command of it to Don *John*, and order'd *John of Calais* to accompany him. This Honour did not atone for his Loss; — this Prince had for a long time passionately loved the beautiful *Constance*; he was Nephew to the King, and consequently Heir to the Crown after *Constance*; but his Love having set Bounds to his Ambition, he had flatter'd himself with the Hopes of one Day marrying her. The Loss of this Princess had cool'd his amorous Desires, and wak'd his Pretensions to the Crown: But when he was informed that

that she was alive, and in the Arms of another, who would rob him at the same time of his Mistress and Kingdom, Love and Ambition resum'd their Forces, and join'd themselves with the firmest Hatred and Jealousy that a happy Rival could possibly inspire into the Soul of a Man. Full of these Sentiments did Don *John* embark with *John* of *Calais*, whose Virtue and Joy either prevented him from entertaining any Suspensions, or made him reject them.

An Advice-Boat was instantly dispatch'd to *Constance*, to give her Notice of all that had happen'd at *Lisbon*, and to prepare her for her Departure. That beautiful Princess had liv'd in the greatest Retirement ever since the Absence of her Husband; her Son and *Isabella* were her only Company; she often talk'd with her of the Surprize she imagin'd her Father would be in. *Isabella*, who knew nothing of her Design till after *John* of *Calais* was gone, trembling in her Mind lest the King should treat him ill, she hinted her Apprehensions to the Princess, but in a tender Manner, for fear of alarming her. The Princess penetrating into her Meaning, comforted her: The King my Father, said she, loves me fondly; he will be transported to see me again; the Virtue of *John* of *Calais* will touch him; in short, I'm convinc'd I shall be compleatly happy. But, Madam, if you think so, reply'd *Isabella*, why did you not do this sooner? what has hinder'd you from informing the King your Father all this while? My Love, reply'd the Princess; I stay'd till Heaven had heard my Prayers in making me a Mother, that the King my Father might find my Reputation concern'd in the cementing my Marriage; and had not my Husband design'd this Voyage, I should have engaged him to it, towards effecting what I had projected. But, Madam, added *Isabella*, suppose the King disapproves of your Love, and will not acknowledge *John* of *Calais* as your Husband? I shall have the Satisfaction, reply'd the Princess, to have convinc'd the Man I love, of my Affection for him, in giving up the Throne I was born to; and of letting his Father see, that she he looks on as a vile Slave, might have been a Queen, if she had had less
Esteem

Esteem for his Son. 'Twas in such Discourses they spent the time of his Absence. In the mean time Don *John* made such haste, and the Winds were so favourable, that the Squadron arrived almost as soon as the Packet-Boat. On the News it brought, all the Country was in Motion, every body strove to pay their Respects to the Princess, whose Joy cannot be described, at seeing her Design succeed so well for her and her dear Husband. *John of Calais's* Father, repenting of the Contempt he had used her with, was the first to engage the whole City to pay her the Honours that her Birth and Quality required; he begg'd her Pardon, before them all, for his former want of Respect, and acted with so much Zeal, that the Princess embraced him, and calling him Father, assured him she would forget what was past, and did with Ease forgive it, for the Sake of her Husband, who was much dearer to her than her Life. Scarce had the Princess receiv'd the Compliments of the City, when the Port resounded with a thousand Acclamations of Joy, that gave notice of the Arrival of the Fleet. The Inhabitants, magnificently dress'd, placed themselves under Arms, and marched in good order to receive Don *John*, and *John of Calais*; who landed under a general Discharge of the Cannons of the Fort and Fleet, and sound of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums. The Streets were crouded with his People, the Windows filled with Ladies, and they were attended by an infinite Number of People of Fashion to the Town House, where the chief Magistrate had plac'd the Princess and her Son, and *Isabella*, to do them more Honour. She received her Husband and Don *John* at the Entrance of the Hall, surrounded with all the Ladies of Quality and Distinction of the Place. Don *John*, as Ambassador, advanced the first, and putting one Knee to the Ground, kiss'd her Hand; *John of Calais* attempted to do the same, but the Princess far from suffering it, opening her Arms, threw herself into his Embraces, telling him that it was not fitting he should pay her any such Respect, but share with her in receiving it. The Love of this constant Pair, mov'd the whole Assembly,

sembly, and nothing was to be heard for some time, but long live *John of Calais*, and the Princess of *Portugal*! so many Marks of Regard from the Citizens, and Love from the Princess, distracted the Soul of Don *John*; nevertheless he restrain'd himself, and pretending that his Orders were of too great Importance to be made public, he demanded a private Audience of *Constance*. But that Princess, who knew the Bottom of his Heart, being willing to prevent a Conversation that would be disagreeable to her, told him aloud, that she hid no Secret from her Husband, and that he might declare himself before him, and that she so well knew the King's Goodness towards *John of Calais*, that he might communicate his Instructions to him as well as her. Don *John* was thoroughly touch'd at this Refusal, for he had formerly declared his Passion to the Princess, but had been always treated with Indifference. Therefore he did not doubt but this Behaviour of hers was owing to the Fear she had of hearing his Complaints, and the Disdain she had for his Passion; he resolved to be revenged, but dissembling his Rage and Designs, he gave the Princess an exact Account of all that had pass'd between the King and *John of Calais*, and concluded with conjuring her in the Name of that Prince to depart instantly. *Constance* reply'd, that she was ready, and that nothing could retain the Impatience she had to tender her Thanks to her Father for all his great Goodness. After all these Ceremonies, as disagreeable to the happy Couple as to the unfortunate Don *John*, he retired into the Apartment prepared for him, and left the Princess and *John of Calais* at Liberty to entertain each other. What did not these tender Lovers say? with what Ardour did he not express the lively Sense he had of the Sacrifice *Constance* had made to him in concealing her Birth and Quality, and what Joy did she not express, at the being able to share her Honours with him? I should never have done, were I to repeat all that pass'd between them. To shorten therefore a History, the Sequel of which has something much more surprising in it than any thing I have yet told you; I shall
only

only say, that *Constance*, and *John of Calais*, rewarding magnificently the Inhabitants of the Town, for the Zeal they express'd in their Service; and finding the Winds favourable, they resolv'd to make use of them.

THIS charming Family, compos'd of *Constance*, her Husband and Son, and the faithful *Isabella*, departed from *Calais* for *Lisbon*; all the Town waiting on them to the Ship, and wishing them everlasting Happiness: Don *John* gave Orders for setting sail, cursing, in his Soul, the Winds, for being favourable to his Rival: But alas! he had not long Reason to complain of them; on the third Day after they left *Calais*, the Heavens were darkned with black Clouds, the Winds became outrageous, and the tempestuous Sea was tore up with the dreadfulest Storm that ever was seen: The Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, and impetuous Waves, at once, and incessantly, attack'd the unfortunate Fleet, *John of Calais* put in practice all his Knowledge to preserve the Ship, that contain'd all that was dear to him: Love who animated him, seem'd to assist his Industry. But the Traitor Don *John*, who watch'd him incessantly, seeing him busy in the Height of the Storm, full of Rage and Jealousy, took this Opportunity, and without being seen by any body, coming behind him, push'd him into the Sea; the high and tempestuous Waves of which, soon hid him from the Sight of his barbarous Murderer. In the mean time, the Storm carried the Vessel, in which was *Constance* and Don *John*, at so swift a Rate, that they had made a vast Way before they miss'd *John of Calais*. But the Princess, whose Thoughts were always on him, alarm'd at not seeing him, ask'd for him, had him sought for, and every one seeking to obey her, there were soon heard dreadful Exclamations, that told that unfortunate Spouse, that he was not to be found. I cannot find Expressions strong enough to describe her Despair; the Tempest no longer frightened her, a stronger Terror gave her Courage; she ran upon Deck, weeps, calls her dear Husband; and the profound Abyss of that dismal Element, resounded with that dear Name. Perfidious Don *John*
 approach'd,

approach'd, and busy'd himself as much as any one, in seeking for him, and, too well satisfy'd of the Truth of what he said, he cry'd, that the Wind must certainly have thrown him over-board. How dreadful must this News be to so fond a Wife! She tore her Hair, beat her Face, and Life appearing odious to her, to put an End to it, she endeavour'd to throw herself into the Sea: Don *John* placed himself before her, *Isabella* embraced her Knees, there was not a Sailor that did not leave every thing he was about, to prevent her Design. But their Cares were vain, strengthen'd by her Grief, she was on the Point of breaking through all Obstacles, when *Isabella* brought her Son to her, who, stretching forth his Arms to her, seem'd to beg her to live longer for his Sake: This Object struck her, astonish'd her, and stopt her, and without calming her Despair, deprives her of the Courage of following its Impulse; and no longer able to support her Misfortunes, she fell down in a Swoon into the Arms of *Isabella*: They took this Opportunity to convey her off Deck, into the Cabin. *Isabella* and Don *John* did their utmost to bring her to herself; they succeeded, but nothing could assuage her Grief, the Name of *John* of *Calais* was incessantly in her Mouth. Don *John* endeavour'd to comfort her; but the Loss of her Husband having redoubled her Hatred for that Prince, she would not hear him, but even order'd him not to appear before her the rest of the Voyage. The Tempest abated, the Sea became calm, and this afflicted Fleet arrived at *Lisbon*, without any other Accident: The Presence of the Princess gave a universal Joy to that Court; but when the King receiving her in his Arms, and, by her Tears and Groans, was inform'd of her Loss, he joined his Tears with hers, and participated in her Grief. The News of this Misfortune was no sooner known, but the Nobles and People express'd the Sense they had of it by a universal Mourning; Don *John* alone felt a secret Joy, hoping that Time would put an End to the Love and Grief of *Constance*: But to hasten his Happiness, he, underhand, by Cabals that were not to be discover'd, occasion'd a Revolt among the *Agarwi*,
 knowing

knowing very well, that he should have the Command of the Army rais'd to reduce them. He was not deceiv'd, the King employ'd him to chastise those Rebels. Charm'd with the Success of his Design, he march'd against them, who were intrench'd on the Banks of a River, and attacking them, forced their Retrenchments, and, after a Combat of six Hours, he gain'd a compleat Victory; and, pushing his good Fortune, he took all their Cities, and in an exemplary Manner punish'd the Authors of a Rebellion he himself had fomented: He again reduced the *Algarvi* to their Obedience to the King of *Portugal*, and returning to *Lisbon* receiv'd the Honours of a Triumph decreed him by the States of the Nation. But this was not enough; he, by his Intrigues, engaged them to demand the Princess in Marriage for him, on Condition that her Son should reign after her. This Match was so agreeable, that the States accordingly did so, and the King no ways opposing a Demand that seem'd so reasonable, propos'd it to the Princess, who could not hear it without Despair, and she protested to the King, that she would sooner kill herself than marry the Man she hated: But, Interest of State prevailing, she was forced to obey, and the Day was fix'd for celebrating the Marriage, which the People impatiently wish'd for; the same time was appointed for Don *John's* Triumph, on which Occasion there was to be a Fire-work, built up several Stories high, as a most magnificent and unusual Spectacle.

Two Years had elapsed since the Loss of *John* of *Calais*, of whom it is now time to speak: The Sea had not been so fatal to him as Don *John* had hoped; that unfortunate Husband met with a Piece of a Wreck, on which he had preserv'd himself, and struggling a long time with the Fury of the Waves, he was at length cast on a Desert Island, where he got on Shore, in the Condition you may easily judge a Man in, who had escap'd such a Danger. Reflecting on his cruel Adventure, notwithstanding the Grief he felt, in being separated from *Constance*, and his Son, he thank'd Heaven for having preserved his Life; hoping, through its Mercies, once
more

more to meet with those dear Objects. With these pious Thoughts he search'd the whole Island, from one End to the other, without finding any Tokens of its being inhabited; he saw none but timid Animals, with whom he was forced to declare War, to preserve the Life the Waves had spared: He thus spent the two Years of *Constance's* Mourning, without meeting with the least thing that might flatter him with the Hopes of ever seeing her again: He began to despair, when one Day, walking on the Shore, he saw a Man, at a Distance, coming towards him: His Heart was fill'd with Joy, and making up to it, with the Hope that his Dependance on Providence had, by some unthought of Means, sent him a Relief; I thought, said he, accosting him, that I had been the only Man on this Island; having never been able to discover the least Signs of its being inhabited; I no longer flatter'd myself with any Hopes of getting off it, but with your Assistance, perhaps, we may contrive some Method I never thought of. 'Tis true, reply'd the Unknown, in a grave Voice, this Island was uninhabited before your Arrival; as for me, I am but just now come here. How can that be, answer'd *John of Calais*, I cannot see a Ship that can have brought you. The Way I came, said he, is unknown to Man: I find, continued he, seeing that *John of Calais* was astonish'd, that you are surpriz'd at what I say, but will be much more so when I shall tell you, that I am come only on your Account. I know you, *John of Calais*, and your Misfortunes, and the Treachery of Don *John*; but know, this is not all the Affliction he prepares for you, he is ready to marry your Wife, who loves you tenderly, and tho' she thinks your Death certain, still continues faithful to you: Paternal Authority alone, and Reasons of State, force her to give her Hand to that Traitor; To-morrow is appointed for their Marriage, which will be the last of her Life, if you do not appear. Good God! cry'd *John of Calais*, How can I, in my Condition, prevent all these Misfortunes? Alas! I with Patience bore the Misfortunes I was plunged into; I pray'd to Heaven, and trusted in its delivering me hence, since it had preserv'd

serv'd my Life: Your Sight had added to my Hopes, but what you say throws me into the utmost Despair; my perfidious Rival will be the Possessor of *Constance*, if I do not appear! — he will be so in a Day's-time. Alas! How can I appear? The swiftest-sailing Vessel, and the most favourable Wind, if I had them, would do me no good; nothing can end my Grief but Death. Moderate your Transports, reply'd the Unknown, I told you I came here purely on your Account; promise to give me half of that which is most dear to you, and in return I will swear to you, to hinder the Marriage and Triumph of Don *John*: You may guess at my Power by what I have told you; resign yourself therefore to the Divine Providence, resume your Courage, and continue a just Observer of the Laws, and you shall one Day know, why Heaven interests itself on your Behalf. *John* of *Calais* was so surpriz'd at what he heard, and at the Confidence with which the Man spoke to him, that he question'd whether he was awake; but reflecting, that nothing could happen to him worse than what he was just threatn'd with, and not being able to discover whether it was true or false, at that time, he resolv'd to be guided by the Unknown, and promised him therefore all he ask'd.

THEY then sat down under a Tree, and his extraordinary Companion told him all that had pass'd at the Court of *Portugal*, since his supposed Death, and *Constance*'s Efforts to preserve her Faith inviolable. During this Account, *John* of *Calais* could not preserve himself from a Drowsiness that attack'd him; and, notwithstanding the Concern he had in what he heard, he fell asleep: But how was he astonish'd, when on waking, he found himself in one of the Courts of the Castle of *Lisbon*! He look'd all round him, and convinc'd that he was not deceiv'd, he no longer question'd the Power of him who had brought him thither; but he was very much at a Loss, how to gain Sight of the Princess: The miserable Condition he was in, his Cloaths in Tatters, his Feet naked, his Beard of a Length proportionable to the time he had been lost, made him, with Justice, conclude,

clude, that he should not be known; yet the Hopes which animated him, made him resolve to enter one of the Kitchens, an Officer of which, taking Compassion on him, suffer'd him to approach the Fire, and immediately employ'd him in carrying Wood to the Offices. He acquitted himself exactly of the Commission, still contriving some Method to see the Princess; he apprehended, that the Preparations he saw making, were for the Feast, so fatal to his Happiness; and his Heart was bleeding with Grief, at his not being able to find any Expedient to prevent it, when, by Chance, *Isabella* cross'd the Court in which he was. *John* of *Calais* knew her again, and look'd on her so attentively, that she could not help taking notice of him; she could not but recollect Features so well engrav'd in her Mind; the Resemblance this Wretch had with *John* of *Calais*, struck her, and viewing him from Head to Foot, she cast her Eyes on his Hands, which he endeavour'd to shew her, and saw a Diamond Ring on his Finger, which she knew had been given heretofore by *Constance*, to that dear Husband, and which he had preserv'd notwithstanding all his Misfortunes. She then no longer doubted, but that it was *John* of *Calais* himself; but not discovering her Thought, she went immediately to the Princess's Apartment, and told her what she had seen; adding, that she did not venture to speak to him, before so many Witnesses, 'till she had received her Instructions. *Constance*, without consulting, immediately begg'd *Isabella* to contrive some way to let her see him; she ran, and finding him loaded with Wood, ordered him to carry it into the Princess's Closet, who waited for them with the utmost Impatience. *John* of *Calais* obey'd, put the Wood in the Place that *Isabella* shew'd him, and seeing no body present to restrain him, and the Princess looking on him attentively, he threw himself at her Feet. At this Action, *Constance* easily discover'd, under this wretched Disguise, the Man in the World the dearest to her; she was ready to die with Joy, and leaping into his Arms, their Sighs, Tears and Embraces alone express'd the Motion of their Hearts. *Isabella*, who had taken care to shut the Closet-door, came to them
and

and begging them to moderate their Transports, convinced them, that no time was to be lost in informing the King, of *John of Calais's* Return, to break off the fatal Marriage, for which every thing was getting ready. What she said, was too just to be neglected; they broke off their Embraces, to consult on Measures that were proper to be taken: They agreed, that the Princess should send to the King, and beg him to pass into her Apartment on an Affair that very much concern'd his Glory and Interest, the Secrecy of which obliged her to desire him to come alone. The Person *Constance* sent on this Message, acquitted himself so well, that the King immediately, and unattended, came to the Princess his Daughter. He was no sooner enter'd her Closet, but the Princess, falling on her Knees, and embracing his Feet, Sir, said she, *John of Calais* is alive, and return'd; will you let him be Witness of Nuptials that will occasion my Death? The King of *Portugal* rais'd her up, and notwithstanding his Surprise at the News, he assur'd her that she might expect every thing from a Father, who lov'd her passionately. At this, *John of Calais*, who was conceal'd, appear'd; and putting one Knee to the Ground, Does the miserable Condition in which I appear before you, suffer you, Sir, to know me? The King retreating a few Steps, and recollecting him, O Heavens, said he, stretching out his Arms to him, what do I see! may I believe my Eyes! Misfortunes have depriv'd us of you! By what Accident are you thus, and what Miracle has brought us together again? *John of Calais* told him the Treachery of *Don John*, his being thrown on the Desert Isle, and the strange Adventure that had brought him from thence to *Lisbon*.

THE King, sensible of all the Villany of *Don John's* Crime, vow'd that that Day which he had design'd for his Marriage, should be that of his Death. He comforted *John of Calais*, begg'd him to forget his Misfortunes, and put himself into a Condition to appear in the Eyes of the Court; and embracing the Princess, he return'd to his Apartment, so greatly irritated against the Traitor, that finding him, with a great many Lords waiting for him, he bid him follow him into the Building for

the Fire-work, that he might shew him something that was wanting. Don *John* followed him, and they both enter'd it ; but the King, seeing him busy in examining all the Machines, suddenly went out of it, and shutting him in, ordered it to be immediately fired. His Commands were obey'd with so much Dispatch, that the Villain was consumed before either his Crime or Punishment was known. The King instantly sent for the Estates, who were assembled, and told them Don *John's* Perfidy and Punishment ; they all unanimously approved of the Justice he had done, and detested Don *John's* Actions. Then the King caus'd *John of Calais* to appear, who was again acknowledged and proclaimed Heir to the Empire on the King's Demise, as Husband of the Princess ; and the Estates declared that their Son should succeed them. This odd Accident restored Joy to the King of *Portugal's* Court, who invited all the Nobles of his Kingdom to come and be Witnesses of the Happiness of *John of Calais* and the Princess, whose Love and Transports were beyond Expression.

ON the Day of this famous Feast, when nought but Pleasure was thought on, there was seen to enter the Hall, which contained this august Assembly, a Man whose Size and Appearance were surprizing. They looked on him for some time without speaking, but he advancing towards *John of Calais*, said, See and acknowledge him who freed you from the desert Island, and conducted you to this Palace ; remember you promis'd me, as a Reward for that Piece of Service, half of what was most dear to you. Have you Virtue enough to keep your Word ? Yes, said he, rising up, Gratitude and Honour oblige me to it : make your Demand, and you shall be satisfy'd. Well then, said he, I must have half your Son.—*John of Calais* shudder'd with Horror at these Words, *Constance* turned pale, the King was afflicted, and the whole Assembly by their Murmurs shew'd their Indignation.—But the Man continuing his Speech to *John of Calais*, You know my Power, said he, it is as easy for me to reduce this Palace to Ashes, and to destroy you all, as it was to deliver you from the uninhabited

bited Isle. Then the King offered him his Crown, but neither that, nor the Tears of *Constance*, nor the Remonstrances of the Company, could prevail on him. *John of Calais*, who had hitherto been silent, at length cry'd, It is not your Threats that make me keep the indiscreet Promise my Love and Dread of losing the Princess extorted from me : If your Power is of such Extent, you know the Bottom of my Heart, and that 'tis Probity alone that makes me act thus : Then taking his Son by the Hand, and turning away his Eyes, trembling with Horror ; Here, said he, do you divide him. The *Spectre* took him by one Foot, and ordering his Father to take him by the other, he drew his Scymetar, looking stedfastly on *John of Calais*, whom he found firm, notwithstanding the Horror he was in— Here, said he, softening his Voice, I return you your Son, receive the Reward of your Virtue and Generosity. 'Twas my Body that was tearing by the Dogs when you enter'd the City of *Palmania* ; it was my Debts you paid, and whose Body you buried. I have never quit- ted you since, watchful of your Fate, and knowing your Soul. It was I that induced the *Corfsair* who had carried away the Princess, to cast Anchor by your Ship, where you bought her, without knowing, or so much as seeing her, and only with the Design to restore her to Liberty : Learn by this Example how dear to Heaven are the Virtuous. I was willing to try you, you have acted like yourself, enjoy in Peace your Happiness, continue wise, moderate and constant, Heaven will not abandon you. You will truly be a Prince, because you owe that Title rather to your Virtue than the Laws of Birth; which does not depend on us, and which does not make us illustrious, if Wisdom does not accompany it. Saying these Words, the *Spectre* disappear'd, and left the Assembly fill'd with Joy and Astonishment, at the happy Conclusion of the Adventure. The Union of *Constance* and *John of Calais*, were celebrated with the greatest Magnificence, and authentickly ratify'd ; and this Prince, being willing to be no ways wanting in Piety, caused a stately *Mausoleum* to be built to the
generous

generous *Phantom*, who had restor'd him to so much Happiness.

THIS History, said *Urania*, finding *Camilla* had done, is very moving. It is easy, said *Felicia*, to find out the Moral of it: We are taught, that Wisdom is preferable to every thing. That Generosity, added *Florinda*, is a Virtue necessary for a generous Mind. That Gratitude, said *Urania*, ought to have the first Place in the Heart of a Man of Honour, and that a good Action sooner or later meets with its Reward; and to prove it more authentickly, I'll tell you a true Passage, which will, I believe, please you.

THE Victories that *Charles* of *Anjou* had gained in the Kingdom of *Naples*, over *Mainfroy*, natural Son to the Emperor *Frederick* the Second; nor the Death of that Usurper, his Courage, nor prudent Conduct, could secure to him the peaceable Possession of the Crown; yet one generous Action gained him entirely the Hearts of all his Subjects; the Army, the Ecclesiastical State, the Nobles, and the People all took his Part. *Beltramo de Balse* having brought to that Prince the Treasures he had taken from the Enemy, the King ordered him to divide it into four Parts; one for him, one for the Queen, the third for the Army who had behaved themselves so gallantly, and the last as a Reward for his Zeal and Services. *Beltramo* caused it to be laid on a Heap on the Ground, and getting on it, with his Feet divided it into three Parts; telling the King, that he did not deserve to be placed in such illustrious Company: contriving at the same Time to make the Army's Share the largest; the King and Queen augmented it with their Shares, and the Distribution of it was done with their own Hands, and in so generous a Manner, that they who partook of it were not more pleased than the Lookers on, who had no other Interest in what they saw, than the Hopes they conceiv'd of the Good such generous Souls would do the whole Kingdom. This Piece of Generosity was soon known all over the State, and *Charles* was lov'd and revered to the last Moment of his Life. And notwithstanding the

Advantage the *Spaniards* gained over the House of
Anjou, and their long Possession, there is even to this
 Day preserv'd a Branch of that illustrious Family, which
 the *Italians* call *Enjo*. I am charm'd at this Piece of
 History, said *Camilla*, but I think *Beltramo de Balfe*
 merits the utmost Praise for his own Disinterestedness.
 I love such Denials, said *Felicia*, they fill my Soul with
 Extasy. True, said *Florinda*, rising, nothing touches
 one so much as the Actions of a faithful Subject; Kings
 who are blest with such, cannot too much cherish them.
 This made *Darius* King of *Persia* say, upon opening a
Pomegranate, the Seeds of which, in that Language,
 are called *Sopire*, that he wish'd he had as many *Sopires*
 as were in the *Pomegranate*, alluding to the Name of
Sopirus, *Satrapes* of *Persia*, who had, at the Expence
 of his Life, shew'd his Zeal and Fidelity for him, by
 Actions that History has made immortal. Upon this
 they all arose to walk, and had scarce taken one Turn,
 before they saw *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* coming up
 to them. Tho' I am always infinitely pleas'd with your
 Company, said *Urania*, advancing to meet them, and
 blushing, yet I own your sudden Return makes me ap-
 prehensive of some unlucky Accident. *Orfamer's* Valet
de Chambre, answer'd *Thelamont*, has acquitted him-
 self, Madam, of your Commands: Tho' I should in-
 deed have come, if I had not received them; my Heart
 out-cript them with the Impatience of a Man who
 apprehended he should not arrive soon enough to be
 the first to inform you, that all his Happiness depends
 now on you alone. You very much embarrass me, re-
 ply'd she, for God's sake explain yourself; you know
 I have no Secrets to this Company; ease me of my
 Uneasiness, and be assured that *Urania* will not hesitate
 on any thing that may contribute to your Felicity. For
 my Part, said *Orophanes*, I don't comprehend *Thela-*
mont's Timidity; During our Journey he entertained
 me with nothing but the Excess of his Joy, and what
 he would say in telling you the Occasion of it; but he
 is no sooner with you, but speechless, confused and
 embarrass'd, he has not Power to tell you that *Geront*,
 full

full of Gratitude for the good Offices he has just done him, has allowed his Pretensions to you in Marriage, if you approve of them. Indeed, continued he, without giving him time to answer, I shall not imitate him in this, but shall let the beautiful *Felicia* know the extreme Satisfaction I feel at my Father's Consent, which he has just given, that I may unite myself with you eternally.

You tell us so many things at once, interrupted *Camilla*, laughing, that we scarce know where we are ; pray let *Thelamont* speak, since *Urania* is willing, that we may hear what he has to say. I assure you, reply'd *Thelamont*, what *Orophanes* says is true ; I lost all Courage in entering this Place, and Fear has driven away the Hope with which I flatter'd myself in my Journey : But yet, Madam, continued he, addressing himself to *Urania*, as my Happiness depends on what I have to tell you, I must let you know, that my Cares have so well succeeded, that I have brought my Relation to the Agreement *Geront* wish'd for ; but my Kinsman being tied to me, more by the Bands of a long continued Friendship than Blood, and knowing the Temerity of my Wishes for you, went beyond what I desired of him. I carried him to *Geront*, who, at first, receiv'd him but coolly ; but when my Friend told him, he came on Purpose to put an amicable End to the Law-suit that was depending between them, he grew more gentle ; they each of them alledged, with Warmth, their Pretensions : but to proceed in Order, they both sent for their Council, and all Animosity laid aside, *Geront* was forced to own, that if my Friend proceeded to the Rigour of the Law, he should be ruin'd. I was present at this Conference, and was surpriz'd to see my Relation take *Geront* aside, and talk with him softly for some Time. Joining the Company, they both dismiss'd their Lawyers, and desired me to enter, with them, into *Geront*'s Closet : When we were alone, Sir, said *Geront* to me, your Friend has propos'd an Accommodation, which at first my Heart oppos'd ; but my Reason overcoming that,

has convinced me, that a Man of my Age ought not to think on making a Woman unhappy, and especially such a Woman as *Urania*: Your Friend offers to desist from all further Pretensions, and never make any Demands on me, on Condition that I leave *Urania* at liberty to choose a Husband for herself, and that I secure to you, after my Death, the Estate which he could recover from me; willing that you should enjoy it before, according to the Laws of Nature, his Death gives it you, as his Heir. I have therefore consented to these two Articles, and would willingly add another, if *Urania* pleases, which is to marry you; this *Hymen* would give me the Satisfaction of thinking, that it was to her I yield my Pretensions to the Estate in Question. *Geront* left off speaking, and I was so much astonish'd at my Friend's Generosity, and the Alteration in your Guardian, that it was some Time before I could speak; but, Madam, my Joy soon open'd my Mouth; I returned a thousand Thanks to *Geront*, I embrac'd my Relation, and sufficiently shew'd them, that the Excess of my Gratitude was owing to that of my Love. *Geront* caress'd me sincerely, and oblig'd me to confess my Sentiments; he was touch'd with them, and the Respect you had preserved for him, in not being willing to enter into any Engagement, during his Life-time, for fear of offending him. He made me promise to set out the next Day, and bring you back with me, to conclude the happy Union. I was extremely impatient to see *Oropbanes*, to let him partake my Joy with me. As soon therefore as I could get from *Geront*, I ran to look for him. I found him at my House, waiting for me. As soon as he saw me, he ran and embrac'd me: and tho' I knew him to be naturally of a gay Humour, it seem'd to me so much heighten'd, that I thought he had been apprized of my Adventure. I returned his Caresses with Tenderness; and the Satisfaction he saw written in my Countenance, making him think the same Thing of me as I had done of him, made us, almost at the same Time, ask if we were informed of what had happened

happened to us. But finding that we did not understand one another, we began to explain. I desired him to tell me what had made him so joyful, and that as soon as he had gratify'd my Curiosity, I would his. He then shew'd me a Letter he had just received from his Father, in which he consented to his Marriage with the amiable *Felicia*. As I will not deprive him of that Pleasure, I leave to him the reading of it to you: I told him what my Relation had done, and the Alteration in *Geront*. When he had heard me, he advised me to set out instantly, for fear of *Geront*'s altering his Mind. But I was too well convinced of his Sincerity, and notwithstanding our mutual Impatience, we put off our coming hither to this Morning; *Geront* having made me promise to bring *Orophanes* and my Friend to Supper with him, which I did accordingly. Never was there so agreeable a Repast, *Orophanes* was never so amiable, nor ever were there Lovers more sensible of their Happiness than was he and I. *Geront* embracing me, charged me with this Letter to convince you of the Sincerity of his Alteration. We parted with the greatest Marks of Friendship, and as soon as Day appear'd, *Orophanes* and I took Horse. We met *Orsames*'s Valet de Chambre, who knowing me, gave me your Letter, and told us partly, what had prevented your Design of going to *Belisa*'s. You see, Madam, continued *Thelamont*, in what state Things are, 'tis you that are now to pronounce the Sentence of my Life or Death. As soon as *Thelamont* had done speaking, her three Friends ran and embraced *Urania*; the Pleasure they felt at seeing her happy, even drew Tears from their Eyes. ——— *Urania* returned their Caresses, with Tenderness, and the Modesty which was inseparable from all her Actions. And finding them impatient to hear *Geront*'s Letter, she opened it, and read aloud these following Words.

Geront

GERONT to URANIA.

IF belongs to you alone to restore them to Reason who have lost it; return, Madam, and enjoy the Effects of what you have done: See me, without Constraint, set my Hand to Thelamont's Happiness, and be persuaded that nothing can give me greater Pleasure than your Marriage. I wait for you with the Impatience of a Father who longs to see his Children happy.

GERONT.

WELL, Madam, said *Thelamont*, throwing himself at her Feet, may I flatter myself that you do not oppose my eternal Felicity? Yes, reply'd she, my Heart with Joy ratifies the Gift *Geront* has made you of my Hand; my Mind is too well known to you, for you to question my Sincerity: But we have been taken up enough about ourselves, dear *Thelamont*, added she, raising him up, let us now partake of the Joy of *Orophanes* and *Felicia*. I am so transported with yours, reply'd that agreeable Lady, that I can hear nothing that can please me more. Ah! charming *Felicia*, cry'd *Orophanes*, 'tis no longer time to talk in that manner; confess therefore, that you consent to my Happiness with Pleasure, you owe me this Acknowledgment, for all the Uneasiness I have suffer'd upon your Account. *Felicia* smiled at *Orophanes*'s Vivacity, and not being willing to imbitter his Joys, reply'd in a Manner that convinced him he was as dear to her as she was to him. —*Florinda* and *Camilla* thought they could not enough congratulate their four Friends, whom they truly esteem'd; but it being Supper-time, they all placed themselves at Table, and the Content of their Hearts extended itself to their Minds; this Repast surpass'd the preceeding ones in the Sprightliness of Conversation, —*Urania* gave an exact Account of their Employments during their Absence. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* were not forgot. *Felicia* repeated *Olympia*'s Adventures; they all lamented *Arimont*, and were charmed

with the Shepherds : But Supper over, they laid aside all Conversation but what related to themselves. *Tbelamont*, *Orophanes*, *Urania* and *Felicia* interchanged a thousand mutual Assurances of eternal Love ; and as they were to set out the next Morning, the two Friends and Lovers conducted *Urania* and *Felicia* to their Apartment. 'Twas there that *Camilla* and *Florinda* made *Urania* promise not to quit that Retirement entirely for the Town ; but that she would sometimes come thither, in return for the innocent Pleasures she had there tasted, and the agreeable News she had there heard. I consent with all my heart, said *Orophanes*, the Library has occasion'd Discourses I can never forget. We'll come again, reply'd *Urania*, and consult it ; and since you have been diverted with it, I shall desire *Tbelamont* to give me leave to retire hither with you. If you will let me be one of the Party, answer'd *Tbelamont*, laughing, you may depend, beautiful *Urania*, on my Obedience. After some farther Discourse, this charming Society separated to go to Rest, and to prepare for their Departure. *Tbelamont* and *Orophanes*, who had not a long time enjoy'd the Sweetness of Sleep, now found it interrupted by the Excess of their Joy. *Urania* and *Felicia* partook of their Watchfulness ; but the Cause was too agreeable, to make them complain. So the Day ended, with the Hopes of their Happiness being soon compleated ; and our four Lovers reflected, that it was better to arrive at Felicity slowly and by Degrees, still treading in the Paths of Wisdom, than, by straying from Virtue, to acquire a speedy Happiness : And that the good Conduct of Kings, Princes, private Men, and all Mankind in general, could not be otherwise gained, than by Study ; the Light of which is as a Torch, to illuminate them in all their Actions.

The End of the First Volume.

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